

Wm. Fuller.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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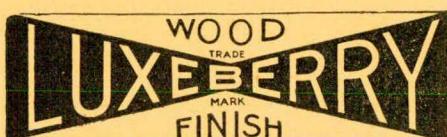
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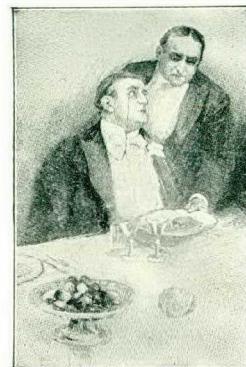
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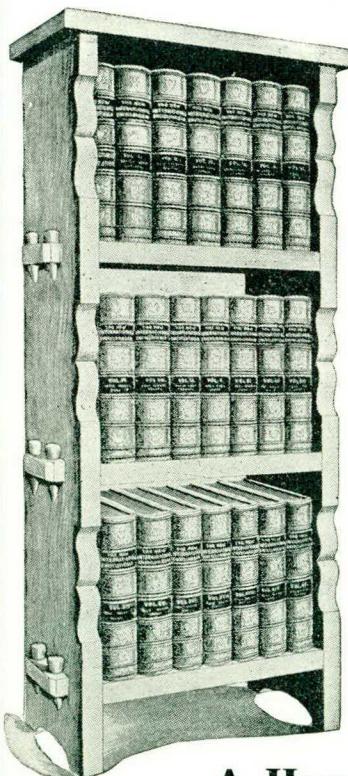
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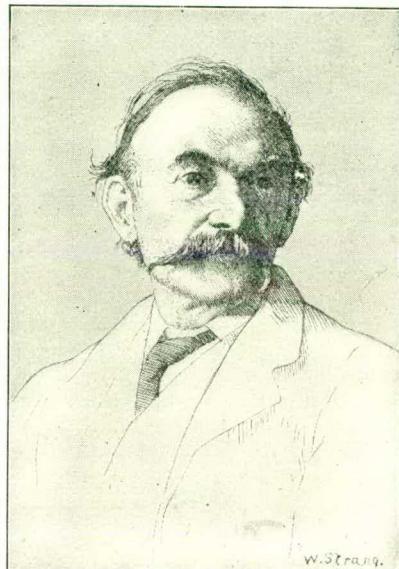
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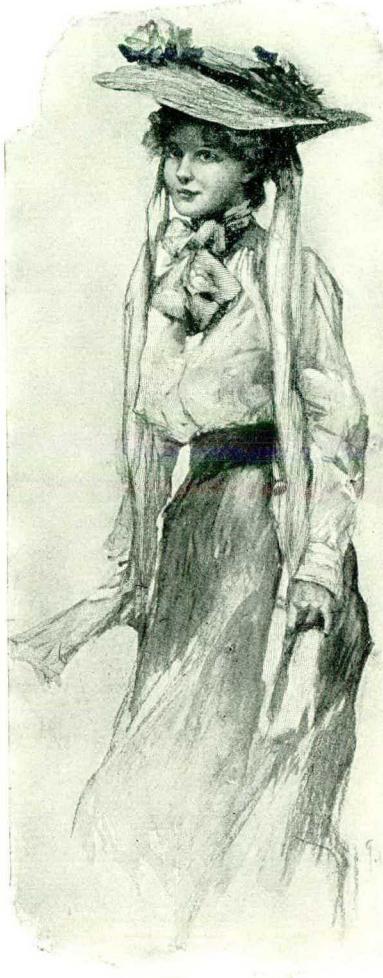
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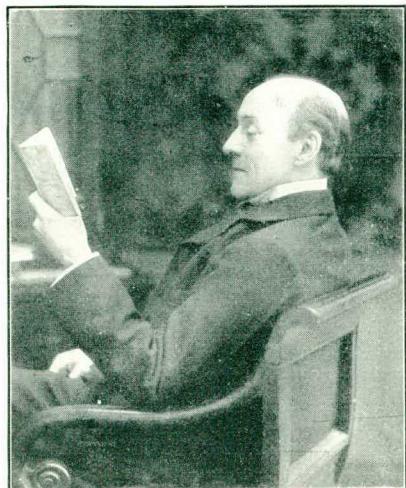
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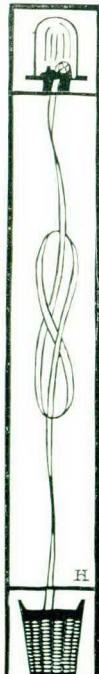
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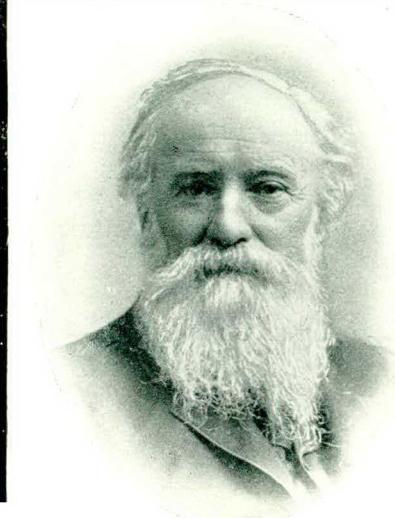
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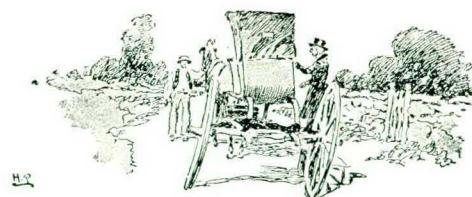
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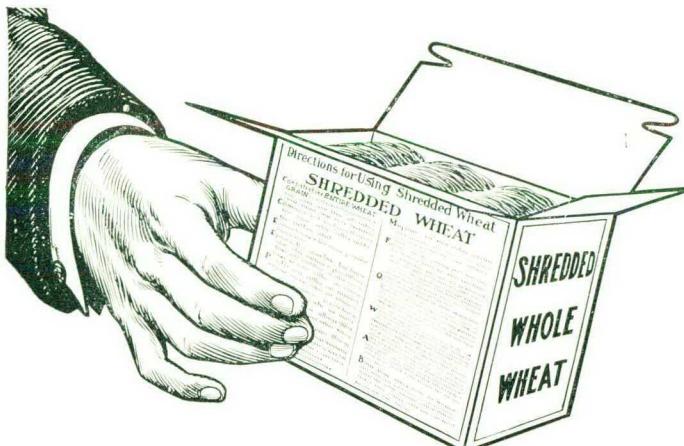


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Samuel McChord Crothers

is pastor of the first Unitarian Church in Cambridge, Mass. His essays in the Atlantic will be recalled by all readers. He is the author of several volumes of essays and of books upon theological and ethical subjects.

John B. Tabb

is a professor in Saint Charles College in Maryland. His most recent poems in the Atlantic are "A Wind Call," in March, 1901, and "Our First Born," in January, 1905. He has published several successful volumes of verse.

William Macdonald

is an English editor and essayist. He has recently edited with a biographical introduction a notable edition of Charles Lamb.

Henry M. Rideout

known to Atlantic readers as the author of the remarkable short serial entitled, "Wild Justice," which was published in September and October, 1903, was for some years instructor in English in Harvard University. He is now engaged in a trip around the world as a preparation for further work in fiction.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson

is one of the oldest contributors to the Atlantic and the author of a long list of well-known books.

John A. Macy

is editor of the department of humor of a well-known weekly.

Nobushige Amenomori

a prominent Japanese literary man, was the close friend of Lafcadio Hearn for many years. He is the author of the "Japanese Spirit," which was printed in the Atlantic for October, 1904.

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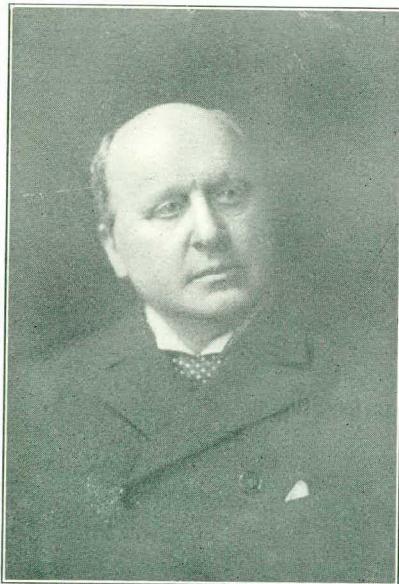
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A powerful novel with a direct human appeal, tracing the play of universal passions in a rugged New England setting. \$1.50.

**ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER'S
THE ANCIENT GRUDGE**

By the author of "The Triumph," "The Sentimentalists," etc.

A strong novel of present-day American life in a great manufacturing centre, following the career of two men of opposite characters from the time they were room-mates at college. \$1.50.

**MARGARET SHERWOOD'S
THE COMING OF THE TIDE**

(Ready October 7.)

By the author of "Daphne," etc.

The events of a summer on the Maine coast are here told with all the feeling and diction that made Miss Sherwood's "Daphne" so enjoyable. With frontispiece. \$1.50.

**GEORGE S. WASSON'S
THE GREEN SHAY**

By the author of "Cap'n Simeon's Store" which, Mark Twain says, "is full of the salt of the sea."

The story of a decadent "Down East" fishing community told with a keen sense of humor and some delicious dialect. With frontispiece by the author. \$1.50.

**HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
BOSTON AND NEW YORK**

A NEW JAPANESE BOOK

BY THE LATE
LAFCADIO HEARN

怪談

怪談

**THE ROMANCE OF
THE MILKY WAY**
and other Studies and Stories

In his last volume of essays and stories Hearn has strengthened our belief in his power to catch the very spirit of Japanese thought, and to make it comprehensive and enjoyable to a Western mind.

The title essay deals with the Japanese mythology of the heavens, and especially with the folk-lore mythology concerning the Milky Way itself. Another essay is devoted to Herbert Spencer's "Ultimate Questions," giving Hearn's own views about the infinitely mysterious subjects which weighed upon Spencer's mind during the last years of his life. A third essay, entitled "Goblin Poetry," presents some curious specimens of Japanese poetry about goblins, ghosts, and other occult subjects. The remaining papers, "The Mirror Maiden," "The Story of Itō Norisuké," "Stranger than Fiction," and "A Letter from Japan" are all in Mr. Hearn's characteristic vein.

With decorative Japanese cover. 12mo, \$1.25, net. Postage extra.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON & NEW YORK

Just Published

THE COUNSELS OF A WORLDLY GODMOTHER

By Persis Mather

Mrs. Mather's sprightly comments upon the manners and customs of our social world are keen and decidedly entertaining. To mothers and débutantes they will be of very decided interest, and fathers and brothers will find much truth in their keen thrusts at "mere man." The book will doubtless create much amusement and discussion. Published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 12mo, \$1.50.

New Illustrated Children's Books

KRISTY'S SURPRISE PARTY

By OLIVE THORNE MILLER

Interesting stories, several of which recount the unusual adventures of some very little girls, while others describe laughable incidents in the home life, as "A Dinner that Ran Away," "A Mystery in the Kitchen," etc. Illustrated by Ethel N. Farnsworth. 12mo, \$1.25.

LONELY O'MALLEY

By ARTHUR STRINGER

A brilliant and laughable story, strongly suggesting both "Tom Sawyer" and "The Story of a Bad Boy" in describing the exploits of a small boy, the darling of his mother and the terror of the town. Illustrated with pen and ink sketches by Frank T. Merrill. 12mo, \$1.50.

THE STAR JEWELS

By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Delicate fancy and humor have gone into the making of these new and original fairy tales, which make a chain of little jewels strung together for the children's pleasure. Illustrated by Ethel C. Brown. Square 12mo, \$1.00.



AN ONLY CHILD

By ELIZA ORNE WHITE

An absorbing story of the joys and sorrows of a little girl and her kitten; of the provincial life in a country town, with its tea parties, Sunday-school picnics, and Thanksgiving celebration, delightfully told by the author of "When Molly was Six." Illustrated By Katharine Pyle. Square 12mo, \$1.00.

THE RED CHIEF

By EVERETT T. TOMLINSON

Dr. Tomlinson's new story of the Revolution is even more exciting than his last, for it tells of the deeds of the Mohawk Indian Chief, Brant; and of the Cherry Valley massacre, an almost forgotten chapter in the history of our country. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, \$1.50.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

By EVA MARCH TAPPAN

Six fairy tales from ancient Scandinavian sources, well told in simple, direct language suitable for little children, by the author of "Old Ballads in Prose." With many illustrations. 12mo, \$1.00.

(Ready October 21.)

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

EARLY FALL PUBLICATIONS

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

A graceful volume of literary reminiscence and anecdote. With portraits and facsimiles. Large crown 8vo, \$2.50, net. Postage extra.

WAYS OF NATURE

By John Burroughs

A rational view of Nature's methods. 16mo, \$1.10, net. Postage extra.

LIFE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY

By George Cavendish

A sumptuous edition of the first biography written in the English tongue. With portraits in sepia and red chalk tints by Holbein and others. 4to, \$7.50, net; postpaid.

THE PARDONER'S WALLET

By Samuel M. Crothers

Essays by the author of "The Gentle Reader." 12mo, \$1.25, net. Postage extra.

THE VALERIAN PERSECUTION

By Patrick J. Healy

An impartial study of the relation between Church and State in the Third Century A. D. Crown 8vo, \$1.50, net. Postpaid \$1.62.

THE LIQUOR PROBLEM

A Summary

A summary of the work of the Committee of Fifty for the Investigation of the Liquor Problem. 12mo, \$1.00, net. Postpaid \$1.08.

MOUNT DESERT

By George E. Street

A narrative history of the island from its discovery. Edited by Samuel A. Eliot. Fully illustrated. Large crown 8vo, \$2.50, net. Postage extra.

CICERO IN MAINE

By Martha Baker Dunn

Humorous essays, dealing with "Piazza Philosophy," "Book-Dusting Time," etc. 12mo, \$1.25, net. Postpaid \$1.36.

THE WIZARD'S DAUGHTER

By Margaret Collier Graham

Versatile tales of life in California. 12mo, \$1.25.

IN THE LAND OF THE GODS

By Alice M. Bacon

A charming rendering of the beliefs and superstitions of Japan. 12mo, \$1.50.

THE ENGLAND AND HOLLAND OF THE PILGRIMS

By Morton Dexter

A history of the origin and development of the Pilgrim movement. Illustrated.

SIDNEY LANIER

By Edwin Mims

The first complete and adequate life of one of the truest American poets. 12mo, \$1.50, net. Postage extra.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

By George Cabot Lodge

Sonnets in sequence, dealing respectively with life, with love, with death. 12mo, \$1.00, net. Postage extra.

LOUISIANA

By Albert Phelps

It shows the part the history of Louisiana has played in the development of our national and international policies. With map.

RHODE ISLAND

By Irving B. Richman

Mr. Richman lays great stress on separationism, which has been a persisting element in the social, industrial, and political growth of the state. With maps.

Each of the above, in *American Commonwealths Series*, 16mo, \$1.10, net. Postage extra.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

Ready this Month

BRET HARTE'S HER LETTER

With many colored illustrations by

ARTHUR I. KELLER



Bret Harte's famous poems, "Her Letter," "His Answer to Her Letter," and "Her Last Letter," have been delightfully illustrated by the well-known artist, Mr. Arthur I. Keller, for this beautiful new holiday edition in which these three classic American love letters are now grouped together for the first time. As Harte has always been a favorite author with Mr. Keller, the artist has approached his work with a delicate and intimate sympathy which is everywhere apparent in the charming full-page colored illustrations.

There is nothing that Mr. Harte has written which appeals more thoroughly to the average individual than this "Love-Suit on Poverty Flat." It tells a love story typically American, in which the happy ending is left largely to the reader's imagination. The genuine pathos and irresistible humor, which supplant each other continually, afford a fine contrast; while the steady and pervading sincerity serves to interest all ages and conditions of people, and justifies the publishers in giving to Mr. Harte's work this exquisite setting.

With nine full-page illustrations in color, over thirty full-page sketches in tint, and many head and tail pieces by Arthur I. Keller. With decorative cover. Large 8vo, boxed, \$2.00.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

The RIVERSIDE BULLETIN

FOR OCTOBER, 1905

Containing Announcements and News
of the Publications of

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON : 85 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

The books here listed are published under the rules of The American Publishers' Association. The prices named are subject to change on publication. When ordering NET books sent by mail from the publishers, add 10 per cent. of price to cover cost of postage, where "postage extra" is advertised.

Rose o' the River

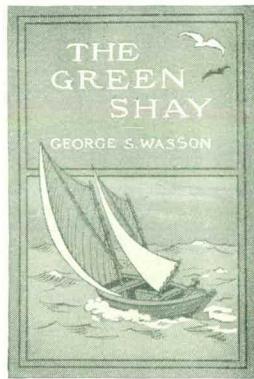
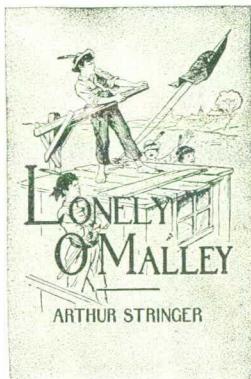
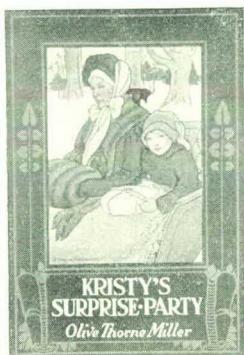
It is but natural that all of the million or more readers of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" should be eager to read the next book by *Kate Douglas Wiggin*. That the booksellers realized this is clearly shown in their large orders entered in advance of publication. Three times during the summer it was necessary to increase the size of the first edition, and 50,000 copies were needed to supply the demand on publication, September 16. In itself ROSE o' THE RIVER fully justifies these expectations. It is a delightful love story dealing with the life in a little Maine village on the Saco River. Mrs. Wiggin knows this country well, as she has spent her summers at "Quillcote-on-Saco" for many years. The new book has all the brightness and humor which are so characteristic of Mrs. Wiggin, and is attractively illustrated in color.

Just Published

In the field of fiction several other new volumes are already published. THE ANCIENT GRUDGE by *Arthur Stanwood Pier* is a strong novel of present-day American life which traces from their boyhood the lives of two men of opposite character, and pictures vividly the labor troubles at a great manufacturing centre. PERSIS MATHER'S THE COUNSELS OF A WORLDLY GODMOTHER contains sprightly comments upon the manners and customs of our social world which are keen and decidedly entertaining. It is a book which is very likely to create discussion. THE GREEN SHAY by *George S. Wasson* is a story of a decadent Down East fishing community told with a keen sense of humor and some delicious dialect. His earlier book, "Cap'n



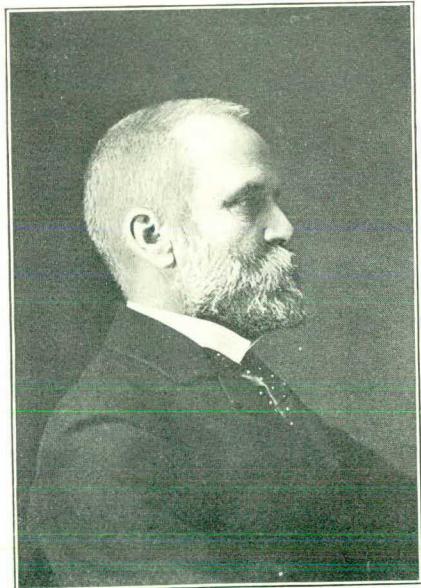
ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER
Author of "The Ancient Grudge"



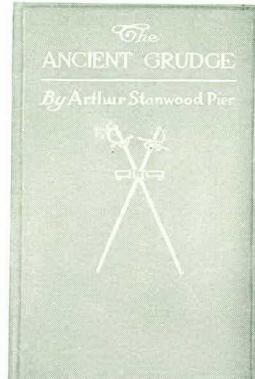
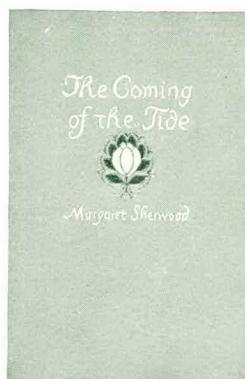
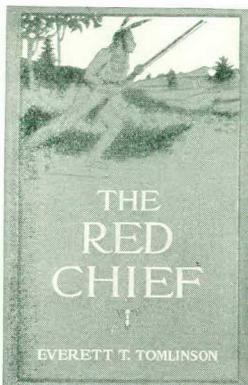
"Simeon's Store," Mark Twain considered "full of the salt of the sea." Tales of life in California, full of humor and pathos and told with uncommon power, may be found in *THE WIZARD'S DAUGHTER* by *Margaret Collier Graham*.

Several important books for children are now ready. One of these, *LONELY O'MALLEY* by *Arthur Stringer*, will appeal to older readers perhaps even more than to young people. It is a brilliant and laughable tale which recalls "The Story of a Bad Boy" in its descriptions of the real, live "small boy" in his untrammeled state. It is fully illustrated. *Eliza Orne White* has a new book entitled *AN ONLY CHILD* in which she tells an absorbing story of the joys and sorrows of a little girl and her kitten and of the provincial life in a country town. There are illustrations by *Katharine Pyle*. *KRISTY'S SURPRISE PARTY* by *Olive Thorne Miller* contains sixteen stories, each independent, but all having a common interest. They are full of laughable incidents and unusual adventures, and are supplemented by delightful colored illustrations by *Ethel N. Farnsworth*. Delicate fancy and humor have gone into the making of *Abbie Farwell Brown's THE STAR JEWELS*, — new and original fairy tales, which make a chain of little jewels strung together for the children's pleasure.

The Christmas holidays are fast approaching and already three or four volumes have appeared which are especially appropriate as fine gift books. In *TWO BIRD-LOVERS IN MEXICO*, *C. William Beebe* gives a delightful account of travel through Mexico with careful descriptions of the birds and animals. The book is profusely illustrated from photographs by the author. The splendid quarto edition of *THE LIFE AND DEATH OF CARDINAL WOLSEY* by *George Cavendish*, illustrated in photogravure from portraits by Holbein, may justly be called monumental. It is not generally known that this is



Professor BORDEN P. BOWNE
Author of
"The Immanence of God"



the first real biography in English, having been written before 1560. The six-volume Large Paper Edition of THE ENGLISH WORKS OF GEORGE HERBERT, edited by *George Herbert Palmer*, is without doubt the most beautiful, the most thoroughly edited, and, critically speaking, the final edition of Herbert's work. There are but 150 sets, bound in boards with leather label and uncut edges, and the price is \$20.00 net. THE LOVE POEMS OF JOHN DONNE, edited by *Charles Eliot Norton*, in an exquisite edition of 500 copies, has been added to the series of Riverside Press Editions.

To all lovers of the Maine coast *George E. Street's* history of MOUNT DESERT will have a special interest. While in no sense a guide book, but rather a carefully studied history, it is issued in very attractive style, with illustrations from photographs, a map, and bibliography. Other books now before the public are *Martha Baker Dunn's* piquant and engaging essays entitled CICERO IN MAINE, *Patrick J. Healy's* scholarly history of THE VALERIAN PERSECUTION, THE IMMANENCE OF GOD by *Borden P. Bowne*, a Centennial Selection of THE WORDS OF GARRISON, the one-volume Cambridge Edition of BYRON'S COMPLETE WORKS, edited by *Paul E. More*, *John Vance Cheney's* POEMS, and A SUMMARY OF THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

October Fiction

One of the leading novels of the season will be *Alice Brown's Paradise*; for, while all her books come as literary events of importance, this latest story is in her happiest vein. It is a powerful novel with a direct human appeal, tracing the play of universal passions in a rugged New England setting. In THE COMING OF THE TIDE *Margaret Sherwood* has woven the events of a summer on the New England coast into a study in heredity — a tale of love triumphant. *Everett T. Tomlinson* has a new story for boys entitled THE RED CHIEF which will be found even more exciting than his last Revolutionary tale, for it tells of the deeds of the Mohawk Chief Brant and of the Cherry Valley massacre, an almost forgotten chapter in the history of our country. THE GOLDEN GOOSE by *Eva March Tappan* contains six fairy tales from ancient Scandinavian sources, well told in simple, direct language suitable for children, and illustrated.

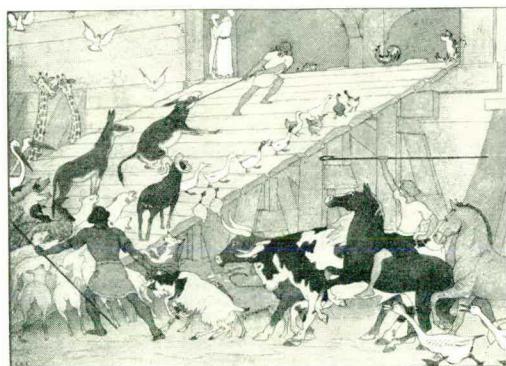
Other Books of the Month

Five notable volumes of essays are among the books which are scheduled for October publication. *John Burroughs* sets forth with his old-time charm

a rational view of the WAYS OF NATURE, and his latest essays contain many interesting and original observations of the outdoor world. Under the title of THE QUESTION OF OUR SPEECH *Henry James* publishes some pungent criticism of American carelessness in the use of language and also includes a suggestive paper on "The Lesson of Balzac." *Samuel M. Crothers* has ready a second collection of genial essays, called THE PARDONER'S WALLET, into which he has put even more of his originality, wisdom, and humor than "The Gentle Reader" contained. *Agnes Repplier's* IN OUR CONVENT DAYS is made up of delightful personal reminiscences of her school-days in a French-American convent, told in her imitable way. *Lafcadio Hearn's* last book, THE ROMANCE OF THE MILKY WAY, comprises three essays on Japanese superstitions and occult poetry, one giving his views of Spencer's philosophy, and three stories interpreting Japanese life, in the characteristic vein of this man of genius.

In the field of biography the following important works will shortly be ready: *Thomas Wentworth Higginson's* PART OF A MAN'S LIFE, in which he has brought together an interesting series of literary reminiscences, anecdotes, and opinions drawn from his long and active life; *Edward Stanwood's* Life of JAMES G. BLAINE in the American Statesmen, Second Series *Elizabeth Robins Pennell's* biography of that brilliant and cosmopolitan American, CHARLES GODFREY LELAND, better known as "Hans Breitmann" or "The Rye;" and compact and very readable lives of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL by *Ferris Greenslet* and SIDNEY LANIER by *Edwin Mims*.

Some of the leading holiday books of the season will soon be before the public. In the limited space at hand justice cannot be done to such exceptionally attractive gift-books as the new edition of *Bret Harte's* famous love poem HER LETTER with Arthur I. Keller's exquisite colored illustrations and decorations; and *E. Boyd Smith's* fanciful and humorous series of colored pictures in which he has so graphically told the story of NOAH'S ARK. They must be seen to be appreciated. Two other artistic holiday volumes are ENGLISH HOURS by *Henry James*, with illustrations by Joseph Pennell; and THE ONE-HOSS-SHAY by *Oliver Wendell Holmes*, illustrated in color by Howard Pyle.



Reduced from colored illustration in
"The Story of Noah's Ark."

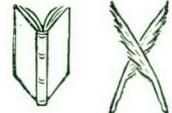
ing B. Richmond; THE ENGLAND AND HOLLAND OF THE PILGRIMS by *Morton Dexter*; A HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF MIDDLEBORO, MASS., by *Thomas Weston*; and TWO OHIO TOWNS by *Morris Schaff*.

Lovers of poetry will be interested in the publication of SONGS OF AMERICA by *Edna Dean Proctor*, THE GREAT ADVENTURE by *George Cabot Lodge*, THE POEMS OF TRUMBULL STICKNEY, and SELECTIONS FROM SAXE.

Detailed announcements and descriptions of all the books mentioned in this BULLETIN appeared in the SEPTEMBER RIVERSIDE BULLETIN which will be sent to any address on request.



Book Gossip



A new edition is announced of Miss Josephine Preston Peabody's drama "Marlowe," which was so successfully produced at Radcliffe College last June.



Of the first edition of "American Literary Masters" by Leon H. Vincent 75 copies will be bound uncut with paper label. This book will not be ready until about the first of November.



Dr. C. Hanford Henderson, author of "The Children of Good Fortune" and "John Percyfield," sailed for Liverpool last month and will spend the winter in Europe. He is now at work on a new novel.



Houghton, Mifflin & Co. report the following new printings: 175th thousand of "Rebecca" by Kate Douglas Wiggin, 14th edition of "Jewel" by Clara Louise Burnham, 10th edition of "England's Story" by Eva March Tappan, 4th edition of "Isidro" by Mary Austin, and 3d edition of "Three Years with the Poets" by Bertha Hazard.



The continued popularity of "The Fair God" by the late General Lew Wallace, has led his publishers to issue a new illustrated edition which will be ready about the middle of October. It is enriched with twelve most excellent full-page illustrations by Mr. Eric Pape, from drawings made after much study and travel over the very country which Cortes traversed. The book is already in its 150th thousand and this new edition is listed at the popular price of \$1.50.



Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce the publication this autumn of a Special Cambridge Edition of the "Complete Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning" in one volume. It is printed on genuine Oxford India paper, which makes possible an astonishingly thin and light volume, considering its more than 1000 pages. The text, notes, and indexes are the same as in the regular Cambridge Edition, but it is bound in full, flexible leather, full gilt, at \$6.00, net, per copy. There are also a few copies specially bound in full, genuine French levant, extra, full gilt, at \$12.50 net, each. This beautiful edition, in either binding, will make a most acceptable wedding present or Christmas gift.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, the author of "Rebecca," has purchased "Quillcote," the summer place so long occupied by her, situated on the banks of the Saco River in the town of Hollis, Me. It is a most picturesque spot and is in close proximity to the famous "Gorge" and "Indian Cellar" which delight hundreds of visitors each year. Mrs. Wiggin recently gave a reading from her own writings at the old Buxton Meeting House on Tory Hill for the benefit of a local charitable society. Her new book, "Rose o' the River," has its scene laid along the Saco River in the country with which she is so familiar. It gives some vivid pictures of logging and jam-breaking, besides telling a charming love story.



Under the heading "With the Bookmakers," Mr. George French, the well-known typographical critic, has a two-page illustrated article on the house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in the last number of *The American Printer*. He says: "There are more books worthy of being considered literature issuing from the Houghton, Mifflin house each year than from any other house in America. And these books are made as books should be made. I believe no other publishing house can show a higher degree of uniform excellence, considering all books issued, than this house exhibits. Its books all have dignity, are all carefully designed, are all well printed and bound. In many particulars of manufacture the Riverside Press has resisted the tendency of the times to shirk responsibility and cheapen material and processes. It uses good paper, it uses good ink, it sews the sheets honestly, it uses good glue; it gives all through the book a little better value than many publishers do. Its better books are better to own. They do not break after one reading, or a dozen. They may be opened flat, and they do not crack or break when they are opened flat. They may indeed be opened until the covers meet, and even then they do not break, but come back into their normal shape as soon as closed. It is very satisfying to read books that do not crack and break when first opened, that will stay open if one's hand is needed for another purpose than holding a book open, that do not get lop-sided with one reading; that do not tax one's eyes with poor print, or nettle one's taste with poor paper; that are carefully proof-read and properly punctuated. It costs a little more to make books this way — a cent or two a book — but the books are worth so much more to the knowing or particular reader."

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY'S

LIST OF AUTUMN BOOKS

1905

FICTION

Rose o' the River.	By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.	Illustrated.	12mo.	\$1.25
Paradise.	By ALICE BROWN.	Crown Svo.	1.50	
The Coming of the Tide.	By MARGARET SHERWOOD.	With frontispiece.	12mo.	1.50
The Ancient Grudge.	By ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER.	Crown Svo.	1.50	
The Green Shay.	By GEORGE S. WASSON.	With frontispiece.	12mo.	1.50
The Counsels of a Worldly Godmother.	By PERSIS MATHER.	12mo.	1.50	
The Wizard's Daughter.	By MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.	12mo.	1.25	
In the Land of the Gods.	By ALICE M. BACON.	12mo.	1.50	
A Javelin of Fate.	By JEANIE GOULD LINCOLN.	12mo.		

JUVENILE

Lonely O'Malley.	By ARTHUR STRINGER.	Illustrated.	12mo.	1.50
An Only Child.	By ELIZA ORNE WHITE.	Illustrated.	Square 12mo.	1.00
The Red Chief.	By EVERETT T. TOMLINSON.	Illustrated.	Crown Svo.	1.50
The Star Jewels.	By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.	Illustrated.	Square 12mo.	1.00
Kristy's Surprise Party.	By OLIVE THORNE MILLER.	Illustrated.	12mo.	1.25
The Golden Goose.	By EVA MARCH TAPPAN.	Illustrated.	12mo.	1.00

HOLIDAY

Her Letter.	By BRETT HARTE.	Illustrated.	Large Svo	2.00
English Hours.	By HENRY JAMES.	Illustrated.	Crown Svo.	3.00
Noah's Ark.	By E. BOYD SMITH.	Illustrated.	Large oblong, net.	2.00
Part of a Man's Life.	By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.	Illustrated.	Large crown Svo, net.	2.50
The One-Hoss Shay.	By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.	New Edition.	Illustrated.	1.50
Two Bird-Lovers in Mexico.	By C. WILLIAM BEEBE.	Illustrated.	Large crown Svo, net.	3.00
The Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey.	By GEORGE CAVESEND. Special Edition.	Illustrated.	41o, net, postpaid.	7.50
A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys.	By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. New Edition.	Illustrated by Crane.	Square 8vo.	3.00
The Song of the Ancient People.	By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.	New Edition.	Illustrated.	5.00

ESSAYS

Ways of Nature.	By JOHN BURROUGHS.	With portrait.	16mo, net.	1.10
The Question of Our Speech.	By HENRY JAMES.	Narrow 12mo, net.	1.00	
The Fixed Period.	By WILLIAM OSLER.	16mo, net.		
The Pardoner's Wallet.	By SAMUEL M. CROTHERS.	12mo, net.	1.25	
In Our Convent Days.	By AGNES REPLIER.	16mo, net.	1.10	
The Romance of the Milky Way.	By LAFUCADIO HEARN.	12mo, net.	1.25	
Cicero in Maine.	By MARTHA BAKER DUNN.	12mo, net.	1.25	

BIOGRAPHY

James G. Blaine.	By EDWARD STANWOOD.	In American Statesmen, Second Series.	With portrait.	12mo, net.
Charles Godfrey Leland.	By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.	In two volumes.	Illustrated.	Large crown Svo, net.
James Russell Lowell.	By FERRIS GREENSLER.	Illustrated.	12mo, net.	1.50
Sidney Lanier.	By EDWIN MIMS.	With portraits.	12mo, net.	1.50
American Literary Masters.	By LEON H. VINCENT.	Crown Svo, net.		
A Memoir of Dr. James Jackson.	By JAMES J. PUTNAM.	Illustrated.	Large crown Svo, net.	

HISTORY

The Tsar and the Autocracy.	By a Member of the Imperial Court.	Svo, net.	\$1.50
A Short History of Italy.	By HENRY D. SEDGWICK.	With maps.	Crown Svo, net.
The England and Holland of the Pilgrims.	By MORTON DEXTER.	Illustrated.	Svo, net.
The Valerian Persecution.	By PATRICK J. HEALY.	Crown Svo, net.	\$1.50
The Development of Religious Liberty in Connecticut.	By M. LOUISE GREENE.	Crown Svo, net.	
Mount Desert.	By GEORGE E. STREET.	Illustrated.	Large crown Svo, net.
A History of the Town of Middleboro, Mass.	By THOMAS WESTON.	Illustrated.	Svo, net.
Two Ohio Towns.	By MORRIS SCHAFF.	12mo, net.	1.00
Louisiana.	By ALBERT PHELPS.	In American Commonwealths Series.	With map.
Rhode Island.	By IRVING B. RICHMAN.	In American Commonwealths Series.	With maps.
Michigan.	By THOMAS M. COOLEY.	In American Commonwealths Series.	New Revised Edition.
		With map.	16mo.

POETRY

The English Works of George Herbert.	Edited by GEORGE HERBERT PALMER.	In three volumes.	
Complete Poetic and Dramatic Works of Lord Byron.	Edited by PAUL E. MORE.	Cambridge Edition in one volume.	
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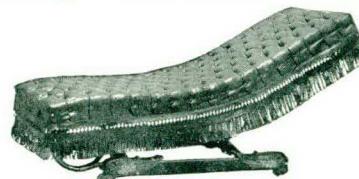
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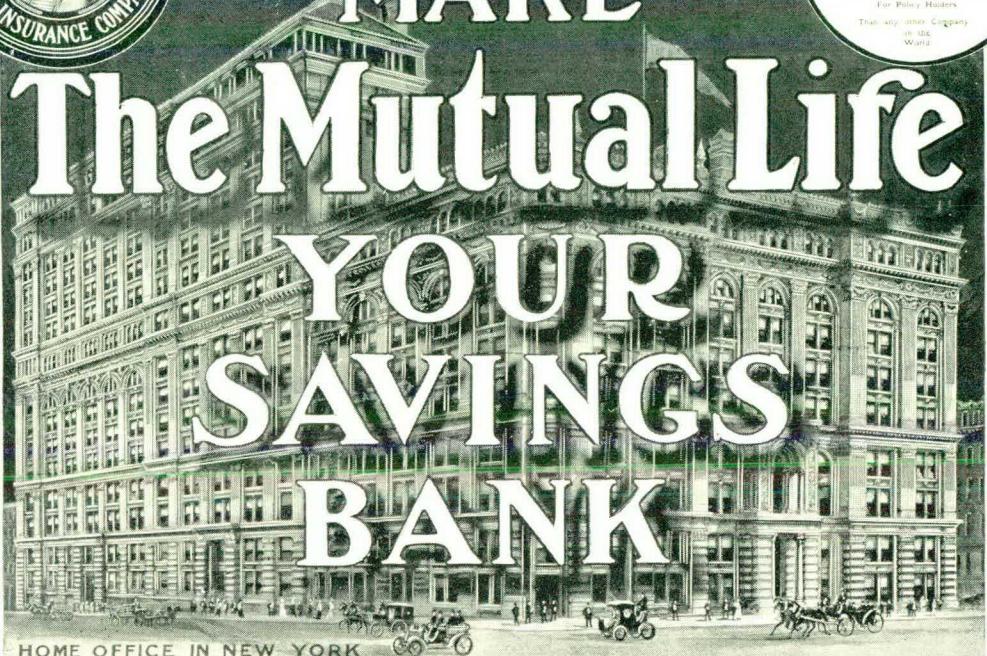
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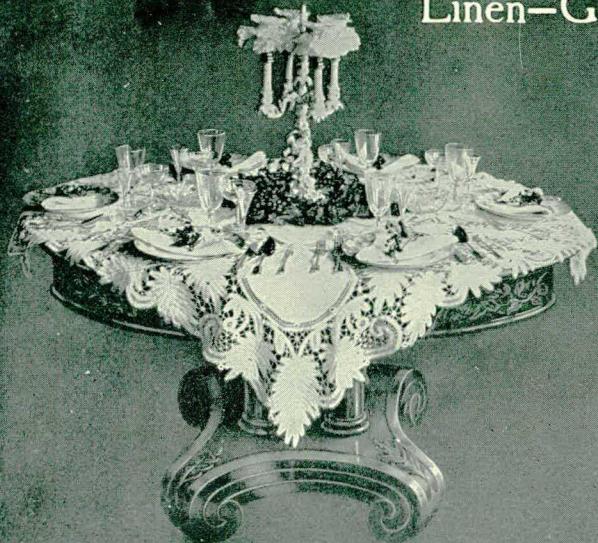
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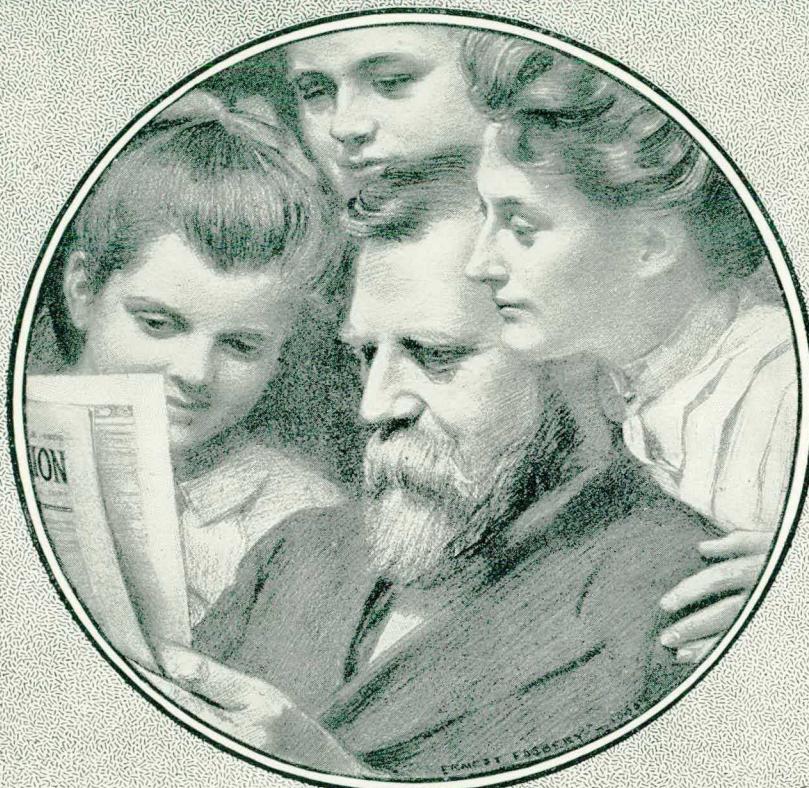
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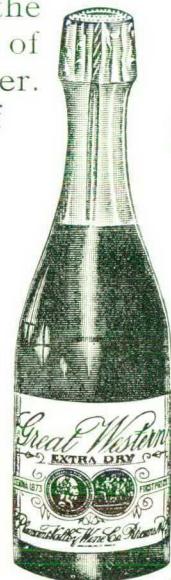
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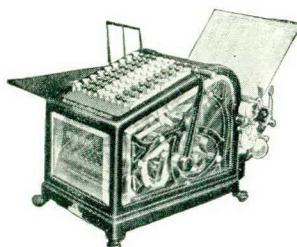
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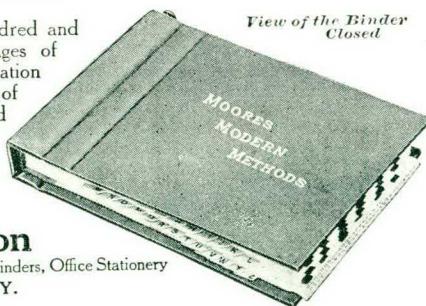
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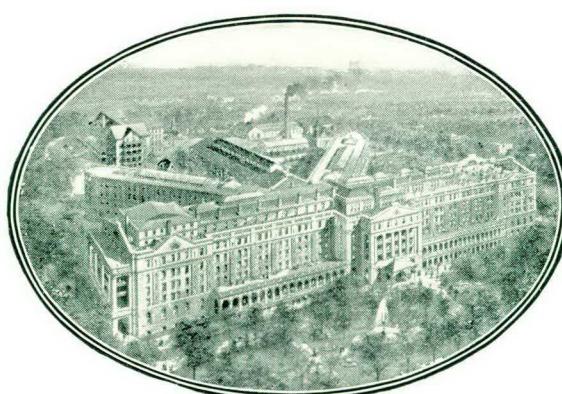
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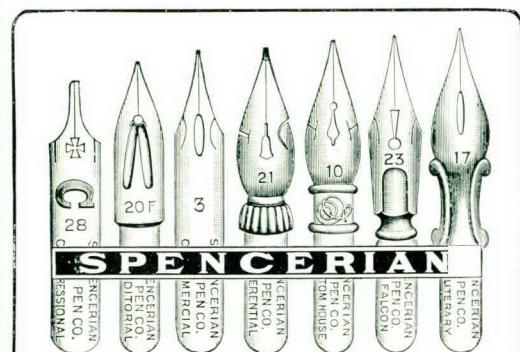


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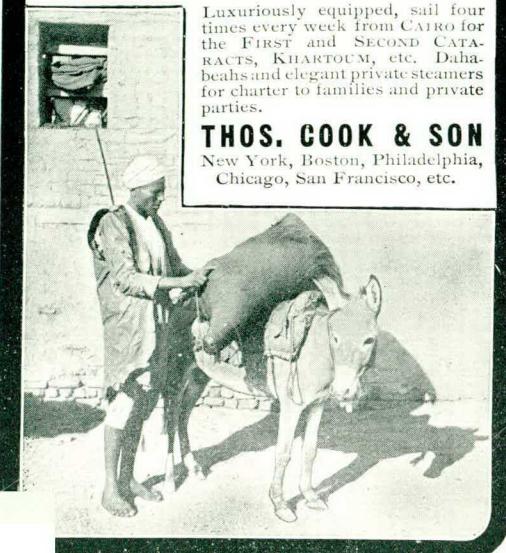
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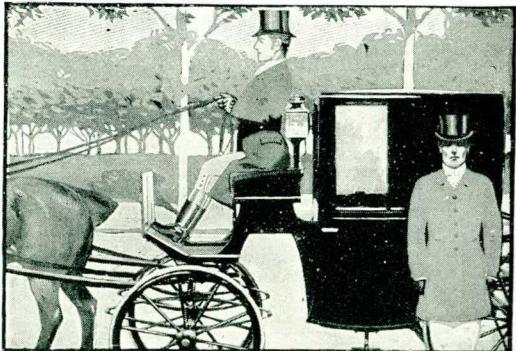
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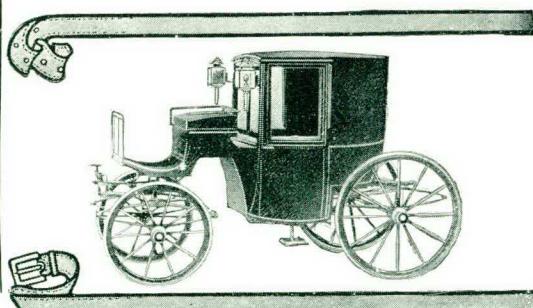
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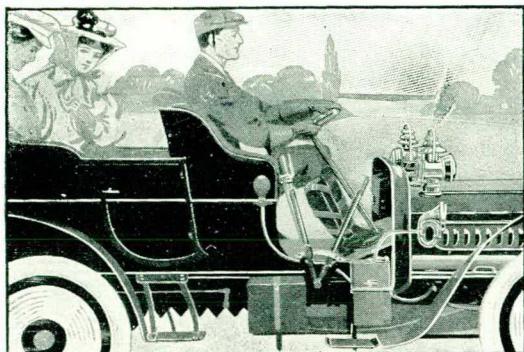
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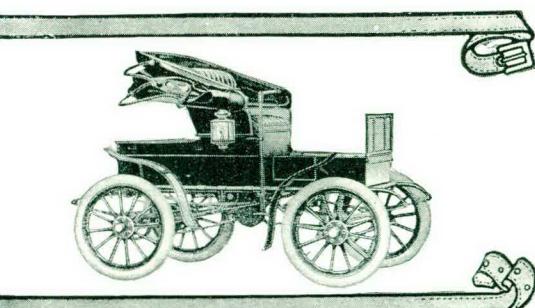


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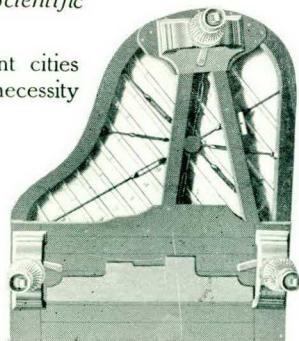
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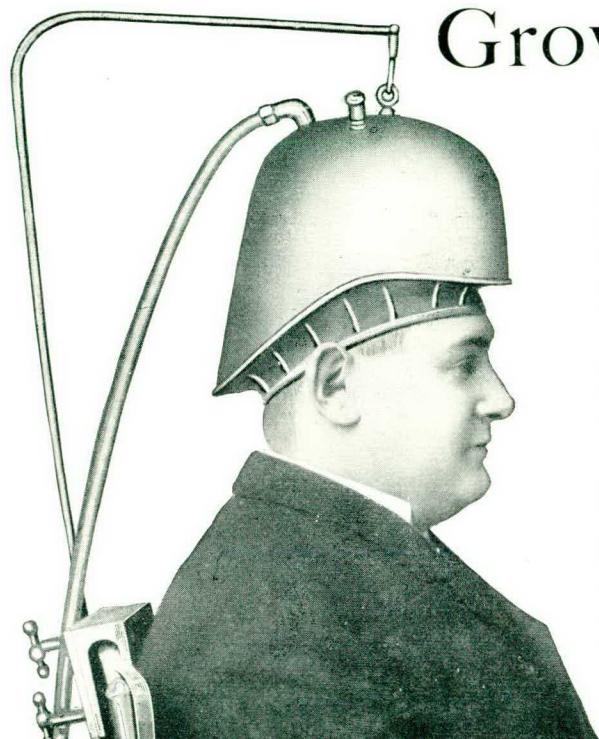
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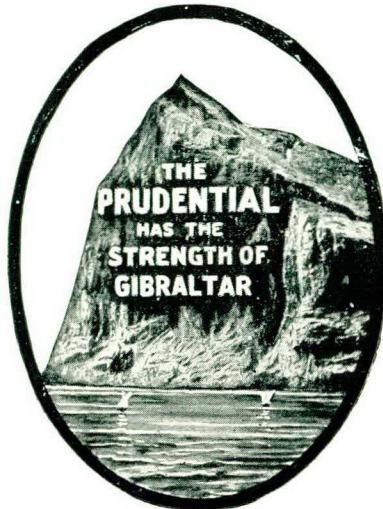
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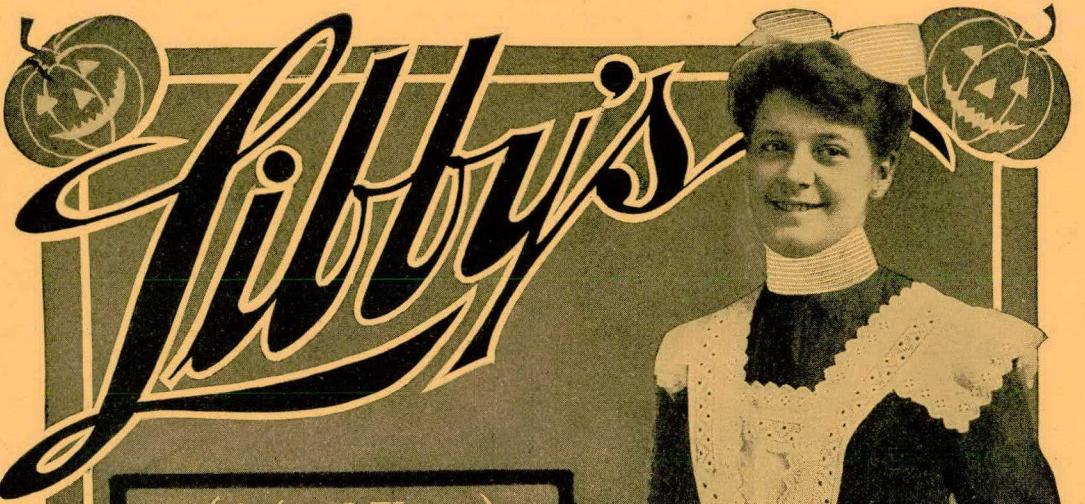
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BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE interpretation of history seems to be the theme for all the world's great prophets and philosophers, and for so many poets that, speaking broadly, one may call literature man's endeavor to understand his past. When a man has looked seriously into the jumble of tales and legends and myths which make up the meagre tradition of the race's pilgrimage on this earth, instinctively he puts his data into some order, he makes his material fit into a story, into a form his mind can grasp. From that story comes his idea of God, and his philosophy of life. If he looks into the ashes of the past and sees the débris of battles, the dust of kings, and the ruins of kingdoms, his god is a god of war. If he sees civilizations come and go, sees tribes rising, and falling to decay, sees cities and nations materializing like spectres, and fading like ghosts whose very being is in doubt, sees peoples groping after an idea, and forming strange groups that dissolve into anarchy and form anew in varying shapes, — each social species different from the others, yet akin to all, — if he who looks at the driftwood of the ages sees the path of some current, however faint its first movement, however tortuous its course, pressing forward from the remote horizon of immeasurable antiquity with purpose and direction to some infinitely predestined goal, that man's god is the God of the prophet who said: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." But no seer can see all the truth. No school of thought, however sane its judgments, may be free from some fallacy in its conclusions. Any philosophy of

life, as it rises from history, must still be a human theory, veined with inevitable human error. If it were not so, prophecy would be an exact science. And yet men must keep working with the puzzle, each man fitting the blocks together as he sees the joining places, always aware that he may only approximate the ideal which he seeks to build. So therefore the words which shall follow herewith are set down in the full knowledge that in the main they may be wrong, but in the hope that, in some part, they contain enough truth to make them worth the reading.

This article is written to support the thesis: The Christian spirit is in its essence an entirely attainable ideal of kindness and of justice, and only as men live the Christian spirit consistently, in their simple first-hand relations with one another, will the public morals of the nation improve, and will the political and economic problems which reflect the condition of public morals be nearer a solution. To establish this thesis it seems necessary, though for the moment distracting, to consider briefly a view of human history.

It is agreed that when men came out of the woods and began living together in the pastures, they lived in groups, — each group gathered about some strong man. His will was law, because his strength protected those who came to him for shelter, against the men and beasts of the forest. Whatever seemed good to the chief, to make his band a strong fighting unit — he made that a law, and enforced it by casting out the disobedient. As the ages

passed, the group grew from a family to a clan, and from a clan to a tribe. But the strong man always ruled, and in so much as he was wise in knowing what would make his tribe successful in battle, against man and nature about him, so much was his tribe stronger than other tribes; but when whim or caprice governed him, when lust for personal power came into his judgments, his fighting judgment became impaired and he lost his leadership, and perhaps his tribe lost its freedom. But the ruler was everything, the tribe counted for nothing. His fighting sense and his will crystallized men into cities. The rules of conduct he laid down became the laws of his city. There may have been — indeed there must have been — simple arboreal rules of life, regulating the hero's followers in their primitive relations, — rules for family life, that the hero found when he took charge of his most primitive state. But wherever the individual in the group — whether a son, a clansman, a tribesman, or a citizen — had any relation toward the hero who represented the state, the hero said what that relation was and how it should be maintained. His will became the public morals of that people. As strong man succeeded strong man, each leaving his prestige behind him, and each accepting the rules of his predecessors, these accepted rules became, in time, tribal customs, and were adopted by ruler after ruler, until they became law. The city with the wisest laws became the most permanent city, and these laws, pressing upon generation after generation, became the public moral sense of the people of that nation. As a race broadened into a nation, its laws became the moral sense of the nation. When conscience rose in the consciousness of men, those laws which men recognized as just and honorable they came to feel vaguely as their rights. But the human will must have been growing for ages, before men dared to call the hero a tyrant and resist him. Then only a few men dared to rise against the tyrant. But as strong men

multiplied, the hero shared his power, — took in partners, — and the will of the partnership became the law. The great mass of the people had no rights; they had only wrongs. The justice of the world was administered by the hero, who grew to be the king, and his partners, who became the captains. Right, under such a government, was not the emanation of the public conscience, but the judgment of the partnership. Only in their dealings with one another did the mass of the people develop an idea of justice, and even that idea must have been a sort of petrified expediency. Civic justice came from the few to the many. The pyramid stood on its apex, and finally toppled over in the fall of the Roman Empire. No military organization, no system of politics, no scheme of government, could defy the laws of spiritual gravity and maintain human beings in a social unit with the source of civic justice confined to the few; and with an ignorant servile population, it was impossible to develop a sense of righteousness, a common sense of national justice. A people who have no will power to resent their wrongs are not a people who will ever define their rights, equitably. Slaves may have wrongs, but only a race that has fought itself free may have any rights.

The anarchy of the Dark Ages followed the breaking up of the old world. The authority of military organization disappeared, and the people forgot even the simplest forms of right between themselves in their lowest relations, thus proving that the hero government was still necessary. But slowly, an imperfect crystal of human government began to form. The lord of the feudal system dispensed justice. The laws were of his making. The pyramid was still resting on its apex, but the apex was broader than in ancient times, in that the feudal lord was bound to provide for the vassal, when the vassal took up arms. Achilles had no worry about his commissary department; Richard Cœur de Lion had. A new spirit, — the spirit of mutual obli-

gation,—not strong, but rudimentary, was growing in Christendom. The primal relations of human beings toward one another grew perceptibly kinder. The king and the lord had taken in a third partner,—the priest. These governed and made the law. They quarreled. Each needed soldiers. The people who furnished the soldiers for the quarrels were granted more and more privileges. The apex of the pyramid broadened, but the pyramid still stood base side up. Laws came from the lords to the people. There was talk of Christianity in the world. Yet it meant little but the opportunity for soldiers to die in a new kind of cause. Man recited its catechisms; he heard its sermons and observed its rites, and as the centuries passed, something of the meaning of Christianity came to him. The obligation of the feudal lord became heavier. Not only must he feed his vassals in time of war, and "insure domestic tranquillity," but he must insure a simple property right among them. After all, it was his own justice that he gave them. It was his own laws that he administered. The will of the people did not exist. They still had wrongs, but few rights.

And thus a thousand years went by, while the king and the lord and the priest made wars and built cities and temples; and the people knew that it was wrong that they should suffer, yet they had no strength to change the order. They were as dumb beasts in the long furrows of the centuries, who felt the goad, and groaned under their burdens, but moved on. The Christian spirit was seed in stony ground. The moral sense of the people, as witnessed by their customs and forms in dealing with one another, had grown a little, and their moral purpose seems to have grown somewhat more. They were becoming troublesome about their wrongs, and were even beginning to believe that they had rights. In certain lands the lords and priests and kings waxed rich, and great merchants appeared, but the masses enjoyed only small prosperity. The laws

of the men at the point of the pyramid were grossly unjust to the poor. Since the beginning of time it does not seem to have been difficult for certain men to grow rich; for nations to become powerful in crass wealth. But from the fall of the old world, until the beginning of the rise of the people in the Reformation, there seems to have been no more fairness in the way wealth was distributed than there was in the time of the heroes and tyrants.

No matter how wise were the law-givers in the Dark Ages, no matter how pious, no matter how noble their aspirations, the laws they gave did not establish justice, or even an approximate of justice, as we know it to-day, lame and imperfect as it is. The good men of those days regarded morality as a relation between God and man. They mistook the religious life for the righteous life. That the period saw honest rulers fired with a Christian zeal to do right, no one who reads history may deny. But some way in his scheme of things God seems to have decreed that no man by any laws, nor any government through any power, can make men live equitably in their national life who do not have in themselves as individuals the moral enthusiasm to impress their standards of ideal living upon the smaller matters of their daily lives, in their simple relations with their fellows. The benevolent despot can impress his benevolence only upon a benevolent people.

When the feudal pyramid began to crumble with the Reformation and with the movements that followed it, the spirit of obligation began to broaden. Not merely did the nobles begin to feel their obligations to the lower classes, but the people began to feel some moral obligation to their government. The neighborly relations began to grow and to prepare men for broader relations. As the centuries went by, cruelty began to disappear from human life. That which remains has been refined, and hidden from sight. A cruel leader, even in war, is no longer

popular. Lying, though successful, and done in a good cause by a man in a high place, is no longer the fine art that it was a hundred years ago. Talleyrand, or Richelieu, could not stand to-day against Roosevelt, any more than he could have stood before them in their times. The simple virtues are becoming more and more requisite for a public man, not merely in America, but in Europe; and for a private citizen who would hold the respect and esteem of his neighbors, no better law of life can be found than the Golden Rule. The pyramid has been growing from its base, for five hundred years, slowly, as the light of learning has been dawning upon the people. And the leaven that has leavened the whole lump is the moral enthusiasm planted in the world by the Christian religion. The Greeks had their philosophy, and it was beautiful — but it had no germ of life in it. Something like the Golden Rule was uttered by other prophets before Christ; yet its fire did not burn into the practical lives of men. But the passionate earnestness of the Gospel has redeemed the world in a way far different from that in which the pious fancied it was to be redeemed. Duty to others is the force that has organized this civilization of ours. It is the force that provides popular education, carries on public charities, demands sanitary homes for those who cannot demand them for themselves, removes temptation to debauchery from the masses, taxes the rich to support the poor, and enacts into a hundred laws that neighborly courtesy that is the soul of life to-day. The base of the pyramid is solid and broad as Christendom. The Golden Rule is the keystone of the arch of the edifice of law called government under which American life passes to its daily work. But the people do not obey these laws. They do not live up to the civic ideals that they write down in statutes. So far as mere theoretical government goes, men have at their hands, in this country at least, all the power they need. What they need further

is wisdom in administration; to know how to use their power. And this further need requires further spiritual growth of the people. For until there is developed among the masses a kindness and an honesty in dealing with one another, in the minutiae of daily life, broader than the standard of humanity and integrity of American life to-day, the questions affecting the public life, and the national life, will be no nearer solution than they are. We must distribute our national wealth by a system founded upon principles of righteousness showing forth fairness, kindness, and even mercy — rather than by the law of the jungle.

Our most serious problems are the world-old problems of the distribution of wealth. Economists contend that the production of wealth follows natural laws, and that the distribution of wealth is entirely a human device. Being of human design, it has the weaknesses of humanity, —cunning avarice in the hearts of money-makers, and covetousness in the hearts of those who would be money-makers. With these vices as the mainsprings of the systems of distribution of wealth in the Old World, and in the New, they have been inevitably bad. All systems of distribution will be bad until their mainsprings are virtues and not vices.

The wealth of the American people — like that of every other people that has inhabited this globe — is the result of the racial or national character, working on the environment. This national character, working on the environment, has produced American laws, without which the wealth of the nation would not have grown. It may be shown by decomposing any large fortune that the people were to a great extent partners in its accumulation. Wealth is the natural accretion of all the people. Some men are natural organs for its secretion. They have the acquisitive faculty. But these men grow rich only with this nation and with this soil, and with this national environment about them. That many rich men as they accumulate wealth do real

service to their fellow men, and in some measure earn, in a purely economic sense, much of the riches they acquire, is also true. That this service entitles these men to all the comforts and luxuries which our civilization can give them is undeniable, and a part of that luxury should be the satisfaction of seeing those who are near to them similarly situated, even to the third and the fourth generation, if they so desire. The kind of service the American millionaires have given to this nation has been of great value, and should not be underestimated. There have been swindlers, of course, who have obtained much by sheer cheating, but in the main the owners of our great fortunes have given something for them: this man a great commercial invention—even though devised in iniquity—for the mining, refining, and distribution of oil; another man has devised a vast industrial saving in the manufacture and sale of steel; still another has pushed a railroad across the desert and over the mountains to the Pacific, connecting the commerce of the East with that of the West by a new route; a fourth millionaire has organized American shipping interests, and has breathed new life into that branch of industry. It has required a high order of human development in sagacity, courage, and persistence,—even though it often has been done with a low order of moral development,—but the good traits of character that have wrought these enormous commercial and industrial marvels have overbalanced the bad traits, and even the bad traits have taken the color of their environment so entirely that while they were active they have received the applause of a keenly appreciative people. As a nation we have not always revolted at an exhibition of shrewdness merely because it was dishonest. Our millionaires have used the morals of the grocery store on large scales, with exceptional qualities of acumen, industry, and daring. And until the morals of the masses are improved we should not rail at the morals of the men whose success is not due to

difference in morals, but to a difference in virtues.

However, granting all that we have granted to the rich man in this country,—the worth of his achievements, and the average grade of his morals,—we cannot escape from the fact that the people are his partners, and this partnership gives them some rights in his fortune which they have not taken. These rights of the people in the common wealth of the country form the problems that are now on the horizon of American politics. And it is to the untangling of the threads of justice and injustice in the relations of the man who has with the man who has not that Americans must bring, not more political power, to break threads ruthlessly, but rather must they bring a spiritual development that will enable them carefully to straighten the tangle.

After taking as the price of his service to his countrymen every luxury that our civilization affords, for himself and for his household, the American millionaire has taken more. He has taken the power to oppress the people by establishing unnatural commercial and industrial conditions. By compelling the people to pay dividends upon watered stock in unfairly organized corporations, the rich man has unjustly increased the price of land transportation. This is laying a robber's tribute upon the masses, as surely as any baronial tax was ever put upon vassals. The tribute falls upon every article of necessity or of comfort or of luxury that the people use. More than that, the aggrandizement of capital in cheating corporations has made it possible for an usurous direct tax to be levied immorally, even though legally, upon the water that the city dwellers use, upon the light and fuel and power that all the people use. Interest on bogus debts is paid by consumers of the commonest necessities of life, and this unfairly accumulated wealth is used to devise further methods and to legalize them, in order to put the yoke of accumulating capital upon the people. Rich men are but men; they love power

as all men love it, and they use it as men. Their money gives them power; it opens a new sport to them, when the mere getting of money palls. This diversion is the control of government. Thus far in playing that game the rich man has not materially harmed the country. He has played for pleasure rather than for profit. Nevertheless, the presence of organized wealth in American polities, as an estate there, must be understood clearly and reckoned with as a fact by the voters. There is just so much power generated by the surrender of the individual rights and liberties of the people to the government, and when organized wealth takes part of that power, the people who should control this government with their votes have that much less government to control.

From the foregoing statements concerning the encroachments of wealth may be formed a general statement of the problem which the aggrandizement of wealth is bringing to the country. There is a point in the accumulation of wealth where a man who has rendered exceptionally great service to society has acquired enough to provide himself and his house with all the comfort, luxury and culture that any sane man can ask civilization to give. This is all he can honorably expect society to give him. For every dollar that he acquires beyond that sum is a dollar which can be used only for the acquisition of other dollars. In the acquisition of other dollars the practices of modern finance not merely allow him, but virtually compel him, to resort to measures which oppress his fellows. The manipulation of stocks and bonds has created a vast semi-public swindling fund upon which the people are compelled to pay dividends and interest, and for which they get absurdly inadequate returns. As civilization has paid the man above mentioned for his exceptional services to society by yielding him all the goods of civilization that he asks, for his use and his family's, his surplus money which he does not use—his money-getting dollars—may legally earn other

dollars, but in so far as this earning offends good morals, the earnings are dishonestly earned dollars. Eventually his money-getting dollars are put to buying power to increase the earning capacity of his growing fortune. Their uses are illegitimate, even though they are legal. They threaten the general welfare. And they are immoral, no matter how pious their owner happens to be. Furthermore, no matter if the power which dishonestly earned money buys is a moral influence, respectably bought by a donation to a mission board or to a college, the uses of that money are still illegitimate. Moreover, all money used to extort unfair tribute from the people for fictitious service or fictitious value is tainted money. It should not be possible under a just economic order for a man to acquire so much surplus money that, harnessed with other idle money, it might become a mere money-grinding machine, with no legal restraints that its mechanical power could not cripple, without conscience, without mercy, without gratitude, a great engine of greed, pressing usury from the people.

The problem arising from the aggrandizement of wealth may be briefly stated thus: To find and mark the place in the accumulation of wealth where a man ceases to collect money fairly earned by service to society, and keeps on collecting morally unearned money to use in giving him improper power over society. But to find and to mark that place requires a moral and spiritual growth among the people. Perhaps a thousand or ten thousand men in America might find and mark the dead line now; but until the great mass of the population learn "Thou shalt not steal" in some other manner than by rote, until they make the commandment as much a part of their lives as they make the commandment against murder, they will not have the moral sense to find the place where a man's accumulation of wealth must stop, nor the moral fervor to stop it. The pyramid of government may not stand upon its apex now any better than it could ten thousand

years ago. Until men cease to wrong one another in small private transactions, they cannot in justice demand as rights the suppression by their government of similar large public transactions. The public rights of the masses are circumscribed by the private wrong upheld by the masses.

And of all the wrongs which society permits men to do to one another under the law, and protects by public sentiment, the most grievous are the wrongs to the poor. All the world knows that it is no crime to cheat a poor man. It is regarded as entirely proper to rent him a leaky roof, to sell him poisoned food, to give him putrid water, to clothe him in shoddy clothes, to sully his children with tainted spectacles on the stage, to trifl with their school funds, to stunt them at their work. The disregard of what may be called the strong classes of population for the weak is none the less barbarous in our civilization because it is everywhere manifest. And its presence — so far as it exists in American civilization — indicates that the strength of the strong is just so far physical, and not spiritual. Until there is a moral growth among the people broad enough and deep enough to undo the wrong which the well-to-do masses do to those struggling up from poverty, the nation will not have the moral vision nor the strength of will to deal with evils that arise from amassing capital and its encroachments. For the oppressions of the middle industrial strata upon the lower keep the minds of the lower masses dark, and the whole public vision is thereby clouded. The purchasable vote of the slums is the mainstay of mammon. The middle class cheats the poor man of everything else, and it is the business of organized wealth to bribe him out of his vote.

But to cheat him of his right to work is the gravest injustice of all, indeed, it is the sum of all the injustice done to the poor man. The right to work may not be inherent in all men in any organization of society. Indeed, it may be shown logically enough that no right is inherent by itself,

and that all rights are welded from the iron of necessity by the formation of civilization. But it may not be denied that in modern civilization, where drones are so direct a tax upon the workers, men not merely have a right to work, but the social organization has a right to demand that they work. The mutual interests of the individual and his neighbors in his work lay a duty upon his neighbors to see that he not merely has work, but that he is adequately paid for it. Society recognizes its right to demand that every man shall work, but it hesitates before the sacred rights of property, and does not demand that every man shall be paid equitably for his work. One of the problems which civilization must solve is to give the worker a status for his work as sacred and inviolable as the property owner has for his property. To-day the buyer of labor sets the price. The seller takes the price or not; works or is idle, lives or starves, as he pleases. Society organized in government must eventually assert its prerogative as arbiter of the bargain, and proclaim a man's right to work, and to be paid for his work well enough so that he may grow mentally and morally to a stature sufficiently large and strong to do his duty as a citizen of this republic. The danger to the republic — if there is any danger — is not from the top, but from the bottom of society; and this danger comes because intelligent people are selfishly indolent in their attitude toward the poor. They permit the republic to be cheated of its right to be governed by an honest conscience; they permit the debauching of that conscience by an industrial system that bends the worker to so poor a price for his work that in masses too great for public safety workers are kept ignorant, uncivilized, and incompetent for citizenship. We have schools; we have churches; we have great free libraries. The fountains that would cleanse the public morals and nourish the public conscience are on every hand. But those who most of all need these healthful public baths in righteousness

are hurried by them to work for wages so low that, after paying for mere subsistence, the average unskilled laboring man has no surplus with which to enjoy civilization and grow with its culture. If the present organization of society continues, it will be because the moral sense of those of the majority on the fat side of the bread line demands that the Golden Rule shall apply to them in their relations to those on the lean side of the bread line. The first expression of that duty of the majority will be to see that, economically, wages shall not be set as the result of a bargain between the man who has work to sell and him who would buy it for the least possible money, but that wages shall be set by the arbitrament of society, and that in that arbitrament shall be considered, not merely property right, but the right of the government to have the best conscience of a well-fed, well-read, God-fearing man at the ballot box. It is better for this government, and for the perpetuity of modern civilization, that the moral sense and moral fervor of the people should grow, than that an ironclad scale of profits should accrue upon every investment. And investments should be planned by captains of industry with society's interests in view, as well as those of the stockholders on the company's books. For the government is the company's partner. It gives capital more than police protection, and the government should have its returns in wages large enough to make the workers in every store, in every office, and in every shop, good citizens. The people have a right to ask this in the name of the high law of self-preservation, and government has a right to ask it in the name of the law of growth. For when the unskilled and uneducated laboring men become men of trained moral intelligence and definite moral purpose, as they will become when their shortened hours of work give them opportunities to change their environment for a few hours daily, for the better, they will then contribute to the voting strength of America the

weight necessary to solve the problems coming out of the encroachment of capital, and solve them fairly to capital and fairly to the country. But if those problems are turned over to an electorate in which there is an ignorant and deludable minority for demagogues to sway, the problems will only be complicated. Jealousy and greed matched upon opposite sides of this controversy will quarrel, but they will not get the truth out of their quarrel. And, what is more important, greed will win. In the ancient contest greed has always won — over jealousy.

But in the contest that is approaching, greed will face a righteous people. The struggle will be between a spiritual force and material avarice. The American people during recent years have been growing in mental and moral vision, and in spiritual force. The millions of books and newspapers and magazines that have been circulating in the land are now bringing forth their fruit. The party system is less rigid than it has ever been. The politics of the nation are on a higher plane than they have ever been before. The people are ceasing to envy riches, and are beginning to ask rich men embarrassing questions. In America the strong man is not necessarily the man of wealth, nor is he the political boss. More and more is the strong man becoming the man of ideals, the man of culture, the man who appeals to the spiritual side of the people. And when counsel for Croesus contend that to surrender this or that material advantage to those unable to wrest that material advantage from him will but depose one Croesus to elevate another, reply may be made that even though this life is still a contest ending in the survival of the fittest, the fittest hereafter shall not always be the man with the most brute strength in a bargain, but rather the man who can trade most honorably as well as most profitably. The fittest in commerce even to-day need not be the industrial tiger with the longest claw and sharpest tooth, but the gentleman with the largest heart and wisest head.

Evolution is passing from the wits of men to their hearts. The strong men of to-day who are leading men from the woods of yesterday to the pastures of to-morrow are leaders who gather and hold their clansmen by reason of some moral force, some ethical idea.

This nation has made many inventions that in the making we enthusiastically thought were the ends of government. We have liberty of the press, liberty of speech, liberty of conscience, and much liberty of individual action. We have popular suffrage, and more industrial freedom than any other nation. We have free schools, and there is no appreciable tax or restriction even upon the highest learning. We have developed the idea of liberty as the Greeks developed the love of beauty. But the principle of liberty and the love of beauty are desirable ends only as they lead to the establishment of a just and righteous relation between men. We with our powerful engines of government, even as the Greeks with their ideals of beauty, are face to face with a world-old problem — that will not be satisfied with principles of liberty any more than it was with graceful edifices. It is the problem which the man makes who has not his honest share in this world's goods, when he stands as the accuser before the man who has more than his honest share. The man who has is strong; the man who has not is weak. And the test of our life to-day, of our engines of government, will be found in the way they lead the strong man to a righteous appreciation of his duty

toward the weak. In all philosophy there is but one sure voice to guide, but one system that will work, but one scheme that is practical. The wisdom of the ancients was cold. It lacked a passionate moral purpose. Without that any civilization will rot at the core. Without it the folk-morals of our people will degenerate and the public morals will be sapless and dead. In all the philosophies of life, in all the systems of government, in all the schemes of industry which have flourished on this planet, only that is vital which has had in it some obedience to "the first and great commandment," and to the second which "is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

We are building our pyramid of civilization, and are proud of it, as the ancients were of theirs. But it must rest upon its base, or fall; and its base must be the practical Christian living of the people in their daily lives. Governments and problems and crises and battles and changing dynasties and passing systems of doing the world's work are but bubbles and eddies in the onward flowing current of human life going toward its inevitable goal. And all we know of life is that Christ's teaching tallies with some great force that is moving the current, and that he who follows that teaching moves with the current, and not against it. This inspires the faith that the government that follows "the law and the prophets" shall live.

THE ENDLESS LIFE

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

IN venturing upon the subject of immortality, it is necessary to rid our minds at once of the conceit of present knowledge and of the expectation that our thought shall be adequate to the reality that beckons us. There are moods in which we are interested only in what we can clearly see and adequately define. With instruments of precision we survey our little field, and fix its boundaries. We tolerate no vagueness, and that which we do not know is that for which we do not care.

Now and then, one finds a mind that seems capable of no other mood. It is satisfied with things as they are, or rather, with what it accepts as the same, with things as they seem. It is disturbed by no sense of incongruity between what it has discovered as actual, and what it has conceived as possible and infinitely to be desired. It never flings itself passionately against its limitations, seeking to push them back, and believing that the best is yet to be. The equilibrium between its desires and its attainments is never greatly disturbed. To such a mind only that which can be measured is real.

If we were to accept such a mood as final, we might dismiss the subject of immortality. It has no standing place before such a judgment seat. The faith in immortality is not a field of experience well surveyed and fixed by metes and bounds. It is rather the sense that there is an unexplored territory that stretches beyond the boundaries that we see. Man is an adventurer who cries,—

I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin
fades
For ever and for ever when I move.

The idea of immortality is one of the

phases of the thought of infinitude. It is the removal of limits which at first seemed final. It is the assertion that our own lives are infinitely greater than we had thought; that there is something beyond the familiar boundaries of Time.

Now, how do we ever come to a sense of the infinite? It is not by way of abstraction. Having discovered a finite reality, we do not turn away from it, and, in a spirit of willful contradiction, assert the existence of the infinite. No! We follow a finite thing. We seek to grasp it, to understand it in all its relations and antecedents. We follow it till suddenly we get beyond our depth. To come to that experience, we have only to follow anything far enough.

This experience of the unfathomable depths of being may be long delayed. Those who take care to keep well within bounds are not likely to be disturbed by the sense of the boundless. The average man does not live habitually in the awed consciousness that he is in an infinite universe. He is dealing, as he thinks, with finite realities. He prides himself on his ability to see all around a subject and to exhaust its possibilities. He talks glibly of the beginning and the end of things. He has the ability so to concentrate his mind upon a single phase of the actual as to shut out all else. His mind is preoccupied by a multitude of petty cares.

And yet, for all that, he *does* live in the presence of infinite reality; and now and then the fogs are brushed aside, and he becomes conscious of where he is.

He had used his mind merely as an instrument for private gain. He had sharpened his wits as he would sharpen any other tools. They had seemed impenetrable to ideas unconnected with self-seeking. And yet, forced to meditation,

the mind of this self-seeker becomes a mirror of the universal mysteries,—an imperfect mirror, indeed,—the images are blurred and vague, but they are vast and significant. The things which once seemed final are not final; that which he thought he understood is past all understanding. His mind is, instead of being merely an instrument of precision —

the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings, such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain.

This experience comes whenever he allows himself leisure to turn from his immediate occupation, and look at the horizon. What lies beyond? Words which seemed definitions become mere suggestions when he tries to understand them. Time, Space, Force,—these had seemed measurable, but to his awakened thought they open up infinite vistas.

It had seemed a commonplace thing to him to live in the present, and he had prided himself on holding to "one world at a time." But what is it to live in Time? What is this "Now" that seems so substantial? As he frames the word, that present has become past,—that moment has been lost in the abyss of time. It is as irrecoverable as the moment when Herod was king in Judea.

In attempting to grasp a single moment, to hold it till he can discover what it is, he finds himself in an unfathomable deep. He is in the midst of an eternal succession,—that which was and is and is to be. He tries to think what was there before the first moment,—and he can only frame the thought of the moment before the first. What shall be after the last moment?—it must be the moment after the last. And then the first and last become words without meaning, and he cries, "End there is none; lo, also there is no beginning."

He surveys his field and fixes his boundaries. He is satisfied with his finite possessions, this bit of space enclosed against all trespassers. Then in the night he looks up, and there is no enclosure.

Upon his scanty acres the patient stars look down; they are the same lights the first tribes of men saw when they looked up, half frightened, and wondered at the infinitude above. The eye sees so far into that infinitude of space that the imagination cannot follow,—and still the cold reason declares that it is not the end.

The man exerts his strength. He walks, runs, lifts, pushes. Each exertion is a revelation. At last he learns to use the forces outside himself. He exults over his discoveries, and then is overwhelmed, for he has come upon an energy which is without bounds. It moves from everlasting to everlasting. He cannot account for it, he cannot comprehend it, but it is here.

All these discoveries of infinitude come about very simply and inevitably. There is an attempt to do a definite thing; it turns out to be immeasurably greater than it seemed. The Hebrew sage describes the process. "He maketh the understanding to abound like Euphrates, and as Jordan in the time of harvest; the first man knew her not perfectly and the last shall not find her out. For her thoughts are more than the sea, and her counsels profounder than the deep." He tells us how he became conscious of these profounder depths. "I said, I will water my best garden; and will water abundantly my garden bed; and lo my brook became a river, and my river became a sea."

Now, how does this kind of experience affect our thought of the fixed boundaries of life? Awed by the infinitudes of Time and Space and Power, the man turns back upon himself. It is at first with a sense of his own insignificance and littleness. What am I? he asks. A finite creature set down in the midst of immensity, a creature with a definite beginning and end, I have a glimpse of an eternity that I do not share. My life is only

A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand
Left on the shore; that hears all night
The plunging seas draw backward from the land
Their moon-led waters white.

What am I? A mark of interrogation.

But there is no answer. He contrasts the little world within, with the great world without. Within he finds thought, feeling, hope, love, purpose, longing for the perfect. Without there is time, space, matter, unconscious force. Here is the contrast between the finite and the infinite, the transient and the permanent. It is the world within, he says, that is the finite, the accidental, the transitory; the world without is the eternal and the infinite. Unconscious force is creative, it has within itself infinite potency, it has the promise of permanency. Conscious force — that force which he feels within himself — is but a chance product of this eternal energy, signifying nothing. For a moment it emerges, and then is gone forever.

Is this the whole story? The creature whose existence is a note of interrogation must ask questions. And he begins with "obstinate questionings of sense and outward things." Are these outward things the final realities, or is there something that transcends? He awakens in a strange land, shut in on every side by alien powers, but he awakens to passionate longing for home. He feels that he is kin to something greater than himself. At last the impulse becomes irresistible, and he cries, "I will arise and go unto my Father."

Then begins the ideal life. It is a spiritual quest; the spirit of man seeking that which shall satisfy it. It is the struggle for existence lifted to a higher level. It is the struggle to find that which shall sustain what is most distinctly human; to find food for reason, and conscience, and the finer affections. It is a struggle against the limitations which at first seemed to shut out all hope.

At first the aspiring soul seems like a wild thing taken in a trap, which sees the trapper coming through the wood; the struggle seems futile, and yet it never ceases. Here and there it seeks a way of escape. After a while we begin to be conscious that the struggle, which began so blindly, is not unrelated to the advanc-

ing order of the universe. The soul's struggle to free itself is the condition of efficiency. The human strife is not a rebellion against eternal law, it is the coöperation with an eternal power. The soul is not entrapped, but harnessed to fulfill a mighty task.

The most significant thing in spiritual evolution is that we have a creature actually existing who has become dissatisfied with his old environment and has deliberately projected himself into a new environment. His past and his present are not enough for him. He consciously lays hold upon the future.

Browning describes what has taken place: —

In man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types,
Of a dim splendor ever on before,
In that eternal circle life pursues.
For men begin to pass their nature's bound
And find new hopes and cares, which fast sup-

plant
Their proper joys and griefs; they grow too
great
For narrow creeds of right and wrong, which
fade
Before the unmeasured thirst for good; while
peace

Rises within them ever more and more.

Such men are even now upon the earth.

Here we have our subject in its concrete reality. We do not propose a question about a future life unrelated to this. We are confronted by a kind of life already existing, the life of men who are even now upon the earth. It is characteristic of such lives that they overflow the narrow bounds of sense. They are full of august anticipations, they are thrilled by great hopes, they are impelled by an unmeasured thirst for good. Do not such lives compel us to revise ideas derived altogether from a study of the world from which they have emerged, and over which they have triumphed?

They have been watering their gardens of love and hope and courage; may it not be that they have found the slender rill becoming a river and a sea? May there not be an infinitude of spiritual life matching the infinitude of spiritual energy?

In discussing the question of immortality, one may attempt to trace its historic origins, in the mind of the primitive man. One may, as the result of contemporary observation, attempt to set forth the attitude of the average modern man. In the one case we are confused by a jungle growth of superstition, in the other case we may find ourselves in an arid region of indifference. Nor are we better off when we consult some man of highly specialized intelligence.

There are men who have studied carefully some particular phase of life, whose attention has hardly been turned to its spiritual possibilities or achievements. They are like persons who have known some great man when he was an unformed boy. They know what he came from, and they think they know him. But they never treat his later attainments seriously. Those who know most about the origins are not always fitted to speak most wisely about destiny. They are too likely to have attention fastened upon some arrested development, and to treat it as if it were final.

There are minds with great powers of analysis which are devitalized and dehumanized. Emerson tells how such an intelligence disappoints us:—

Philosophers are lined with eyes within,
And, being so, the sage unmakes the man.
In love he cannot therefore cease his trade;
Scarce the first blush has overspread his cheek,
He feels it, introverts his learned eye
To catch the unconscious heart in the very act.
His mother died,—the only friend he had,—
Some tears escaped, but his philosophy
Couched like a cat sat watching close behind
And throttled all his passion.

What we most desire to know is the attitude of those whose human passion has been throttled neither by superstition, nor by worldly preoccupation, nor by too narrow intellectual interests. We desire the witness of the broadly, sanely, sensitively human. We are asking the world-old question about "the fate of the man-child, the meaning of man." And we ask, "What does the man himself, when he is at his best, think about it? What is the

attitude of the man most man, with tenderest human needs?"

What is the attitude of the ethical idealist, that is to say, the man who is inspired by the passion for human perfection, towards immortality?

Let us hasten to say that the first effect of sound ethical development is to quiet the impatient questioning, and to rebuke many of the insistent demands. The question of the duration of life is not in the foreground, it waits on the prior question of the quality of life. There is a mere greed of existence which is pronounced unworthy, as if when one had partaken of a feast, he refused to give way to others, claiming as of right that which had been granted him by grace. The well-disciplined soul does not claim immortality as a reward for services done here. Duty is an obligation to be fulfilled, it does not involve an obligation toward us. Having done our part, we may not linger asking for further payment. Nor can we childishly refuse to recognize the sanction of moral law here, or the possibilities of noble living, until we are assured of continued existence. The ethical idealist takes the nobler alternative:—

Is there no other life, pitch this one high.

In saying this we proclaim our moral independence. Allegiance to ideal righteousness is not contingent on what may or may not happen to us. Its values are intrinsic. Something we have already found real and commanding. We live and we are resolved, come what may, to make our life worthy. We will fill it full of thought, of generous purpose, of human love, of divine aspiration. Though we may be but creatures of a day, in that day we will yield ourselves to the perfect whole. Life for us shall be at its maximum and not at its minimum. How much of good may come to us we may not know beforehand; but the good that does come to us, that we will hold fast. And the good that escapes us, what of that? "The fluent image of the unstable best" is ours also. Ours, if not to hold,

then ours to follow after. To be an idealist is to be one who takes counsel of his courage rather than his fears. He is one who, in every enterprise, is

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade.

For things still unattained he gives and hazards all he has. As he will not make his reason blind, neither will he allow his heart to grow cold nor his ideals to be dimmed.

All this is dependent on no speculation. It is a present experience. This is the kind of life which he has deliberately chosen, and which seems to him good. It is not a life of dull acquiescence in established conditions; it is a life of creative activity. He is accustomed to project his thought into the future and then plunge forward to regain it. It is now no mere thought, but a deed. He has done this again and again. Ideals are to him no empty dreams, they are to be realized in action.

His worship of ideal perfection has in it exultation, for the beautiful vision is to him a prophecy of the day of its fulfillment. The beauty now seen afar marks the coming of a new power.

For 't is the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in might.

Love is to him no sad mourner weeping unavailing tears, it is a great world-power. What he recognizes and reveres is love militant and triumphant:—

Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart.

To pitch this life high, does it not mean to develop all the nobler powers and trust them to the uttermost? It means,—

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.

Thus the man has lived. At last the moment comes when life strikes hard on death. For that moment, too, comes the word, "Pitch this one high." That means that he is to summon his best, that

he is to keep on as aforetime with his face toward the light,— he is to keep on,— hoping, loving, daring, aspiring.

And then comes the sudden silence, and to us who watch the brave ongoing all things seem possible. All things seem possible save that there should be no path for these patient feet.

The total impression made upon us by the noblest human life is not that of a completed work. It is not Death and the Statue,— Death putting the finishing touch to a masterpiece. It is Death and the Sculptor. The Sculptor's eyes are flashing with creative genius, his power is yet unexhausted, his willing hand is outstretched. Between the workman and his work Death intervenes. So far and no further, he says: forever and forever the work must remain uncomplete.

A work abruptly broken off. A marvelous dawn ending in sudden eclipse; a glorious promise unfulfilled. Is this all?

Here we have the interest of ideal ethics in continued life. We are told that disinterested virtue makes a man indifferent to his own existence. He must be willing to sacrifice himself for the good cause. Yes, but what is the good cause?

The good cause is the creation of a spiritual kingdom. It is the glad coöperation of great souls. It is furthered not by suicide, but by service. The demand is for larger, wiser, more patient service. Call it self-sacrifice if you will; that means not self-destruction, but the offering of one's self as a necessary power to do a work. And there must be a self to offer,— and the larger and fuller the self the better. This is the word of disinterested devotion, "Here am I, send me."

A hundred times the good man has said that. He has gone forth not knowing whither he went. It is not the weakness of selfishness, it is the soldierly spirit, that makes him at the utmost verge of the earthly life long for new opportunity. He asks for no reward for things done, only the wages of going on. Still he cries with unabated ardor, "Here am I, send me."

In all this there is not the egotistic

clinging to a personal possession, there is rather the devotion to spiritual realities. The primary assertion is that of the eternal values, there is a recognition of that inner treasure which the Hebrew sages called wisdom. "The true beginning of her is the desire of discipline, and the desire of discipline is love of her, and love of her is observance of her laws, and to give heed to her laws compriseth incorruption, and incorruption bringeth near to God. In kinship to wisdom is immortality and in her friendship is good delight."

What are the things which most bear the impress of the Eternal, which seem most truly to mirror the power of God? Wisdom, love, duty, joyous and free service.

But what do these words mean? They express personal qualities, they are attributes of a living being. They are doubtless potentialities of the universe, bound up in its necessary causation, but to us they have been revealed in human consciousness.

For unnumbered ages atoms have been moved about by forces as indestructible as themselves. They have floated in mists of fire, they have been gathered into molten billows, they have been whirled into worlds and systems of worlds, they have risen in clouds, they have fallen in rain, they have risen again in grass-blades and flowers and trees. They have been organized into creatures that breathe and creep and walk and fly, and then return again into dust.

All this is wonderful, and yet thus far the Universe seems to be all of one piece. In all this change of form there is no destruction of values, for the whole receives the parts back again into itself. There is no more sense of loss in the dissolution than in the evolution; it is merely change of form, the substance remains the same. Physical force remains physical force, atoms remain atoms through all the metamorphosis. There is thus far no room for rebellion against the hurrying fate. "Dust to dust," — there is no repining

against that law, as long as the dust is dust, and nothing more.

But the time comes when there is something more. Out of the dust there emerges a creature whose existence in the material world is nothing short of a miracle. Connect him as closely as you may with all that went before, and yet the amazing fact remains that his being carries him into another sphere which transcends the familiar round of physical causation. His language is strange in this world of law. Is it only a chance concourse of atoms, organized into a brain, as yesterday they may have been organized into the weeds of the roadside, from which comes the confident voice: I love, I hope, I worship eternal beauty, I offer myself in obedience to a perfect law of righteousness, I gladly suffer that others may be saved, I resist the threatening evil that I see, I choose not the easy way, but the difficult way, my will shall not yield to circumstance, but only to a higher will.

Molecules, however organized, do not naturally thus utter themselves. Chemical reactions are not thus expressed. There are no equivalents for this new power in the mechanical forces.

Are we not compelled to say, "We are in the presence of a new and higher kind of energy. The stupendous fact is the existence of a living will. Out of a universe of purposeless force there comes a purposeful will devoted to absolute good." Can that be true? Our instinct for orderly causation does not allow the statement to pass unchallenged. A universe out of which there emerges a living will cannot be purposeless. In the light of the living will the history of the Past must be written, and this newly revealed force throws a penetrating light into the future. Here is something that has an eternal meaning:—

O living will that shall endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock.

Here is the first glimpse of infinitude that really satisfies. The infinitudes of Time and Space and Physical Force awe us at first, and then tire us. It is because

they are infinite in extent, but not infinite in value. We very quickly exhaust their meaning, and then there is the sense of monotonous repetition. It is the sense that comes when we stand upon the summit of a mountain that looks down upon numberless lesser heights. At first there is the exhilaration of achievement and the widened horizons. But there is nothing any longer to beckon us; the rugged earth is flattened beneath us into a featureless expanse. We tire of looking down.

But the glimpse of spiritual infinitude is like the glimpse of mountains towering above us, range upon range, peak above peak. Looking up we see no end, we are inspired by the immensities. There is in us the unstilled desire for that which lies beyond. Did ever lover tire of the thought of love eternal, the vaster passion gathering all unto itself, guarding all and keeping all? The truth-lover tires of the accumulation of unrelated facts, but he does not tire of Truth, Truth vitalized and humanized. Divine ideas ever find us young and ever keep us so. "No man," said Victor Hugo, "can make an end with his conscience;" and we may add, no man with an awakened conscience wishes to make an end. "The path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

One theme there is that is inexhaustible: that is the development of a soul. Here is a work of creation that might go on forever, and forever absorb our interest.

Does it not all come back to this one realization of "the abysmal depths of personality?" Those to whom personality is suggestive of limitation may hesitate to speak either of a personal God or of the continuance of the personal life of man. The conscious personality seems to them only a part of an unconscious whole. They think of it as an insignificant part. Its separate existence is but temporary, and then it is absorbed again into that out of which it emerged.

Some little talk of Me and Thee
There was, and then no more of Thee and Me.
What does this talk of Thee and Me

signify? Is it only the material Universe talking in its sleep?

There have always been those to whom this is wildly incredible. The talk of Thee and Me is not to be lightly dismissed. Something out of the Universe speaks. At first it is but a cry out of the dark, then the speech becomes more coherent. The talk of Thee and Me becomes the talk of relations of justice, mercy, and love. It reveals a universal order. It reaches into prayer and worship. The language is still personal: "I in thee, thou in me." It reveals an all-comprehensive unity.

This is that of which — when the clouds are off our souls — we dare assert immortality. The ground of our confidence is the discovery we have made.

Know, man hath all that Nature hath but more,

And in that more lie all his hopes of good.

It is with the fate of that something more that we are concerned.

Or would it not be truer to say that when we once are deeply persuaded that there is something more, and that that something more is in its nature spiritual, we cease to be anxiously concerned about its fate. Its essential nature is the best argument for its perpetuity. There is a serene mood that is not impatient for further proof. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Conscious of the divine quality of the human life, one can be content to wait for the things which do not yet appear, and to trust

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

This we may say, that the faith that comes of self-control rests not on the weakness, but on the strength, of human nature. It is the faith not of mere visionaries, but of those who have learned by doing. It is a faith that

has great allies;
Its friends are exultations, agonies and man's unconquerable mind.

It is the faith of multitudes who, com-

ing out of great tribulation, break forth at last into victorious song.

It is a faith that lies deep in the heart of many a man who dares make no dogmatic assertion, like those disciples of whom it was once written, "They yet believed not, for joy, and wondered." This wondering joy in life inspires a deeper confidence than many a labored argument.

It is a faith that is born anew in unselfish friendship. Many a man who would not claim immortality for himself, yet reverently recognizes in another greater than himself "the power of an endless life." I have seen, he says, a life that is to me a revelation. I cannot doubt but that all is well with him,

That friend of mine who lives in God.

This above all, — it is a faith which we all share when we are brought into the presence of a supremely great soul. Then we know that there is an infinitude of love and wisdom that matches the infinitudes of space.

Companionship by the great souls of the world, we may share their courageous joy in the great adventure :—

Sail forth — steer for the deep waters only,
Reckless O soul exploring, I with thee and
thou with me.
For we are bound where mariner has not yet
dared go,
And we will risk the ship, ourselves, and
all.

MUTATION

BY JOHN B. TABB

TILL comes the crescent Moon,
We worship each a Star;
But in the reign of Noon,
Alike forgotten are
The lesser and the larger light
That ruled the destinies of Night.

Anon, the darkness near,
Within their dim domain
To Memory appear
The twilight gods again;
And Reverence beneath their sway
Forgets the sovereignty of Day.

THE FAME OF FRANKLIN

BY WILLIAM MACDONALD

THE entrance of the United States into the polity of nations is an event associated with two names which in their respective ways may stand without apology beside any others in the history of the world. No country that has won her independence by the sword can point to a Hero, outside of legend, of whom it is safer to make a boast and a pride than George Washington; for while few of that great kind are so fully known, still fewer can be known so fully without prejudice to their greatness in the world's opinion. Nay, this present writer, being in his small way hazardous and profane, is prompted to opine that if Washington has a fault it is his faultlessness, and that some limitation of the Great Man — some lack in the dynamic element of personality — results in very lovely fashion from the perfection of the Gentleman. In that noble simplicity, that single nobleness, one misses the erring child of sin, and almost confesses to a regret. Be that as it may, however, Washington is a very definite and a very comely figure among the Heroes of the nations; and the recognition accorded him by his countrymen is not beneath his merits, nor smaller than the part which he played in the drama of national deliverance or rebirth.

Few will hesitate a moment before conceding that the other great name of the American revolutionary era is that of Benjamin Franklin. Waiving all comparisons between those two, so equal and so different, one may say at least that there is no third name which could replace either of them; none that could break the solitude of Washington were there no Franklin, none that could be set beside Franklin's were there no Washington. Local memory, it is true, rightly makes much of local men, and every one

of the states whose story goes back to the epic time has her own son or sons to be proud of. Certain states, and these among the greatest, are even deeply committed, by a just pride as well as a less reasonable partiality, to be the praisers and defenders of contemporaries of Franklin who were none too friendly to their country's best friend; and from this source flows perennially an influence tinturing with a strain of denial, of exception and animosity, the broad current of national recognition and approval. But this tincture does not modify perceptibly the character of the stream, far less poison or pervert it; nor, however unwillingly a section in Pennsylvania or a family in New England may acknowledge the preëminence of Franklin, is it ever claimed that the place filled by his name could be filled, if we would but redistribute our attention, by some, or any, other. Franklin and Washington, these two alone, of their age and country, stand out from the rest of their generation and take rank as world-personages, like Socrates or like Hannibal. And to assert this of these two is not to belittle by the comparison any one of a host of distinguished patriots and good Americans besides, whom America, in this part or that of her diversified homelands and her multiple consciousness, does well to remember and to praise. For there are ancient European kingdoms, inhabited by no mean people, which have not produced three world-personages in a thousand years.

Nevertheless, be it said at once that I have here placed side by side the names of the two protagonists of the revolutionary drama — the one upon its military, the other upon its diplomatic scene — not in order to claim for them a status above and apart from all others, nor even

in order to draw some comparisons, ingenious or useless, between those two great men themselves; but solely for the sake of pointing a curious difference in the character of their subsequent fame. Of the recognition accorded to Franklin we can hardly say, as we can say in the case of Washington, that it is not insufficient and it is not irrelevant. That it was insufficient in his own day, nobody with any knowledge of the matter will deny; and a very little observation will show that in later times it has more and more had for its point of reference a mere side issue, and so has tended to become largely irrelevant. The reasons for the original insufficiency are to be found in a number of historical circumstances which may be noticed presently; but let us first consider that irrelevance of reference, which grew into vogue later, and its causes.

And I think we may say at once that the main cause is to be found in something that is not in the least peculiar to Franklin's case, but is a law of universal history, or of human psychology as making and mirroring history. It results from what we may call (in rather terrific terms) the naturally asynthetic habit or constitution of the human mind; or, in plainer words, the inability of the average man to grasp a whole of any complexity or to take account of more than one thing at a time. The effects of this are to be seen wherever we look. In the shaping of individual lives, and in what passes for the progress of nations, there is seldom discernible any broad path, the traveled way of foreseen purpose and adequate comprehension; but only a narrow line zigzagging from point to point of momentary interest or momentary expediency. Each new departure is prompted by the perception of a fragmentary fact, by an exclusive devotion to a particular aim. *Things*, however, are naturally synthetic,—the universe hangs together,—and whatever relevant fact is left out of account to-day is so much arrears which tomorrow or the next century has to work off as best it can.

What I have called the narrow line, then, which ought to have been a broad path, has created a world of arrears on its way; has ignored, that is, a world of circumstance which ought at each particular point and moment to have been taken into account. Now it is the indefeasible privilege of arrears that they never lie behind you for good, but always gather in front of you, ultimately, for evil. So the day when these historical arrears mass themselves and gather in front,—very rude petitioners and very many, asking to be reckoned with at last and brought into the working system, whether of thought or action, somehow,—it is a day of obvious crisis and urgency, and something more. It is a day when the natural human intelligence—represented by the folk-soul, the social consciousness, the general mind of a people—is called to judgment in several senses. For the apparition of a critical period, a momentous situation, means that there is presented to the general mind for solution a kind of chess-problem difficulty, a universal topic the discussion of which implies or demands a power to take account of a good many factors and to render a judgment that does justice to all. It is an occasion, if there is ever any, to bring forth the psychological fruits meet for repentance. And yet, what actually happens? For a moment, indeed, the general mind, finding the air filled with unrest and question, bows to the discovery that things are, after all, not so easy; that they are complex and simultaneous instead of being, as it had supposed, simple and successive. For a moment it even tries, or seems as if it would try, to see the whole subject as it has been set forth by the few philosophic and egregious persons who are convinced of the need for a comprehensive survey, the need to keep in sight all the factors which must be reconciled in a new synthesis, a new starting-point for life and action. But that moment is a brief one. The mood of balanced thought, seeking to be just, soon breaks down, being too exquisite to bear the rubs of life; the at-

tempt to see things steadily and see them whole is soon abandoned, like an armor too heavy to wear or a sword which does not fit the hand. The general mind, the contemporary folk-soul, has its own way of doing justice to a large and complex subject: by summarily reducing it to a unity once more — a unity which is obviously *not* a synthesis — expressed in a formula of the most partial and passionate description. But this having been done, a new irrational formula having been found, the general mind has no longer any misgiving as to the sense and reality of the question at issue; and on one side or the other, such is the fascination of the fragment and the formula, will fight to the death. So it comes that some of the widest movements (the Reformation, for instance) have had the narrowest war-cry; and it is likely that if ever the heavens fall at last, it will be on that day when all the hungry of this world cry at once for bread.

Now, in the traditional fame of great men — the subjective immortality which they have, not in books nor in the balanced judgment of the informed and synthetic few, but in the undying heart and memory of a people — this same simplifying passion of the folk-soul is generally traceable and is always at work. Here also it is never quite at ease with its subject, never quite comes to terms with it, till it has reduced an originally complex expression to a simple and likely formula. It is true that nearly all men of real greatness are distinguished by a certain universality, actual or potential, of intelligence and character: but what does the folk-soul care for that? Their universality is just the particular point about them which it is least inclined to commemorate, whether this be owing to envy or because it instinctively flees the monotony of a recapitulated excellence common to all. It makes very sure of its man, indeed, at the stage of probation: rarely will any impostor or meagre person pass the proofs by which its suffrages are to be won. But, its man having been accepted once for all

as a good man and true, it begins to lay aside punctilio and to put itself at its ease. It is not minded to make a virtue or a hardship of knowing him henceforth — the whole man with his many merits and his irrelevant universality — as who should say *intimately* and *all the time*. Enough if it knows him *from all others*, and knows him well enough for the uses of every day. For this purpose it discerns that the part, if not greater than the whole, is more convenient and more characteristic. Therefore it presently ordains, by the irresistible ukase of a silent, simultaneous consent, that he shall have his one aspect, his mark, his character — in the primary sense of that word — which he shall be known by, and in which so much of his personality as is not implied shall be, at least, taken for granted; that is, ignored without prejudice. Thus the folk-soul is ever making of its room of Time a picture-gallery, hung round with worthies — worthies of the nation, worthies of the human race — all in costume. It makes of History a theatre, and sees to it that there shall be no confusing resemblances upon the scene, and no double parts, but that every actor shall answer promptly to his mask and badge. And often, when there is already a complete costume broadly expressive of the personality and the part, it will yet add thereto some extra favor, some graceful supernumerary trifle, by way of putting the button on the cap of individuality rather than of greatness. Be it not forgotten that if the boy Franklin has his whistle, and pays too dear for it, and draws a lesson from this experience in the very act of making fun of himself, so also the infant Washington has his hatchet, and uses it with the innocence of a child upon the cherry-tree — and then has the almost intolerable virtue not to tell a lie.

And if we might follow the subject further, some interesting consequences would come to light. We should see that when for any reason (to stick to our simile) the costume in the picture has grown rather faint, but the figure is still

discernible, — or when the character on the stage of secular memory has somehow lost its badge, or a generation has come along which does not know what *that* kind of badge means, — then, as a number of ready instances might make clear, very curious things will happen. Leaving that excursion for another day, however, let us return now to Franklin and consider how, and how far, this law — the law which excludes double parts in history, and which simplifies, if not the basis, at least the reference of individual fame — has been, and still is, at work upon him. Let us see, that is, what remains of a character richly human and variously gifted when the popular need for selection, the instinct to unify and formulize, has had its way with it: and what remains of a most illustrious career when its greatest period and its chief work are tacitly left out of the account, not deliberately in the interests of an individual, it is true, nor with any motive of injustice, but by the natural action of that law of historical attribution which gives, so far as popular memory is concerned, to one man always one work, and each work to one man alone.

To consider the second point first. I have not apologized for calling Franklin and Washington the two outstanding personalities — the two world-personages — of the Revolution; nor do I think that it is diminishing the honors of either to say that they were equally potent in their respective parts, and the services of each of them indispensable and supreme. In the moment of action, and while history is not being remembered, but being made, they stand unmistakably side by side and work with equal steadfastness for a cause which could dispense with neither. Nevertheless, it might already have been foretold that this which I have called a law — this natural tendency of the human mind to attribute to one man one work and each work to one man only — would be sure to arrange the view of events and of agencies, by and by, in a perspective of its own: and that in this perspective one heroic figure would stand splendidly in

the foreground and the other stand artistically remote, if not out of the field altogether. And if this must be so — if one sole name had to be chosen for unanimous commemoration and praise in connection with the winning of Independence — if one figure alone, among the many upon the historic stage of events, might bear everlastingly, for the generations to look at, the supreme badge, decoration, and symbol of patriotism and nationality — what more natural than that, to those who had this choice to make, all other services should be lost sight of in presence of the splendid and conspicuous deservings of the unambitious, brave, good man who led the armies of his country through a seven years' war for national existence? That result, that election, would indeed have been almost assured, — so spectacular and convincing is the scene of a soldier's action, and so strong the appeal of military achievement to the imagination of every people, — even had Washington been less worthy, in his own merits, to be the pride and boast of his countrymen. But if the victorious commander in a war of liberation must always fill a space in the world's eye and in the nation's heart which no other servant of his country can challenge or emulate, — not even another soldier, visibly covering himself with glory in the immediate presence of his chief, — how small must be the chances of any wide, popular, and proverbial recognition falling to the lot of a fellow-worker in the same cause whose services, however they might be unceasing, potent, and indispensable, were yet necessarily rendered in a remote scene of action, in inconspicuous ways, against difficulties unestimated and unknown? I say nothing now of other influences which contributed to keep Franklin's essentially national career from receiving that degree of explicit recognition which was consistent even with the historical apotheosis of his great compatriot and friend, consistent even with the esoteric nature of a diplomatist's labors and the unacclaimed character of the victories he

may achieve. Here I am only concerned to point out that although Franklin had a public career which places him with the great personages of history, and although he served his country in circumstances of difficulty, and by the exercise of qualities, which entitle him to rank among the heroes of the nations, yet we need not wonder, still less need we suspect injustice or ingratitude, if we find that that career and those qualities — of devotion and endurance, magnanimity and strength — are almost entirely excluded from the popular and traditional conception of the man and his life, the conception which the name Benjamin Franklin stands for, both at home and abroad, to all save the closer readers of history. For the purposes of the general mind and of popular recollection, the great events of his time in which he played so vital a part have been finally orientated in relation to another biography. Across that page of the epic of history, the name of Washington alone is written broad, for most men and for all Americans. It did not follow from this that Franklin should lose altogether his just fame, who was so great a man in so many ways. But it did follow that the point of reference should be shifted, if possibly it could; that the stress of recollection should be laid, not upon his share in a common task, however invaluable and unique, but upon whatever else for which he was distinguished was more individually and personally his, and afforded good matter for remembrance.

And such an adjustment of the focus of attention was so easy in this case as to be almost inevitable: he was so great a man in so many ways. The memorable influence, indeed, which he exercised during the last twenty-five years of his life was made possible, largely, by the fame which at the beginning of that period was already his, and which has ultimately asserted itself — somewhat to the general loss, as I think — over the other and later associations of his name. By what he was then, and by what he did, and by what

men thought of him, he was already marked for remembrance. And there lay behind him at that time, still unknown to all save himself, an earlier personal history unexampled in its kind, and unique in its blending of practical, social, and intellectual interests and powers: the record of which in his *Autobiography* was by and by to come as a new revelation of a man already wonderful, and to usher him by yet another door into an immortality with the most worthy of the world and the exemplars of his race. As a pioneer in the growing modern cause, which he virtually created, of Social Service, and as a type of the perfect citizen in all his activities; as an occasional writer seeking to increase the intelligence and mutual toleration of his colonial neighbors by words of humor and wisdom which found their way to the firesides of all the world, and even into the languages of Asia; as an experimentalist who had made the most sensational contribution to human knowledge and power, in the physical realm, which science had yet recorded, and as an observer whom nothing to which he gave his attention, whether in the operations of nature or the ways of men, eluded or confused; as the acknowledged founder and exemplar of a new creed which did not call itself a religion nor even a philosophy, though it has had its many devotees and its occasional sages since then, — the creed, namely, of living the useful life and making an occupation of doing the greatest possible amount of good — for no other reason than that you are intelligent and human, and that intelligence and humanity should do their work — to the world in which you find yourself; as a man, finally, whose qualities of intellect and character made so profound an impression upon the men of powerfulest intellect and noblest character in his own generation, from the hour when he first appeared among them, and whose sociability made him as much endeared as his keen wit made him a thousand times quoted; — on all these accounts Benjamin Franklin was entirely

sure to have taken his own place, and been a conspicuous name in the roll of human worthies and the history of thought, even had he never stood for twenty years before the world as the representative man of a new people and the moral champion of a nation struggling to be born.

But the very length of this incomplete statement of Franklin's qualities has brought us betimes to that second point which we had to consider: how much, namely, of a total personality so rich and various, is likely to be represented when the popular tendency to select among the characteristics of a great man rather than to unify them in remembrance — the tendency to create a familiar figure of the mental world by means of an individual mark or moral formula — has had its way in the matter? Ostensibly, very little, I think; yet implicitly, perhaps, a great deal. Very little; for we may say that what fame, what general and diffuse recollection does is not so much to give explicit account of any great men, as to keep them within the horizon; leaving real knowledge regarding them to be always the reward of individual search. It merely keeps an index finger pointed steadily toward a wide field of worth, which will repay careful survey; it merely endorses with a mnemonic mark or brief description a large human document which each generation in succession will do well to read: and the whole effect is no more exhaustive or definite than if it were said, "This contains, or in that direction there lies, much which I, the folk-soul, do not actually remember, but which the world cannot afford to forget." And here we have — at the cost of another vicious digression into the vague, let me say it — here we have the explanation of that extravagant spirit of praise by which the small biographer of greatness is possessed sometimes to madness, and for which he has become a byword to all the sensible and indifferent. In whom, indeed, shall zeal and exactness be found if not in him, a convert and a discoverer? Faithful

study and nearer acquaintance have revealed to him that the human being behind the name which he treats of was vastly more comprehensive than the current report gives out — that the great man was greater than those who think they are keeping his memory green have ever suspected — greater, perhaps, than the biographer himself had been in the habit of supposing but a little while ago! From the hour when this recognition is fully effected, he, the biographer, is virtually a militant writer, a propagandist unrestrained. He is under a vow to make headway at all moments, by asseveration and argument and emphasis, and, unless the gods forbid, by eloquence itself, against that insufficient conception of his subject — perhaps a most perverted misconception of it — which he finds everywhere prevailing and more disastrous than neglect. Actual perversion, however, is comparatively rare. We rather have to acknowledge (what has been already hinted at) that though the "formula" or popular point of reference of a given individual's fame is apt to appear at first sight meagre and poor in proportion as the personality so ticketed was humanly rich and extensive, it may nevertheless — in a latent way, and by implications that are not present to the consciousness — render a kind of justice and give account of a great deal. An isolated aspect though it is, and an arbitrary mark though it seems, it will yet have in it, usually, something of the core, something of the quintessential; else it could hardly have had, in any serviceable degree, that representative value for which it was chosen. Meagre as it is, it may be largely interpreted. It admits of vivification, unfolding, and expansion, like those tiny specks of shriveled paper imported from Japan which, when placed in a medium of clear water, blossom into beds of flowers and ramify into forests of trees.

And doubtless with good will and leisure it would be easy to perform that miniature miracle in this case also, and, by such a process of vivification and unfold-

ing, to recover the great and vital and many-sided Franklin even out of the shriveled formulas to which his fame has been reduced for the purposes of current and convenient vogue. The current formulas are two; each having, upon the whole, a world to itself. While the American consciousness tends, generally and in the mass, to proverbialize the name and memory of Franklin (and that with no small satisfaction, no small patriotic pride and relish) as the Humorous Philosopher of that continent and people, the European consciousness, on the other hand, tends to remember him as a type of the practical intellect, as the master of prudential maxims and worldly good counsel, as the guide and example to those who have their fortunes to make, and as the preacher of the great (and truly damnable) truths that a penny saved is a penny got, and that honesty is the best policy.

It will be seen that these latter terms represent various gradations of the same formula, various ways, rather, of regarding the type which the formula presents: from the one which implies absolute respect, to the one which sneers dislike or wantonly hoots derision. That small matter of difference shall be as the mental fashion of the time dictates, the social and political sympathies or antipathies of men, the working convention and cue of different schools of writers. In *Blackwood* of the olden days, for instance, in the *Anti-Jacobin* of Canning and Frere, or (coming nearer to the homes and hearts of some of us now living) in the *National Observer* of Henley, one would expect to find, and would be disappointed if one did not find, the meanest construction fiut, with a profligate abundance of high spirits, upon the idea which the name of Benjamin Franklin stands for to some sincere admirers. But this merely means that by being out of sympathy and by regarding only the negative aspects of a moral idea, you can easily make a great man seem small, or a generous aspiration seem the ambition of a green-grocer. On

these conditions you can, at a very small expenditure of intelligence, talk with withering scorn of the Gospel of Getting-On, or can smartly declare (with Kingsley, I think) that the man who taught that honesty was the best policy would presumably have been a thief in a world without police. Of these vagaries in depreciation, however, some are to smile at, not without enjoyment; others are to commiserate, not without contempt. They belong to the psychology of the persons affecting them, and are not especially relevant to our subject at all; being but the expressions of a particular feeling toward life, or at least a particular sort of pretense about the matter, which is an article of quite general utility as an implement of criticism at certain times or in certain places. The Old World generally has esteemed Franklin quite justly, if upon a too narrow basis of recognition, and has not grudged him his place among the sages and the exemplary men of the nations. Only, the sagacity with which he is credited is too generally assumed to exclude, or at least to make very little account of, what are called ideals, aspirations, the deeper insight or the wider outlook of the soul; while the example which he is supposed to have afforded becomes too readily, as contemplated by a certain kind of good folk, a mere apotheosis of what is called the self-made man. Not to say that he is anywhere conceived of as an arid personality, the light of his intellect is held to be a dry light, shining in the "practical" domain. And as this word "practical" is apt to imply too absolute a reference to the comforts of life and the things which the Philistine cares for, it is a simple step from this to the negative conception of Franklin as one in whom there is a certain indifference to, if not a certain denial of, the things which the poets and the prophets and the supreme personalities in the realms of intellect and morals care for. Inadequate and unworthy as this view assuredly is, it might yet be significantly interpreted as resulting by a process of desiccation and shrink-

age from that more large and generous tribute paid to Franklin in his lifetime as a man animated by a spirit of beneficence which embraced all mankind, and to whom the perfecting of human beings and the bettering of their conditions of existence seemed the one master-interest of life, the business and goal of all religion and all philosophy and all science. Or we might trace it more directly to the impressions, or to the generalized after-impressions, left by the *Autobiography*: a famous work which, charming and veracious as it is, lets no one into the secret of Franklin, but only tells us much about the runaway apprentice, the steady journeyman, the thriving master-printer out of whom the great man grew. But however we explain it, and whether we take it at its best or its worst, the prevailing European view is but a meagre account, after all, to give of a mind so capacious, a heart so generous, a nature so temperamental and dynamic as Franklin's. If you see no further than that, you may indeed carry in your mind the image of a very marked and definite personality, but you miss a whole world of manhood and of human nature. And the loss will almost equally be yours whether, with George Brandes, you regard him as one of "the utilitarian writers," or whether, with Stevenson, you opine that Benjamin Franklin would have patted you on the back because, forsooth, you had hit on a way of buying a postage stamp and getting your own again in the form of small change representing the undiminished purchasing power of the piece you had tendered in payment.

The popular and prevailing American conception of Franklin, on the other hand,—that which presents him as the Humorous Philosopher of the new continent and the new race,—is fully more worthy of the subject and of our curious attention. A mere gayety of the folk-soul though it seems, and a most tangential way of taking, or taking off, a great and important personality, it is yet more richly implicit, more psychologically repre-

sentative, has in it more of the core and the quintessence, than the European view which we have just noticed. Franklin's humor was indeed one of his sincerest qualities, if it was not his most distinctive gift. It developed early, and it pervaded the grave occupations of his long lifetime. It was the mind within the mind, the pleasant spirit always at play within the mass of his intellectual framework. A permanent potentiality of humor—slightly to amend a famous definition—might be given as the formula or brief description of the most powerful and serious intellect which America has produced. Incapable of a mere levity, he was yet most open-eyed to the fun of everything, and welcomed every new instance with a twinkle of recognition or a memorable saying. It has been alleged, and not without warrant, that Franklin would have got a joke into the Declaration of Independence had the framing of it been his affair. As a fact, one of his very best jokes, he who made so many, was a story related to console the author of the said Declaration, what time he was afflicted by a sweeping pest of amendments upon his great work, and came to Franklin for comfort in his woe. And, for a further token, we know how the solemnity of signing that fateful and historic implement—an act which made some good men feel that they were assuredly putting a rope round their traitor necks for the king to hang them by in his own good time—was relieved by an opportune and surprising remark from the same Franklin, which put the signatories in a mood to go to their execution as gayly as to their second wedding.

And here we see how wisely the folk-soul will sometimes select, from a whole world of choice, just what is most concisely and truly representative, and will contrive to include by implication (for those who can unfold it) even that which it seems to have deliberately passed by. It seemed agreed, in obedience to that law of historical attribution and personal difference which has been already dis-

cussed, that as little stress as possible should be laid, for the purposes of every-day recollection, upon the later — the more public, historical, and national — developments of Franklin's character and career. It was a great deal to cut out from an individual record, and he had need to be a great man to bear the deduction. And yet, in a sense, no such deduction has been made after all; that which seems to have been suppressed having been only translated. If not everything, certainly far more than may be at once apparent, is resumed and made good again, as an element of Franklin's greatness and fame, under the category of his humor. For Franklin's humor, if we consider it carefully, is no mere personal quality. It is an historic and a national thing, like the migration of the Dorians or the invention of gunpowder. Like those two events, it marked, if it did not make, the beginning of an era. Of all the talented compatriots who were his contemporaries, he alone, it is confessed, had an effective and developed sense of humor: had, indeed, any sense of humor at all. Further, it is virtually acknowledged that, until he appeared, no American was capable of a joke. The historical bearings of these facts will be at once apparent to the perspicuous reader; especially if he be a Celt or other foreigner who for his sins has been condemned to long residence in the southern parts of Britain. There is no need to make things disagreeable, at this time of day, for the discomfited party in a famous quarrel, and one would fain not incur the imputation of that meanness. But it is certainly a significant fact that so long as the Americans remained English colonists they were unable to develop any faculty of humor, or even, it would seem, to make a joke: a joke, which is but the first stirrings, the infant kick, of that faculty. Still more significant is it that the first American who did possess the faculty of humor and who could both see a joke and make a joke with the best, was the man who — without prejudice, be it said, and without robbing any one of

his laurels — did more than any other man to put an end to a connection which pressed so heavily upon the good wits and the young gayety of a promising people. Nor would it be easy to overestimate the value of Franklin's humor as an aid and agent in the great historical work which he did. By his humor, hardly less than by his other qualities of intellect and character, he won an incomparable personal esteem and liking wherever he went in the Old World; and this esteem and liking for an individual American proved to be, both early and late, between the years 1765 and 1782, an asset of the American cause inferior to none that history can name or research discover. And in the hurried and expectant days of '75 and '76, when the organization of the Revolution was going on, and Franklin's presence in the land was felt as an inspiration and a power, his flashes of high and courageous cheer, and his humor varying from gay to grim, supplied an element which the moral atmosphere of the place and time — charged as it was with the gifts of individual men living at a like high tension — would have completely lacked without him. If this element did not quite "go round" for the whole country, and there were still to be found patches of undisturbed dullness or semi-animation (inhabited by royalists and lukewarm patriots respectively), be sure it invigorated and refreshed all who came within his personal circuit; and that the memory of his grave and strenuous gayety in those days entered into the Franklin legend at a later time and decided the aspect in which, more than in any other, his countrymen should take pleasure to remember him. Finally, at no period of his life is one more aware of Franklin's humor as a constant force of his nature, pervading and sustaining even when ostensibly most latent, than during those years in France when his position and his anxieties gave an epic, almost a tragic, cast to his story. One is conscious, then, of a certain rare and steady exaltation, as of a strong man moving in the midst of

hazards — a perilous complexity in the play of his mind as he encounters the forces or abides the issue — an heroic and defiant resolution and riskiness of mood which has in it one knows not how much of the fervor of the fight and how much of the fun of the fair. In the darkest hours, and when the odds were heaviest against him, he fought for the dear cause of his heart and spirit with holy glee, and held the position committed to his keeping — the citadel of the Old World's policy — not only by wisdom and endurance, but by grim detachment and indefatigable good cheer. The permanent potentiality of humor was one of the Great Powers which fought for American Independence.

Bearing these things in mind, we shall not be led astray in this instance by the simple explanation which so often deceives. Under that fallacious guidance we might argue, with apparent good reason, that the two conceptions of Franklin which prevail popularly in Europe and America respectively, and which contradict each other in so curious a way, are but two aspects of the once familiar personality of Poor Richard, developed separately into contrasted types: the one centring all attention on his shrewd worldly judgment and his thrifty counsel, the other projecting his epigrammatic talent and his humorous vein. However it be with the first of these, the second, I cannot but think, has another genesis. It has come into being not by the way of print at all, but by the reëcho, within and adown the popular memory, of that which was once an immediate impression of thousands, a living voice in the ear. At the heart of the American fondness for Franklin in his character of humorist there is a subconscious and inherited recognition of the historical relations and power of that distinctive quality of his. They feel, even when they do not know by what channels the sense of it has come to them, that it is associated with their pride of country and the beginning of things for them. And they are right. For Franklin's

humor, in which the strength and riches of so gifted a mind and so original a nature gathered and culminated, was itself a Declaration of Independence for all his countrymen, a challenge, and in the end a victory — and so well meet to be unto them for a national boast and joy for ever.

I have dealt more fully with those two ways of regarding Franklin than I had intended, and it may be well to point out what, exactly, the discussion thus far establishes or seeks to establish. It might be hastily inferred, from a careless or captious reading of the preceding paragraphs, that the argument has worked round to defeat itself, and that in the end I have been able to make out for Franklin but a dubious character or a meagre renown compared to that which at the beginning was affirmed to be his. The seeming contradiction, however, is exactly what proves the argument good. For it is to be remembered that I have been referring throughout to that conception of Franklin which floats at large in the mind of Christendom, to that kind of acquaintance with him which is in the main traditional and unverified, which is not in any instance — to repeat a phrase I have already used — the reward of individual search. What conception is held by those who know him more nearly and more fully, by the historical students and the readers at first hand, is another question altogether. There is many a name in history and literature which has a safe position and commands a large esteem in the minds of an informed few to whom it is definitely known or specially interesting, yet which to all except these is either nonexistent or means nothing. But the preceding pages start already with the assumption that Franklin belongs to that small band of greatest men, of world-personages, about whom those who have no knowledge feel that they know something and those who are not specially interested yet find themselves entertaining a prepossession and a feeling. Starting from that assumption, my concern has

been, firstly, to point out that nearly all historic characters which enter into this larger fame have to submit to a process of abstraction or diminution, fitting them to the measure and capacity of the world's not too synthetic mind; and, secondly, to consider how this has worked out in Franklin's case. As a fact, we have seen that in regard to a character of such extraordinary comprehensiveness there has been a curious division of opinion or of interest between the Old World and the New; that the Old World has formulized him, finally, as the supreme type of the self-made man and philosopher of practical views, while the New World has kept more vividly in mind his human and humorous personality — not without the sense, perhaps, of an intellectual challenge and a national triumph being somehow implicated in it all.

And now it only remains that I should define an alternative view of Franklin which has strong claims upon our recognition at all times, and especially at this time, on the eve of his bicentenary. The two ways of regarding him which have just been considered are alike in being in the main the results of vague, unverified knowledge, or traditional recollection. They are the contrasted forms or formulas into which the Franklin legend has shaped itself. Behind each of them lies the reality of the whole man and his life, in which both of them find their justification, if also the death-sentence which is the ultimate due of all half-truths. A different Franklin legend, however, might very well have arisen — vague, unverified, popular, and traditional even as these are — from another phase of his career or character than that which they ostensibly refer to; and behind it also would still have lain the reality of the whole man and his life. This other legend, which has never clearly emerged, should have been founded upon the dramatic career of a famous personality in international history.

For only in passing, and on the way to fulfillment, was Franklin one of the men who make themselves. When that pre-

liminary work was done, and the man and the hour were both ready, he entered upon his true career as one of the men who make nations. During a period of twenty years he had in his charge and keeping the most lonely cause — lonely, at least, until he found it friends — and the most momentous issue then stirring in the world. His representative character and his tutelary office were not only universally recognized by thinking men, but entered into the popular imagination of all Europe. To say that his name had a prestige and a vogue is to say but little; it carried a connotation that was almost unique. Not in our day has Christendom had before its eyes a man moving in the realm of high diplomacy and international action whose very name has sounded such a rally of all the intellectual qualities which command the respect, all the liberal causes which win the sympathy, of mankind — nor one, again, whose name has carried that sense of a sheerly personal and individual influence, of a sheerly moral and unofficial power — which Franklin's did at the era of the American Revolution. Nor was the real part which he played in the making of history less considerable than the prestige with which wondering opinion invested him. What course he would take was a question of more moment than what kings might decree, and the news of his being in this place or in that was more sensational than the report of a battle. And indeed the result of a mighty battle — that long-drawn battle which is called a war — turned, again and again, less upon anything that could be achieved or hoped for in the field of action, than upon whether his wisdom and resource would ever fail, his devotion slacken, or his patience give out. All were taxed to the utmost, and far beyond the capacity of any but an extraordinary man: his patience not least. For in those days he also, at his own side of the world, was waging an heroic warfare against tremendous circumstance to keep the good cause hopeful still; and was doing it not only single-handed, but

subject to all the vexations and injuries, all the sapping of his position and the heaping up of his difficulties, which could result from the insane malice of one colleague, the morbid egoism of another. Nor is the story less dramatic for the psychological interest thus belonging to it, or for the fact that the triumph of a nation's cause is seen as an aspect or result of a great man's daily triumph over the ceaseless provocations which, had he been of less wonderful build and balance, should have proved him small before they had done with him. And when the long ordeal of his magnanimous watch and ward was ended at last, and the battle happily won, he went home in the late evening of his days to a country which had scarce a glimmering sense of how he had served her in those years of his exile and his silence. Yet, aged as he was, he went home not to die, nor even to rest; but to devote the potent and vigorous lees of his life to the inspiriting and upholding of a people which in winning its independence had also forfeited some ancient supports, and had yet to form the national Constitution and the social character that should fit it for the new time and guarantee its endurance. In that cause were enlisted the hopes and fears of many men of the first quality which that country had produced in a fertile and forcing season: here a political genius in the flush of his great constructive youth, there a man of immediate aims in the midday fullness of his mental power — of this kind, indeed, a senate of notables. Yet there was none among them all whose loving confidence in the great future of an inchoate and disorganized nation was so splendid and so absolute, or who bore such a part in achieving the task of the hour — the making of the Constitution — as the eighty-years-old patriot who was half worn down with sickness as well as service, and for whom his death-bed was already calling.

Then he died; and it is only by remembering the peculiar circumstances of the time, and the events which followed soon after, that we can cease to wonder

why he was not universally mourned as the moral father of his country and celebrated, along with Washington, as its second founder. But in truth what he had done was very imperfectly realized in that age by the best-informed of the people at home. The land also was full of men of emphatic, if somewhat local personality, each a leader in his own section or province, who had been much before the public eye during all the years while *he* was away. Finally, there were not wanting sinister influences, subtly and persistently inhibiting the development of that large, explicit, and national recognition of Franklin's services which a very little thing might have called into full being and activity even during his lifetime. Had that consummation been realized even for a day, though it had been but the day after his death, the character of his fame would have been fixed differently, one cannot doubt, for the rest of time. For there would then have come fully and simultaneously into the national consciousness a conception of Franklin which — instead of the legend of the Philadelphia printer, almanack-maker, and humorist, or instead of the legend of the moral philosopher who taught men how to thrive in business and inculcated the practice of honesty as one of the best tricks of every trade — should have given us the legend of that historical Franklin, the most famous patriot, the wisest statesman, the most successful diplomatist of his age, a man with whose name all Europe — whatever America may have been doing or thinking of, then and since — once rang from side to side, and whose presence in the world filled the mind of his generation with the ideas of enlightenment, magnanimity, and freedom.

Howbeit, too many causes worked together at the time of his death — both the general causes spoken of earlier and those more particular causes which have just been named — in determining that his subsequent fame should involve but little reference to that part of his record, that aspect of his living reputation. It was felt

indeed that a true patriot and a wonderful man had passed away. Yet he was eulogized then and celebrated later rather with reference to his personal qualities than to his public services; rather in his character as a national worthy than in his character as a hero of the nation. And even the fuller story of his life, which a succession of admirable biographers have been able to set forth in a way that was not possible formerly, while so much of the truth was still imprisoned in archives or lost in lumber-rooms, has not appreciably displaced the working conception of Franklin which owed its existence in great part to envy and to accident. The fuller story has been accepted as a continuation of the narrower theme: an historical chapter in the life of the philosopher, an addition to the biography of the self-made man. The sense of that career transcending social relations—the sense of the great part played in universal history by a Franklin who for most of his contemporaries had no antecedents, and who for these later times should seem neither printer nor provincial, philosopher nor man of science, but an authoritative historical figure like Richelieu, an international being and a moral force like Grotius—this has never been projected simply and largely upon the imagination of the world as it would assuredly have been had he lived a less manifold life and left to posterity no choice but to remember him by these things or not at all.

To aim at displacing permanently these popular conceptions of Franklin, inadequate or unworthy as one may consider them to be, is beyond my measure of presumption or of hope. The existing fact has too many attachments in the general mind, and that mind is neither constituted nor accustomed to entertain the whole truth about Franklin or any other man whom it has elected to keep famous, upon issues partial and secondary, it may be, but sufficient for its purposes. Nevertheless, not in this instance alone, but also in many others, it is well to remember from

time to time what it is convenient to forget from day to day. And this, I think, is such a time in relation to Franklin. The bi-centenary of his birth, which is now so near, is sure to have its commemorative festival and its literary results, as well as its more ephemeral letterpress in the journals of the Old World and the New. On such an occasion, an occasion pre-eminently genial in all senses of that word, one may expect to find comment and thought taking, more inevitably perhaps than usual, the line of least resistance,—a line which must in this case lead to an undue preoccupation with, a somewhat fond delight and moral reveling in, the recollection of those youthful circumstances and that earlier civic career of Franklin to which the *Autobiography* is an open sesame available for all. The runaway apprentice, we may rest assured, will be much in evidence. The shabby youth walking up the main street of Philadelphia, with the penny loaf under either arm, will arrest the gaze of others besides his future wife. We shall be asked to contemplate, twice or thrice, the moral spectacle of the independent young master-printer, the ideal of clarity and vigor in mind and body, trundling home his purchases of paper on a wheelbarrow. And for a little while once more, as it was in the olden days, the wisdom of Poor Richard will be a common possession. All those things, however, if they are delightful and memorable and improving, are also a little domestic; they are a little particular and preparatory. But of the things for which they were a preparation — of the part played in world-history by a certain great and illustrious Franklin of whom the *Autobiography* knows nothing — of this it is not so sure that an adequate and yet succinct and vivid account will be by any one attempted, or that a serviceable conception of it all will be brought home to those (a wide public!) to whom knowledge of history comes, when it comes at all, either as the news of the day or the revived topic of the hour.

BLUE PETER

BY HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

IV

On the height their footing changed to bare pink ledges with grass-grown intervals of thin earth. A spiked wall of dark firs and a little grove of white birches disappointed him by cutting off all view of Black Harbor on the seaward side. Powell's cove, too, had vanished: the hollow field, the spring, the house itself, had, in a few steps from the edge of the ascent, dropped from sight so utterly that the island seemed one great table-land some ten miles long, continuous, though curving at the middle to a narrow ridge. From their way along the verge, they could look back, straight down upon the shining channel, the low mainland, and the smoke-blurred elms, masts, and criss-cross streets of the petty town. Alone and aloft, they walked slowly, their shadows already spindling before them over the ledge and the yellow grass. Sometimes they crossed a bare scar of rattling pebbles, that in the shelving places rolled from under their feet, and unless stopped in some green slant of matted ground-pine, fell silently over the cliff, down to the black seaweed at the foot of that dizzy height.

"I come here often," said Helen, after the long silence of outdoor companions. "This little faint path is all my own making. Oh, it was your boat I saw crossing yesterday afternoon! — Two of you? — But you could n't have seen me, for I was lying down close to the edge, and just saw you disappear round the southern end."

"It must be melancholy to come up on this height all alone," said Archer.

"Oh, no," she returned. "That's the strangest part of it. I never feel alone anywhere on the island, partly because I used to make believe so much. And then I've

always had a queer feeling that there was some one moving along parallel to me, not far off, and not very near — a kind of invisible person that you might almost see out of the corner of your eye — especially in or near woods, and among white birches more than anywhere. My father says it's very interesting, and shows how paganism begins. I don't know. But it seems real. Sometimes — like drinking from the witch's spring, you know — I've looked up quickly to catch a sight of it — the presence. But it never appears. It makes you feel quite safe — and yet somehow — cautious. See how I talk about my notions! It's your fault. You've been silent. Tell me more about what you've seen and done."

"No, please," said Archer. "I've told you most of it. It's been a pretty dull life, sailing round; and yours is so much better." Walking behind her again, he could see the neat springing of her ankles, the free play of white-clad shoulders, the bronze gleams in her hair, blown away from him. But he was thinking of this childhood into which she had given him glimpses; and pity strove with admiration.

"The white birches I spoke of," she continued, gayly voluble, facing about and pointing, "see, there they are, behind, against the firs. You should see them in winter, too. Once, after a storm, they were all weighed down with ice till I was afraid they would break. But it was very beautiful — bending along together under the evergreens behind — and made me think of princesses in a fairy story, all stealing by the foot of a dark wall, you know, to escape."

They clattered across a frail foot-bridge, spanning a narrow black gorge, in which the sea splashed somewhere down in the

darkness. Then, between the empty sunlit air of the verge to the right and the wall of firs to the left, the breadth of yellow grass led them upward to the skyline and the southern end of the island. Often Archer had to climb ahead and pull her up the arduous hillside. As they gained the top, the firs gave place to pines and cedars, whose trunks, bleached by salt winds, had been blown about till the roots writhed above ground and the distorted branches grew away from the sea. From among the trunks gleamed the eastern sky. This was the same tempestuous grove that Archer had seen from the boat; and perhaps it was some remembrance of the lurking ambiguity of movement among these trunks that made him ask:—

“Have n’t the fellows in Black Harbor ever troubled your father or you? They seem a rough set”—

“No indeed,” replied Helen, wonderingly. “They’re just poor fishermen, I think. They only came and lived there; my father said nothing. But he has forbidden me to go up on the hill above the harbor, so I’ve never even seen them. Oh, that’s not true. Once last spring an awful man met me up here — a young man, but dreadful, with a kind of flat face and nose — and began to speak to me. I was so frightened I almost started to run, and did n’t hear what he said. And then another man, very tall, in a blue jersey, with very bright eyes, and blue veins in his forehead, overtook him and spoke to him, and they both went away. I did n’t come up here for weeks after, not even on the Sunday mornings. But I did n’t see them again. There! if I’ve not told you the only secret I have from my father!”

Archer rejoiced in this guileless compliment. At the same time he seemed to recognize two acquaintances in the narrative, and was greatly disturbed. But just then the ocean lay before them. They had come to the very end of the island.

One peep over the edge, where blue harebells quivered in the wind, made him look well to his footing on the parched grass. He drew back beside Helen, and

the two stood looking down the great sheer drop of shattered brown rock, — broken pillars of basalt, stained with orange, and rust, and deep green, and whitened with bird-droppings. From the foot of the cliffs and the little crescents of shingle beach below, the tide was ebbing away almost without a sound, it was so calm under the lee of the head. Helen tossed over a pebble, and a score of white gulls started up from among the rocks, to go wheeling from headland to headland, with peevish cries as of lonely wickedness. Amazingly high in the sunlight the big birds soared, with heads bent down; amazingly far beneath moved the sea, — endless, inward-toiling lines, rising away to the weary, straight, infinite circumscription of the horizon.

“It is beautiful,” said he at last, “and unspeakably sad. One is very little — and yet glad to feel so.”

“That was well added,” said the girl thoughtfully. There was nothing further to be said.

Out here at the meeting of earth, air, and water, the wind seemed more cold, the sunlight pale, and the girl’s face, from being young, had taken on the mysterious look of age that sometimes comes to one who has long watched the sea. Their comradeship grew closer, — little human allies tacitly united in the face of vast and melancholy nature. A slow-forming thought suddenly overwhelmed him: here was a girl who, in her eyes, her speech, her acts, showed that her life could include and master sorrow. And he had walked with her hardly two hours, and he could not bear to leave her.

“The hardest part,” said the girl, sadly, as if speaking to herself in the void of ocean air, “is not to know what my father really believes and really does n’t. He answered me once that God was the Ether of Euripides. Now what can a young girl make of that?” Suddenly her wide brown eyes turned to him. “Oh!” she exclaimed, “I was thinking — what have I said? — But you’ll forget it — and you’re not a stranger” —

"No," he faltered, his voice thick and coming with an effort. "No, I'm not a stranger—I won't tell—and even if I did, no one aboard ship would care—or know who—My three days' leave are up. I'll be gone to-morrow, anyway."

She cried out in pure dismay.

"Oh, you must n't!" Then, flushed and confused,—"I forgot, of course. You're such a wanderer—and have your duties, too"—She smiled uncertainly. "Why, I must have been making believe once more—it becomes a habit, probably—even to playing I had a big brother again. It was very nice to have one—just for an afternoon—but silly—and for a grown-up!—I beg your pardon"—.

"Helen!" he cried, forgetting everything, and stepping in front of her, as if to intercept her look and her thoughts from going wide upon the sea. What he would have said further, he never knew; for in the wild manœuvre he nearly slipped from his feet.

"Come back from the edge!" she cried, and seized him by the jacket. "You must n't!" The movement swung them together, she still grasped the rough cloth by instinct, and for one fiery moment their faces were perilously close, their spirits passed in flame between the shining eyes.

"Oh," she cried again, letting go and shrinking back astounded, staring at him with a pale face of terror. "Oh, what have we done? We don't *know* each other, not even *know* each other!" She covered her face. "Something passed between us, it can't be unsaid or undone. What must you—please, please go away! I shall pay for this alone,—oh, the long retribution!" She cried bitterly, bowed down and trembling.

Archer drew near, neither allowed nor forbidden, and tried to console her, like a clumsy child striving to put together the fragments of some priceless thing.

"Helen," he said. "Don't cry so. Don't." He awkwardly patted her head, but she only nodded once as if to acknowledge the consolation. The slant-

ing sunlight fell kindly round these two troubled children, aloft on the lonely headland.

"I mean it for good, always," he begged hurriedly. "The time is no matter—long or short—if it had n't been then it would have been never. Don't you see, Helen? Just believe. I can't prove it to you. Why," he cried in despair, "if I had n't meant it for always, I'd no more have done it than I'd have tried to kiss good old Barbara the cook!"

The girl still hid her face, but laughter mingled funnily with her sobs.

"You *can* prove it," she declared suddenly. And seizing him by the hand, but with her face averted, she began to lead him away from the precipice, toward the grove of windswept cedars and pines. "You can say it to me before my brother," she said, eagerly tugging him along.

Wondering, he followed. They found themselves in a little natural clearing among the bleached trunks and dark, distorted branches. At the back of the clearing a tall wooden cross, with gray arms wide-stretched, faced out toward the sea. Helen dropped his hand, and they entered side by side, quietly, as if into a little chapel. They stood in shadow, the sunlight barely tipping the dark trees.

"Here is where I come on Sunday mornings," she said with reverence. "It's my—it's everything to me."

Together they read the inscription on the gray cross.

"To the Memory
of
Arthur Powell
buried at sea
February 7, 18—
Lat. 10° 24' 17" N. Long. 118°
0' 43" W."

"He was my brother," said Helen, almost in a whisper. "Older than I, and dearer to me than any one else. I can't remember my mother, but he seems to have been here only yesterday. You were just his age, and somehow like him: that

was what made my father — made him more sad even than usual, last night."

The gulls complained in the wide solitude of the air.

"This is your church," said Archer, at last. "And if your brother were here, I would tell him just what I told you outside."

The girl gave him her hand with a kind of grave joy.

"Perhaps he hears you," she said, and her voice was full of mystery. "My father comes here seldom; but once after he had stood here for a long time, he said at last, 'Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore.' I like to believe that of Arthur."

Hand in hand they moved away.

"Was that a noise in the trees?" she asked, stopping suddenly. They looked about, but saw nothing, and went on, slowly, out of the little clearing. Still silent, they faced the homeward way along the cliff.

Archer took her hand in both of his.

"You believe now," he said.

Swiftly, for an instant, she clung about him, astonishingly small at close quarters, and hiding her face comically under his elbow.

"Oh, I knew you would come!" she said brokenly, laughing and crying together. "I knew you'd come. When you drank from the spring, and answered the two questions, I knew it was you — all the time. No, no, you must n't." She sprang away, laughing, and raced down the slope toward the sunset.

Archer could run, but the chase lasted to the brink of the farthest hill. They stopped, laughing with what breath they had, and from the height, still lit by the sun, looked down into the cove and the fields of home, — a deep bowl of soft evening shadows.

"Oh, my poor father," said Helen, changing. "I'd forgotten his side of it." She paused, in a study. "You must n't come to dinner," she said. "Come in late, and make some excuse. I could n't carry it off with you there. Do go over

the hill and see them fish. He has n't forbidden you." Her face was clouded at the prospect of deceit.

"I'll go, then," said Archer, bitterly disappointed, and yet happy as a lord of the world. "But I can't stay."

"Oh, to-morrow," she called back from below, "to-morrow we must talk — a great deal. We must know each other first. But your ship?"

"Oh, I'll go see the captain, and he'll swear," said Archer. "There she is." And he pointed to the masts of a barkentine lying at a wharf in the distant town. "But she can sail without me," he laughed, and tossed his hand gayly in the air, snapping his fingers at the mainland. Then he watched Helen as she ran down the lower slope, into the pastoral shadows.

V

He walked slowly over ledges and grass, the long shadows creeping to meet him. The sunlight stole upward, left his face, left the white birch tops, left the fir points, and was gone from the island. The breeze grew cool. And when he stood on the pink ledge above the downward pass to Black Harbor, lights already twinkled from the town, and the northern headlands were black against the afterglow. He stood looking for a while, his joy quiet and deep. Yesterday, and the two years before, he had been a cheerful runaway, letting money and goods lie fallow ashore, rejoicing in bare, hard life and in youth. He had come over to this island to fill an idle day or two, — and here was Helen, — and in the twinkling of an eye life had changed, had grown more complex, serious, yet strangely fortunate. He had given some fugitive thought to such matters. "But I did n't know it would be like this, exactly," he said to himself. Always before he had craved to have things go swiftly ahead, event succeeding event while his mind still tugged forward to the future; but now a little pause in the present, a breath-

ing space, to look happily about in, was his sole desire. It was only his promise to Helen that made him renounce the temptation of smoking his pipe and thinking there on the summit, and go slowly down through the black firs.

For the first few steps he could look down the evergreen glacier, miles down, it seemed, upon the dimly shining harbor, two or three boats at anchor, the dark curve of the bar, and a sombre headland along which a single belated gull went winging swiftly. Then he was immersed in darkness. As he stumbled downward, he found his thoughts strangely mingled: Helen with her shining hair confused somehow amid a new-born pity for her father, a new inquisitiveness as to his life and the lives of others, the man with the blue-veined forehead, his pert little brother, the fishermen silent in their cups. "He must have had a hard deal sometime, her father," thought the young man; "and the others, too." Last night they had seemed mere figures in the darkness, the pawns in a game of adventure, the "persons who do not count." To-night he would like to learn more of them.

In this friendly spirit he finally broke into the open, on the hillside behind the huts. The barroom, as he passed, was lighted but empty, save for the little man waiting before his bottles. Archer went on, through the stink of fish among the gray huts, down to the beach; and here he came upon small groups, some twenty men in all, smoking, talking, and looking down over the long slope of wet pebbles and seaweed to where a few boats waited at the water's edge.

One of the groups he joined, with an odd reluctance. They peered at him through the dusk, with perhaps a little surprise, then smoked and spat with unconcern. They were sober to-night. By their faces — all dark and thin, some vicious, some dull — they were simple men enough, quiet, ordinary, and poor.

"Wha'd ye git under-runnin' yer trawl, Kellum?" one asked finally, between puffs.

"Nothin' but hakes and skates," answered a sad-faced little old man, whom Archer recognized as the dulse-gatherer of the night before. Back into his yellow-stained beard he thrust his pipe, like a stopper to his mouth.

"I seen him knockin' 'em off," said a young man, with a loud, empty laugh. Then conversation flagged.

"The' must 'a' been thirty-five bar'l's in the Grab-All to-night," said the first speaker. "She did n't hold a tubful o' herrin' last tide. They're comin' in, I tell ye."

"Thirty-five berrils!" twanged a Yankee voice. "They was forty in that wyre if they was a fish. They're thick as fiddlers in Tophet."

"Well," replied the other peaceably, "we'll git some more this flood, spudgin', anyway."

Silence fell again.

"Cap'n Kellum, you was sayin'," ventured another, as if resuming a debate which Archer had interrupted, "you was sayin' that the *Regina* had a centre-board. Now that's no kind o' use on a schooner. She's too big a bo't."

"Too big a bo't fer you, 'cause you'd knock the bottom out of 'er," retorted Kellum placidly. "Some men is proper fools about bo'ts, if they hev been out from Gloucester."

"Haw, haw!" the loud young man shouted in ecstasy.

"That shows how much ye know," the old one went on, suddenly excited. He took out his pipe, and argued with bent fingers pegging at his opponent in the dusk. "The longer yer bo't, the more wood ye got at each end o' the hole to keep 'er solid. The *Regina*, — if I had the money to buy 'er back, I'd not stay in this stinkin' cove, — why, I see 'er comin' out from Freeport with 'er centre-board down, an' by Godfrey, she'd go like a horse!"

"Yeah, she'd go like a horse," assented the Yankee. "That's right."

Another listener wagged his head. "She would, too. She'd go like a horse."

The loud young man laughed again. "I seen 'er," he echoed. "She'd go like — like a horse."

This simile exhausted by popularity, the group was silent once more, with pipes glowing in the dusk. A bent figure slouched past them down the beach.

"Hey, Mulb'ry," some one called after it. "Goin' out a'ready?" There was no answer.

"Mulb'ry's sore 'cause he did n't git all that bottle o' gin las' night," mocked the Yankee.

Another figure tramped down through the pebbles.

"Muckah!" came a yell from a neighboring group. "Sebattis, ain't you got that bo't down yet?"

The soft voice of an Indian replied. With quiet command of the vernacular, he advised his questioner to go deeper than Purgatory. Old Kellum straightened his curved shoulders.

"Sebattis," he shouted, "you go git that bo't off 'fore I give ye a lift."

There came the hollow grating of a boat pulled down to the water. "That Injun'll be takin' charge round here," growled Kellum.

Other figures went crunching downward through the dark, till the footsteps glimmered with phosphorus on the distant seaweed. A newcomer joined the group. "Here's Blue Peter," said the Yankee.

"I was puttin' another bow on my dip-net," explained the deep voice of Archer's young friend. The net, on its long pole, stood high above his head, like some drooping standard, obscure in the starlight. "Beaky's bo't's off a'ready," he added, "an' Joe's, an' Benny's."

The men started down the beach.

"Can I go out with you, Peter?" asked Archer, on the impulse.

The reply came in an odd tone of surprise mingled with something else.

"Oh, that you, sir? Yes, sure, if you'd like." As Archer slipped his money into his shirt, and threw his coat on the beach, he wondered at the touch of respect.

They trooped down together. Under the heavy boots, glow-worm drops of phosphorus filled the wet seaweed with spreading blots of brightness. To the "chock-chock" of oars on thole-pins, some half-dozen boats were already crowding out through the gap in the sea-wall, every keel a running line of blue-gold fire. Among the half-dozen more which now put out, Archer found himself in the bow of Peter's roomy skiff. "Let me row," Hippolyte had begged. So the youngster pulled out ably, while Peter sat in the stern. Liquid gold dripped from the oars; fan-shaped clouds of blue-gold smoke swept astern with each pull; and to Archer, in the bow, seeing the dim shining of the oarblades, the bright arrowhead of ripples that spread from the cut-water behind him, it seemed that they must be rowing forward into the lights of a great town. So strong was the delusion that he turned his head, and was surprised to find only the looming of the sea-wall as the boat slipped through, the blackness of the ocean outside, the running lines of golden fire under the other keels.

Their small flotilla moved somewhere to the southeast, hugging the shore under the cliffs, skirting the bunts of a weir or two, rugged blacknesses picked out with lapping phosphorus round the foot of the poles. A deep, irregular drumming started up ahead, like horses running confusedly across a bridge, or empty trucks rumbling over a stony road.

"What's that?" said Archer.

"They're spudgin'," replied Peter, from the stern. "Show him, boy."

The youngster began jumping his oars about on the gunwale. The boats astern took it up, till the wide air rumbled with the heavy drumming and the echoes of the cliffs.

"It'll make 'em rise," Peter explained. "You take the oars, sir, and Hippolyte, you come down stern here. I'll go in the bow."

They crawled past each other over the thwarts. Archer soon caught the knack

of drumming and rowing by turns. The boy pounded the sides with both fists.

"See," called Peter suddenly. "There's some."

The water was stirred into millions of tiny golden globules; golden streaks shot in crisscross multitudes, like tiny comets smothered in deep sea. Peter plied his dip-net swiftly. With a swash and a thump, some half-barrel of herring fell aboard, in a writhing, flipping heap, alight with phosphorus.

More splashing, and a few more tumbled in. "'T won't do," grunted Peter. "Not's many's they seem. Head 'er out again, sir. They're tryin' to drive 'em — with the torches."

Archer turned the boat, and pulled out to sea, until the order came to turn again.

"I'll light the dragon," said Peter. "This is against the law, ye know, sir, but the law ain't got's long an arm's they say."

With a crackle of birch-bark and the smell of burning kerosene, a light flared up as if their bow had been on fire. Other torches flared far along the water, coursing shoreward till the giant shadows of men and rocks tossed and swung high on the dim red crags.

"Keep 'er headed just as she is," commanded Peter. "Now pull like the devil, sir."

Archer obeyed till the sweat trickled down his forehead. "A little faster, sir — a little faster"— his captain kept urging; and Archer tugged with all his young muscles. Other boats flamed alongside of them. "We've caught up, going famously," he thought.

Just why it happened he never could have told. Suddenly a torch-lighted bow swerved astern of them,— nearly ran them down; and he saw above the smoky flame the goblin face of Beaky Lehane, — the flat, cartilaginous nose, the wide-spaced teeth, the evil little eyes, a face distorted in a mania of drunken passion.

"God damn yer soul!" he raved. "Git out o' my way!"

The boy in the stern half rose in terror.

Behind the grinning face a hand left the pole of a dip-net, and tried to catch Lehane by the shoulder. But in the same instant he swung out savagely with the torch. The iron-shod stake crashed down on the head of the little boy, who fell with a kind of whimper into the bottom of the boat. Archer, rising in a rage, heard Peter roar at his back, and felt him leap astern. But he himself had the better place, and swung the oar like an axe with all his strength. It struck Lehane with a wooden resonance and a tingling shock that ran through Archer's forearms. Both boats upset in a souse of phosphorus.

The water was shockingly cold. Squirt-ing a salt and golden jet from his mouth, he looked about. Two black hands, the fingers spread stiffly apart, sank in the boiling witch-fire. They were too large to be the boy's. Next instant he bumped into Peter, whose face was smeared with an unearthly glow as if rubbed with wet matches, and who held the little body under one arm, while he lashed out the other through the blue-lighted spray.

"No, no!" gasped Peter. "You can't help! Swim ashore! I've got him. They can all swim. Get out! Swim to the ledge, anyway. Go on, man. Oh, by God!" He was sobbing as he swam.

Archer could see other men splashing lustily away in luminous patches.

"It's every man for himself," he thought, and struck out vaguely for the shore. Through the cold, shining water he swam, through shoals of fish quick and startling to the touch, and at last pulled himself out, shedding glow-worm drops, upon the round stones of the seawall. Here he waited. But by the torches, the other boats seemed to be looking for something. He dimly saw men pulled aboard, and still the search went on. No one came to join him. Then he remembered a little ledge offshore, bare at low tide. The others must have swum to that. He grew very cold as he waited; still the torches hovered aimlessly in the distance; and at last, with teeth chattering in the night air of autumn, he clambered over

the breakneck stones, followed the inside curve of the wall, until, after many falls and infinite groping, he stumbled upon his coat. Carefully drying his hands in the beach-grass, he hunted matches out of the pocket. Old grass, broken fish-flakes, and cedar shavings from weirs-poles, soon snapped and blazed on the pebbles. He sat drying himself as well as might be, and waited for news of this sudden and strange mishap. He was uneasy over the stroke he had dealt with the oar; yet the thought of the little boy braced his conscience at the same time that it made his heart sink.

In these thoughts by the fire, growing warm and sleepy, he was startled by a growling voice.

"Who the hell are you, buildin' fires on my beach?" The speaker was a man of middle height, prodigiously broad and bulky, with a wide red face in which the eyes were so staring and the big red nostrils so far apart that he had the aspect of a bull. As the question came rumbling again in a thick bass, Archer noticed that the hands, in the firelight, were fat, freckled, and immensely powerful, like the hand thrust in at the barroom door. This, then, was the Old Man, and, by the resemblance to the face at which Archer had swung his oar, it was Beaky Lehane's father.

"Oh, go to the devil," he answered, too cold, and tired, and bitter to let any man stare so at him. "This is n't your beach, anyway. It's Mr. Powell's. Go stare at somebody else."

"Well, by the"—wheezed the man, and stopped, cut speechless by wonder and rage. Then the hulking body lurched nearer.

"Look here!" cried Archer, jumping up and shaking his fist. He had lost his temper, as in a bad dream. "Be off with you! This is my beach as much as yours, if it comes to that. I've lighted a fire, and I'm going to sit alone by it. Alone, do you hear? You're only a squatter. Well, here I squat, too. You'd better go look after your son,—he's got himself into a

pretty mess, and serve him damned good and right!"

He expected that on the heels of this they would be rolling down the pebbles in a clinch. Instead, the big man breathed hard with a startled puff, and asked anxiously,—

"Where? Where is he? What was it?"

"Oh, over there," said Archer wearily, pointing by guess toward the foot of the cliffs. "Been a fight—overboard—I don't know, go look for yourself."

The man reeled off into the dark. Archer was so tired that he merely felt relieved, as from a bore. He piled the fire till it blazed high, dried himself fairly well, and waited sleepily. Still nothing appeared from harbor mouth or sea-wall. Suddenly it flashed through his drowsy brain that he was expected back at Powell's that night. This bit of civilized obligation came like something laughable, out of some other person's life. It was in a droll dismay that he hurried off up the hill.

Once, through a gap in the black layers of the fir branches, he caught the shine of lights far below. "Let them go till morning. I'll be back," he thought. Perhaps the little boy was not hurt so much, after all. Like one in a heavy dream he climbed wearily over the hill and downward through starlit fields to the house.

A candle, burning low, waited for him in the little brown hall. He locked the door without a sound. "What a mess for a visitor!" he pondered ruefully. But the thought that Helen was in the same house, even though she were asleep, came to him like a comfort.

VI

All night a land-breeze swept overhead from the north, as if streaming down an interminable valley. Despite his weariness, he slept ill; his dreams were a riot of pictures,—the firs, the gulls, the witchfire, Helen looking away

from him at the sea, the boy rising, in fear, against the torchlight,—and through it all a troubled half-remembrance of the blow he had struck with the oar. When he woke, at sunrise, the wind had fallen. The house still lay drowned in sleep. He dressed, stole downstairs, and looked about for his cap, which he had left there two nights before. It was not to be found. He did not know then that Helen had taken it to her room, laughed and cried and committed pretty follies over it, and at last gone to sleep, intending to leave it in the hall before he should be up. So he went outdoors bareheaded.

The wind had swept away with it all vestiges of summer, and brought in a pure dawn of uncompromising autumn. The night had drawn a sharp line between the seasons. The air was crisp and chilly; gossamer films of frost silvered the grass; and round the upper outline of the headland that shut off the south and east, a faint, cold smoke rose in the first warmth of morning. What remained of sky and sea was a dull sepia touched with flakes of pale yellow.

Climbing over the fields to the pass, he was aware that some one sat waiting for him on the edge against the sky. He climbed faster. The figure resolved itself into the lean, solid body of Peter, his blue jersey, his heavy rubber boots rolled down below his knees in the fashion of some uncouth cavalier.

"How is he?" called up Archer. "How did it come out?"

The blue eyes under the blue-veined forehead looked down gravely, as Peter shook his head. Even through the dirty growth of beard, the lines of his face were hard and old. With fears suddenly full grown, Archer sprang upward and stood before him. Something made him wait for the other to speak.

"It's bad," said Peter, at last. "Bad," and he stared out over the fields and the channel, like a steersman, who has the air of listening to talk in the boat, while his eyes look miles out to sea. Then he said abruptly, "The boy's dead."

"Oh, Peter!" cried Archer, and was struck dumb. "Oh, my God, I'm sorry—I'm sorry for you." He could find no words, but the tone must have meant something, for the other suddenly lost his set composure and covered his swarthy face and blue-scored forehead with his hands.

"I knowed you was a good feller all right," he said brokenly.

For a time neither spoke. It was Peter who began.

"I was up on the cliffs yesterday afternoon," he slowly declared, "and saw you. She heard me in the trees"—

"What!" cried Archer in surprise. And then with disappointment, "Well, I didn't think it of you, if"—

"Why," said the other, once more gazing off before him, "how was I to know, then? I had n't no means o' tellin' for sure that you was any diff'rent from the others"—

"Others!" Archer exclaimed, hotly and yet with wonder. "There are n't any others. That's a lie. There never were any."

The blue eyes looked squarely at him, deep, with a weary brightness.

"Oh, yes, the' was," the fisherman replied. "The' was one other. Wait!" he added sternly. "I'm slow at these things, but you'll ketch my drift. It's eight years that I've kept an eye on her. Beaky was round after her. She never knowed it. The' was a girl ashore, over in town, he got after, that—Never mind. That was n't goin' to happen here, if I c'd stop it. I've licked Beaky twice; and so long's he was on the island, I never left it,—never, for all his old man ordered me off. Don't ye see? When she'd go round down there all alone, playin'—God, I've knowed 'er longer'n you, anyway—or up on the head—why, I was always round, spyin' out. Why, man, that's only why I stayed here." He looked down and fumbled with the dirty cloth lining of his boots, in a pathetic kind of bashfulness. "I'd never 'a' told this to a soul, but I see you was all square—an' meant

right by 'er — an' how it was between ye. Well, she's never come to harm, an' 't was me that had the hand in that." He ground both fists between his knees, with the effort of expressing these long-stifled thoughts. Then he looked up once, in the pale light of sunrise. "I'll ask ye to take that back what ye said about lyin'."

"I beg your pardon," said Archer, deeply humbled. "I took it wrong. I did n't understand all this. I beg your pardon."

"That's all right, then," he answered simply. "Now to come to the point. The's no time to lose. Beaky Lehane's paid for it. He's gone."

Sunlight, ledge, black firs, and circle of air, looked pale and sickly round Archer. He thought he could not have understood.

"You don't mean" — he began weakly, trying to stave off what he knew would be the truth.

"Yes," said Peter. "They found him 'bout four this mornin', on the beach."

Archer, wrestling with this thought, found that the fisherman had risen and was patting him roughly on the shoulder. "That's all right," he was saying. "Don't look so cut up. That's all right. 'T was n't you. He started out drunk — jus' got drowned, that's all. You did n't no more'n give him a clip on the shoulder, jus' bruised him. That's straight. If ye had n't, I'd 'a' given worse to him. An' if ye had done it, I'd 'a' owed ye one. He's a good riddance. Don't ye see, sir, he was crooked, bad clean through. It's better for her now that he's gone. Don't take on, now. 'T was him that killed the little boy."

Archer was ashamed that he could receive better comfort than he had given this man. He pulled himself together.

"You said there was no time to lose," he ventured, remembering dizzily. "Well, what's to be done?"

"That's it!" cried Peter, with bitterness. "What? It's a bad business. Matt Lehane — the old man — they told 'im it was you that done for Beaky. He thinks it was about her — the girl. He's down

there ever since, holdin' a reg'lar devil's wake over 'im — it — there. An' drunk! Lord! But he don't lose his legs, nor his head; the drink jus' sharpens 'im. Well, he'll git 'em all drinkin', — likely he's started that by now. Then he'll bring his gang up over here; it's you he's gunnin' for, but I won't answer for what'll happen at Powell's, when they git started. It'll be a pretty crowd. An' here's you an' me, an' old man Kellum, — an' p'raps Benny, — an' for a long guess Sebattis, — 'cause Beaky was always cuffin' 'im round, — if he don't git drunk first. "Twon't do. "T ain't enough of us. He'll git fifteen or twenty, — the devil's risin's they are, too."

"I'll go down and see him," said Archer. "That'll keep them away from the house. I'm not afraid of him, I hope." And he told briefly of the encounter by the fire. "He did n't seem so terrible."

"That may all very well be — for last night," declared Peter, his blue eyes alight with keen thought. "He's rotten, an' a brute, but you must remember the' was jus' one good thing in 'im, he thought the world o' Beaky. He's the only one to do that. Oh, I tell ye he's a devil anyway, an' worse when he's drunk. They'll be too scairt not to foller 'im, anywhere he says. That's all that kep' 'em together as a gang. No, 't would jus' be murder if ye went down there now; an' you can't be spared. An' I'm not guessin' about this, for I went round, quick, too, — to sneak a bo't — mine got lost last night, — an' blessed if he ain't stole every pair o' oars out of every bo't. An' if we had 'em, it 'ud be no go, 'cause Benny's bo't's lent to his brother to go after smoke-wood, an' Kellum don't even own one, — poor old feller, he useret own a schooner once. An' the ain't a stitch o' canvas on them pinkies. Oh, the Old Man's cute! He don't mean to have you git off this island. When he gits 'em lo'ded, he'll go up to the house, an' whether you're there or not, they'll raise hell! An' now how'll we stop 'em? We ain't got no guns. But they's axes an' bo't-hooks," he cried

savagely. "We'll do for some one 'fore we git laid out."

"Powell let his boat go adrift last spring," Archer reflected, with bitterness. "There's just one way to get help. Swim it."

"By the Lord!" cried the other, astonished. Then, shaking his head, "Can't live in that cold for two miles an' a half. An' it's slack water now. By young flood it'll be the whirlpools."

"We must try it," said Archer. "It's been done once, years ago. I must take the chance. You delay them down there."

Blue Peter thought for a second, then nodded grimly. "You're all right," he said. "I'll put a spoke in his wheel. You're all right. T won't be no easy job for 'em." He hesitated. "Look here, somethin' may happen. After this is over,—if she comes out of it all right,—I'm off for good, anyway. Nothin' left on this island for me. The poor little kid—he was what you call a—what is it?—massacre? no, they useter tell about 'em out o' the Bible—'sacrifice' the word? Well, he was bein' spoilt here in

this crowed [sic], and hward, to make his start as sole above the line where the light appear. Ripping off his man naked down to the water's all the oil over his body, and till the great white muscles he sun. He felt hollow from and sleep; the water stretched ear to the mainland; but the s he ran splashing out, and look of the plunge, set his heart outly. His first thought was air,—"It's too cold." But he d to that, and clove his way through the bright green water, with a powerful side stroke. s of vision over a flat surface peculiar to swimming made es abnormally distinct. With lunging through the water, he e ruddy cliffs retreating be the greenness and the black little trees that clung in crev-

back. That's my promise, for yours. I'll hold 'em, damn their souls."

He went scrambling downward to his desperate politics. Archer bounded off down the slope, through the field and the frost-bitten rows of vegetables, to the back door.

The good old woman was lighting her kitchen fire. He cut short her wrinkled smile of welcome.

"Barbara," he said, snatching a bottle of oil from her shelf, "I must frighten you a little, but you must stand it, for Miss Helen's sake. There's danger from that crowd over in Black Harbor. Just how much, I can't say. I'm going across to the town, and bring over some men to see no harm's done. But meantime, you must keep the house shut up, tight. Don't let them go out, or any one in."

The old woman's face looked very white, but there was pluck in her eyes.

"It's for Miss Helen's sake," he repeated. "Keep up your courage. I'll be right back."

"All right, Mr. Archer, sir," she faltered. "I'll do it, sir."

learnt somethin'; but I kep' puttin' it off — usin' him to help me keep an eye out — he'd lie up here watchin', whole afternoons. Might a' done better'n me, nearin' thirty an' good for nothin' but fish. I want ye to promise me one thing," he jerked out. "Quick, 'cause we've been standin' here talkin' too long."

"I'll promise it," said Archer.

"Don't tell her — Helen," said Blue Peter, looking down, "none o' what I told ye — 'bout me or the boy — an' our doin's. I knowed some one 'ud come along like you — I ain't a damn fool. Just you promise that."

"All right, then," said Archer. Suddenly he held out his hand. "Peter, you're the best fellow I ever knew anywhere."

Their grip was strong but brief.

"I wish we'd a' growed up together—Hugh," said the fisherman. "Now hurry. Swim like hell. I'll hold on till you git

along it nort far as possibl whirlpool mi clothes, he ra edge, doused hasti glistened in t lack of food a hopelessly fa excitement a the cold shoc thumping stc one of despai shut his min ahead throu swimming w That lowness which is pe colors and lin his cheek go could see the hind him, the shadows of li

ices, the pink curve of the beach, the shining, shifting lines of the water, his own legs, distorted by refraction till they looked ridiculously pale and green and thin, kicking away like alien marine things in pursuit of his body and of the big, glistening deltoid that capped his shoulder, strongly contracting and relaxing. Ahead, as he shot his arm forward, appeared his first distance mark, a white can-buoy two thirds of the way across the channel; beyond that, a broad eddy of the tide, a slightly raised surface, smooth and yellowish-white, like a sheet of ice, where hundreds of white gulls wheeled or floated in search of breakfast; and beyond these again, the wharves and meagre shipping of the town,—the square-rigged shapely tangle of his own ship, the Elizabeth Fanning.

The numbness began to leave him, though an ice-cold ring circled his neck where wind and water met. Like all swimmers, he grew confused in his sense of time, and had strange thoughts. Half way to the can-buoy now; no longer slack water; must hurry. A half-eaten apple came bobbing peacefully toward him on the young flood. He wondered who had eaten it, and whether it were sweet or sour. But where the devil had all his Latin gone to? Her father had said "enaviganda." Did that mean it could be swum through, or it could n't? He suffered a morbid worry over the meaning of this word, as if it contained the secret of his present fate. The thing had been done—that fellow in '56. At all events, he shifted his stroke again, and swam on tediously.

Of a sudden he noticed that the apple was bearing rapidly down,—was alongside, on a little raised rim of water like a moving flaw in glass. Next instant he had spun about and was facing seaward. Something below twirled his legs violently.

"Hello!" he sputtered aloud. "Good Lord!" he thought. "This is bad. I must get out of this."

But the running ocean was stronger.

The water hissed, curved on a slant, boiled upward, regurgitated in patches white as with melting snowflakes. A submarine force, gigantic and appalling, spun him round and round and whirled him downward. He wrestled frantically. His head sank inside a wide cylinder of smooth green glass, laced about spirally with running silver threads. His ears, long deafened by the noise of swimming, were filled with a strange roar. "Whirlpool! It's all up. I'll see where it goes to, anyway," he thought insanely, and strained for a last breath as he shot under. In a green light he was slatted about dreadfully, spinning upright, then horizontal, his useless arms and legs flying wide and shaken. A giant weight, a personal, hateful weight, began pressing on his back, pressing him slowly down into the dark. Acute worry seized him because this thing was unfair—would not give him a chance to get just one more breath—was squeezing him down into a funnel, and he did not think the bore at the end was big enough to let him through. "Why," he thought, "why, this is It! This is dying. What they call Death!—I'm very sorry for them all up there." And then he thought, as suddenly, "Hold on! I can't yet, because before this sort of thing I'm due to come back to the island,—I've drunk from her spring—Helen—that was the agreement"—But still he was pressed downward, and the pain grew heavy and dull. No one would ever tell her of the cold, the dark, the loneliness. It was all years ago, anyway, and very deep.

Slowly he was rising. "Where next?" he thought cynically. Perhaps it was over now, and this was just the fellow's soul going up, up. "No, by golly, there's too much pain about it. It's lighter—The sun—It's me, and I'm out—Air!"

He struck out in leaden imitation of swimming, just to take it up where he had left off; then stopped; then began again. He was more interested in a pale thing that accompanied him, large and speckled, like a potato, but twitching round the edges, round the nostrils.

"Why, it's my nose, and I've got one eye shut. How silly!" The humor of this woke him up, and now he really swam. "I've wasted a lot of time down there," he mourned.

Something large, white, and round came rushing at him through the water. The can-buoy,—the tide was carrying him past, he must n't lose that. He lashed out for it blindly, and managed to be flung against the slope. Though it dipped, swayed, and rolled, he slowly climbed up, over barnacles and painted sheet-iron, to where he could grasp the iron ring at the top. It must have been for a long time that he clung there. The tiny knives of the barnacles had sliced his legs, and blood ran in slow red streams through the hair on his shins. "It's all up," he reflected, watching the tide race by. "I've come through the upper tip-edge of the whirlpools, off there. Just a baby one that got me; but it's done the trick. This is a mighty poor exhibition. What will Peter say, and Helen?" The only answer was despair; he grew colder and weaker, his aching fingers loosened, time dragged on, and he longed to go to sleep.

There came a puffing from somewhere. He looked up to see a smoky, brindled-colored tug off to the left, making for the town. He waved one arm, and gave a feeble hail. Nothing happened. He tried again and again, without much hope. At last she gave a short toot of her whistle, came about, headed toward him, turned near at hand, and stood off in a lathering wake. Two staring men lifted him precariously into a rowboat, and pulled back through the sweep of tide.

"How many men have you got aboard?" he kept asking, as plainly as he could for the chatter of his teeth.

"He's bughouse," flatly asserted the man at the oars. "Lord, he's blue as my shirt. Git him down into the engine-room, Spike, an' give him a slug o' whiskey.—What'd ye try to swim it fer?—No use askin', he's bughouse."

Then all that Archer remembered was being lowered into the warm depths of

the tug, and standing before the red blaze of the furnace door, with the water forming inky puddles round his feet in the coal dust. And the deck-hands choked him with vile Irish whiskey. Then he found himself talking lucidly with a fat, jovial, and astonished captain, and, by a last effort of the will, making him understand that he, Archer, this naked swimmer, could pay a hundred dollars to have a posse of men taken over at once to the island. And then they had touched at a wharf, where dozens of men had sprung aboard, skinning down the slimy green spilings. The tug was off again. The engineer gave him cotton waste to rub down with, and dressed him in a blue jumper and overalls. They sped past the can-buoy again, where already the whirlpools had vanished in the tide. Throughout this dream every one was wonderfully kind to him, and seemed to think him a decent fellow, somehow. The captain introduced him formally to Sheriff Moriarty, a keen, elderly man with a gnawed mustache, who asked many questions briskly, and kept repeating, "Always said so. Knew something of the kind would happen. Old man Powell's a damn fool. I knew it." And then in admiration, "Young man, there's few could have swum to that boo-y at any time of tide."

Yet all this was unreal; it was only when they steamed into the cove, and could see the close-shuttered house, that men and things seemed to Archer more than a tangled farce of dreams. Three boatloads pulled quickly landward. But as they rowed, Archer saw a little squad of men appear over the slope, running toward the house; and a man in a blue jersey was running with the first of them. The island was very still in the growing warmth of late forenoon.

VII

The battering of blows on the door came down to them while they struggled

up the sand, more boatloads racing after them; but when they reached the field, they saw the little mob still outside, swarming like hornets round the door-step. Something had checked them: there was a surge of conflict, but no advance. As the townsmen ran up the slope, two figures rolled down past them,—the dark Indian face of Sebattis, who was trying to bite a white man's ear,—both growling and punching in a drunken dog-fight entirely beside the point of the main quarrel. Some of the less eager among the sheriff's men stopped to separate them, but Archer and the others swept on. Already a few of the gang scattered from the door in flight, running unsteadily round the house and up through the vegetable garden. One man fell blindly through the beanpoles, with loud oaths and breakage. Those who stood their ground had their backs turned, and were apparently absorbed in something before them.

While he raced, Archer saw what it was. Before the broken panels of the door, old Lehane and Peter stood in a clinch so desperate that the rest had fallen back to watch them. Even in the heat of running Archer could see the wrench of muscles under the blue jersey of the one and the coat, green with age, that covered the broad back of the other. Peter, with both hands aloft, gripped Lehane's wrist so that a pistol pointed skyward; but round his own throat a great, fat hand was murderously at work. Both bodies, the lithe and the bulky, were strained to the last fibre.

"Old fool!" grunted Peter. His eyes were almost shut against the sun, the blue veins showed like a Biblical seal on his forehead. "Quit it!" A sudden ripple of tense motion ran through his body from boot-heel to wrist. There was a sound like a stick snapping.

"Ah!" bellowed the big man. The pistol fell. Archer and the others breasted the bright surge of flowers in the garden, and ran upon them all in a victorious scuffle. It was more than two to one, and

with old Lehane surrounded, the fight was laughably simple.

Archer found himself shoving off an overzealous deckhand who would have seized Kellum. The old man sat against the red stone wall, his little knees drawn up with a comical air of comfort, but a red stream from his cheekbone trickling into his yellow-stained beard.

"He hit me a proper hard poke," he was muttering, dazed but philosophic. "It could n't 'a' come square on, though."

Helen appeared from somewhere with towels, a basin, and a bottle. Her brown eyes sought Archer's for one bright instant, and then she was at work over Kellum, deftly and sensibly. The old man looked up at her like a dirty, bearded child.

"Ye done well, Hugh," said the deep voice of Peter. The two big men grinned at each other like schoolboys. Peter was breathing short, and wore round his throat the red stripes from the old man's fingers. "To speak plain, ye done better'n I thought ye could. 'T was an awful resk."

"I have n't done so much as you," replied Archer. He meant far more than this, for new and strange thoughts had been swarming in his mind through all this tumult. "Nothing like, Peter."

Both men had stopped smiling.

"It was both of us,—both fer the same thing, anyway," the fisherman said. "'T was a narrer squeak," he added, with forced cheerfulness. "We had n't ought ter complain, 'cept fer the boy." He turned away slowly, and walked a little distance down the field, where Archer did not follow him. In the meantime Helen had disappeared.

Farther down the slope old Lehane was raving in the midst of a group. "Leggo, damn ye, my arm's broke,—no need o' grabbin' that way. That's the feller, up there,—the red-headed one in the overalls; he done fer Beaky, I tell ye."

"That'll all come out at the inquest," Sheriff Moriarty called down to him.

"Take him over to town and get his arm set," he ordered, and came stalking upward to engage in conversation with Mr. Powell. The scholar had now ventured out, pale and bewildered, into the sunlit flower garden; and over the tangle of sweetpeas Archer could see him shaking hands timidly with the sheriff, like a mild curate receiving congratulations on a discourse. The sheriff was introducing several other men.

"Mr. Powell," he said briskly, "I want you to know my brothers, Mr. John Moriarty, and Mr. Michael, and Mr. Florence Moriarty; he's a lawyer, sir, and may be able to help you about this matter of the squatting; and Mr. Hugh Moriarty, that I think you've dealt with in groceries; and Mr. Ferris, my half-brother, sir."

The pale little man shook hands very precisely, all round. "I am glad to meet you, sir," he repeated, without an inkling of what this intrusion from the great world was all about. "Ah, Mr. Ferris, — *non omnis Moriarty*," he chirped, and in spite of the blank looks from the group of kinsmen, was visibly pleased with his joke.

Archer turned to Kellum. The old captain was not much hurt; in fact, after Helen's ministrations he seemed almost neat, and looked up with sage and weatherbeaten resignation. They fell into the friendly talk of allies, in which Archer caught, by the light of many a homely phrase, glimpses of how Peter had played for time, played with craft and force, delaying, desperately delaying, the drunken crew in the harbor. Yes, it all strengthened what he himself had been thinking.

"He's a good lad, Blue Peter," said the old man, stanching his cut with gingerly dabs of Helen's handkerchief. "We call him that for a joke. He's a good lad, the only one o' the lot, an' he'll be goin' away now, he tells me. He seems dretful cut up about the boy. Well, they'll most all be goin' in a month, fer the winter. It's only a summer camp, — 'cep'

fer a few of us, the devil's orts, that has to stay all the year round."

"Captain Kellum," asked Archer, suddenly, "what would you do if you had your choice, instead of staying here?"

The little old sailor wagged his yellow beard sadly. "'T ain't no use talkin' so. But by the powers," he ejaculated, "if I had the money, I'd buy back the *Regina*. Lyons 'ud sell 'er; he wants a bigger bo't. Some fools 'll tell ye a centre-board schooner's no good," he cried, warming with enthusiasm. "But she, — I had 'er fourteen year, an' 'ud hev 'er yit but fer bad luck, — why, she'd go like — like a horse! The ain't much left fer ye, my boy, when ye come to my age, p'raps. But I'd ask nothin' better than jes' to come up on deck again on a winter mornin' and see where the vessel 's lyin'."

"If I buy her," said Archer, "will you take her and pay me a quarter of what she brings you in two years? She's yours on those terms."

The old man's eyes peered at him, hard and bright at this cruel joke.

"Where'd ye git the money?" he retorted.

"I've got enough for that," replied Archer, laughing. "What do you say? I'll get Moriarty to telegraph Lyons today, when he goes over. You say he'll sell. You can go aboard the first of the week."

Captain Kellum was astonished at this magic.

"Why," he faltered, "if ye mean it — 'T ain't a fair bargain to you, but if ye mean it" — His old face looked very queer and puzzled.

Helen was coming from the house.

"I mean it. Think it over," said Archer, as he moved away to meet her. By tacit assent they walked together apart from the groups of men, past the house, between the rows of frost-bitten vegetables. Her hair shone once more with bronze gleams in the sunshine. He felt infinitely glad to be with her again, as if he had come back to her after a long time and from a far country, — indeed, from the

dark limbo of the farthest country, where time is unknown. She was good to look upon; he loved her with all his heart; yet what should have been happiness was overpowered with sorrow and self-reproach.

"Tell me," she asked in her quiet voice, "what is it all about? I'm in the dark. You look so funny in those dirty things, and barefoot. What does it all mean—Hugh?"

He answered her smile at this first use of his name. Then very seriously he explained it all,—the fight in the dark, what he had done by water that morning, what Peter had done by land; everything save what his promise to Peter forbade him to tell. Her clear brown face was alight and alive with the swift-changing emotions. When he had ended this story of rough deeds, she was deeply moved and silent; but he knew she had acquitted him of his worst responsibility.

"But why," she asked in a puzzled way, "why did that old man think it started about me? What have I?"—

She had gone so straight to the point that he was both amused and dismayed.

"You must n't ask me that now, Helen," he answered. "I've promised not to tell it all"—

"Not to me?" she asked, disappointed.

"Just that," he assented, soberly. "Not to you." In the long silence he stooped and plucked at the withered tops of potatoes. "Oh, Helen!" he broke out at last. "It's that that worries me and makes me ashamed—the promise, and a great deal more that I've been thinking all the way over, through it all. I'm ashamed. I came here," he hurried on breathlessly, "I came here and stole it from you, all at once, as if I'd been the only man in the world,—or the best,—without giving you a chance, even, to know what the others were like—Oh, I'm ashamed!" he cried. "It was like a cad,—it was n't fair to you, dear."

Her face had turned pale in the sunlight.

"Are you sorry?" she asked, with a

cold voice that was not her own, and that did not conceal her distress and fear.

"No," he cried eagerly. "It's the happiest and truest thing in my life. Oh, don't you see why? It's just because it is n't fair to you. I wanted you to know that there were better fellows, off the island—and on it. Here goes my word!" he exclaimed in dismay. "I can't keep it. You said, the other time, that you never used to feel alone,—that there was a kind of—of presence, you said, among the trees and places. Well, there was." And he told her all that Peter had said that morning. "There, I've broken my promise to him. But it's best. He's given up everything, thought, and care, and work, and his little brother, and I just came along and stole it. Why, Helen, you grew up in a kind of garden—an enchanted garden you might have played it was—and this man built and kept the walls round it, walls you could n't see. And what am I before a man like that? Just look, without any make-believe. We have n't even talked things over as we were going to this morning. But see. I've run away from everything—just drifted along—never thought much—took chances—only had good luck. Don't you see?"

She surveyed him oddly. In her eyes was a shine as of transfiguration, but he could not understand it.

"You're very young about some things," she said. "Younger than I—years. Did n't you see, up there—can't you remember—that our one look—and what it meant? Did n't you see that it settled it all? I know there are other men, and noble and good—the world full of them—not getting their deserts—deserts much bigger than a girl like me. I know that. But what of it? This Peter, oh, I'm sorry for him, and grateful, and he must be wonderfully good. But—don't you see?" she begged helplessly. "I can't explain—but if you don't—if you have the least doubt—then we've made a mistake"—Her eyes shone pitifully and her lip trembled.

"Helen, you know I could n't," he said, frightened at the thought. "You know that. Why, when I was in the whirlpool, and it on my back — this Death your father spins words about — pressing me down, what do you suppose I thought? Just that I could n't die then, because the drink from your spring,—our poor little foolish game, lasting through it all, right to the end of everything, down there in the dark. Oh, just believe that! I can't explain, either, half of it."

The color of reassurance came back to her cheeks.

"Look," he said, pointing before them. They had come to the end of the shriveled rows, where a lane went by to the pastures on the northern headland. "This will help. See, this puddle of water here, where your cow's been drinking. It's full of her hoof-marks, and shallow, and dirty, and everything. Now stand over here."

Moving away, they leaned forward together and looked. The light so caught the little surface that the water was deep as the sky, and the clouds and the blue air were in it.

"There, you see. That's my life, before you, and since. I don't know how else" —

The girl was the first to speak again.

"I can't tell you so well," she said. "But the long winter evenings with the snow against the panes, — and the summer nights and no one to talk to, — there'll be no more of those." Then she changed, happily mocking his sober face. "Parables in puddles, — and a preacher in blue overalls." They both laughed.

"I know," he confessed. "But I've been through something that's made me preach these things to myself. And two persons I met this morning, one on the island, and one in the water. Let's not talk about it. But I'm not going to let things go to waste any longer, or run away. Old Kellum's happy; there's a beginning, and there are lots of chances. You're at the bottom of it all. If we could only do something for Peter" —

Helen looked thoughtfully down toward the house and the cove.

"Poor fellow," she said at last. "I'm glad you told me. I must talk with him, though it will be very hard for us both. Let's go back now; and good-by, for a while, dear. Oh, you'll tell my father soon, won't you? It's best not to keep the truth hidden. Good-by. You've no more doubts?"

"Not one!" he answered earnestly. "I wish I could do it for you — this" —

"No," she said. "You did your part this morning. There are other hard things that only a woman can do."

From the little flower garden, all crushed and torn with the recent scuffle, they saw the men moving away, part climbing the hill toward the harbor, part returning to the beach. At the edge of the slope toward the cove, Peter, alone in the field, stood looking toward the mainland. Helen walked slowly down toward him.

Archer pattered indoors barefoot, and at the desk in the dark corner of the library, began a letter.

"Powell's Island, Wednesday.

To Captain Berry,

Barkentine Elizabeth Fanning.

My dear Sir: —

An accident involving the death of two persons" —

Her father's commonplace book lay open before him. As he cast about for the right words, his eye lighted on a recent addition in the scholar's neat manuscript: —

"Schopenhauer: *Metaphysics of Love*. — This ablest of modern thinkers has said very wisely: 'And yet, amid all this turmoil we see a pair of lovers exchanging longing glances, — but why so secretly, timidly, and furtively? Because these lovers are traitors secretly striving to perpetuate all this misery and turmoil that otherwise would come to a timely end.' "

"Hm!" — he pondered. "It seems her father may not need so much information as we supposed. She fails as an actress," he thought with joy. Then he took the liberty of closing the book and

putting it away in the scholar's drawer, where Helen should not see the odious words. He sat thinking. "Old Lehane was not the worst person she must be saved from," he concluded.

Through the battered door she entered, her face streaked with tears. She went swiftly to the foot of the stairs, then turned, fled to him, and for an instant stood with her hands on his shoulders and her tousled head pressed against him.

"Oh, Hugh," she whispered. "He is a good man. And so were you to tell me. The little boy is to be — we agreed — up there by Arthur's cross. It's little enough, is n't it? He is a good man."

She hurried from him and up the stairs. When her door had closed, Archer turned to the window, and stood looking out.

"I could spit in the face of that ablest modern thinker," he said to himself. "For he's a liar. Peter is worth a thousand of him."

Out on the pitch of the slope, the tall figure, black against the shining channel, stood looking off at the mainland.

"But sometimes," said Archer to himself, "we build our happiness at the expense of others" —

A footstep grated lightly on the stone,

and the scholar entered, looking fatigued.

"Ah, Mr. Archer," he said kindly, "you two young men have done very well by us, it seems, in some mysterious way."

"Not I, sir," said Archer. "I only brought this trouble on you. I'm sorry to give you all such a bad morning."

But his host's mind was already off the subject.

"I went down thinking to comfort that old fisherman about his son," he explained. "But I found it quite impossible, he is so violent in his grief. That was a fine saying of Solon's," he mused, "an heroic reply to the news of his son's death, 'I knew that I had begotten a mortal being.' Or was it Anaxagoras, as some say, or Xenophon? But that is the pathos of the past; the truth of matters becomes obscured."

He looked very worn and white as he sank into the big armchair.

"He's been through a good deal to-day — for him," thought the young man. "We'll let it wait till to-morrow. I'd better go down for my clothes before the tide gets them."

"Obscured or lost," added Mr. Powell. "And the future holds only one certainty" —

THE COWARDICE OF CULTURE

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

"There is," said George William Curtis, in an address at Concord, "a cynicism which fondly fancies that in its beginning the American republic moved proudly toward the future with all the splendid assurance of the Persian Xerxes descending on the shores of Greece, but that it sits to-day among shattered hopes, like Xerxes above his ships at Salamis. And when was this golden age?" His hearers might well have answered Mr. Curtis by saying that this cynicism is of no modern origin, but dates back to the very foundation of the government. Thus Alexander Hamilton wrote on February 27, 1802, to his associate, Gouverneur Morris: "Mine is an odd destiny. Perhaps no man in the United States has sacrificed or done more for the present constitution than myself; and contrary to all anticipations of its fate, as you know, from the very beginning. I am still laboring to prop the frail and worthless fabric. . . . Yet I have the murmurs of its friends no less than the curses of its foes for my reward. What can I do better than withdraw from the scene?"

Fisher Ames, probably the most brilliant American statesman of his time, said six years later than this, just before his death in 1808, at the end of his lecture on American literature:—

. . . "The condition of the United States is changing. Luxury is sure to introduce want; and the great inequalities between the very rich and the very poor will be more conspicuous, and comprehend a more formidable host of the latter. . . . Liberty has never yet lasted long in a democracy; nor has it ever ended in anything better than despotism. With the change of our government, our manners and sentiments will change. As soon as our emperor has destroyed his

rivals and established order in his army, he will desire to see splendour in his court, and to occupy his subjects with the cultivation of the sciences."

Victory is in this world apt to be a synonym for temporary disappointment. In 1775, when John Adams came back from Philadelphia after the Convention had organized the army and appointed its generals, he met in Quincy a horse-jockey who had been his client, and who said, "Oh, Mr. Adams, what great things you and your colleagues have done for us. We can never be grateful enough to you. There are no courts of justice now in this province, and I hope there never will be." Sad were Mr. Adams's reflections when he thought that perhaps, after all, such men as this might make up the majority. In the same way Mrs. Smith, his daughter, after dining with several members of Congress at New York in 1788, wrote to her mother, "If you had been present you would have trembled for your country to have seen, heard, and observed the men who are its rulers. Very different they were, I believe, in times past." Nearly fifty years later than this, in 1835, Chancellor Kent wrote of Judge Story, "He says all sensible men at Washington, in private conversation, admit that the Government is deplorably weak, factious, and corrupt. That everything is sinking down into despotism under the guise of a democratic Government." In the same year Miss Catharine M. Sedgwick, who stood for many years the acknowledged head of our women authors, testified with the keen sight of a woman to the same attitude of mind in those about her. "The Federalists believed that all sound principles, truth, justice, and patriotism were identified with the upper classes." "They hoped a republic might

exist and prosper, and be the happiest government in the world, but not without a strong aristocratic element; and that the constitutional monarchy of Britain was the safest and happiest government on earth, I am sure they believed. . . . I remember my father, one of the kindest-hearted of men, and most observant of the rights of all beneath him, habitually spoke politically of the people as ‘Jacobins,’ ‘sans-culottes’ and ‘misérants.’ He — and in this I speak of him as the type of the Federal party — dreaded every upward step they made, regarding their elevation as a depression, in proportion to their ascension, of the intelligence and virtue of the country. The upward tendencies from education and improvements in the arts of life were unknown to them.”

That the same view prevailed among English visitors showed itself clearly enough on the publication of Hamilton’s *Men and Manners in America*, whose moral was thus summed up in *Blackwood’s Magazine* for September, 1835: —

“In Europe, the ascending intellect and increasing information of every successive generation have long been conspicuous; and society has exhibited for three hundred years the animating spectacle of each successive generation being more elevated and refined than that which preceded it. But that is far from being the case in America. There the degrading equalizing tendency of democracy is daily experienced with more deplorable effects; and instead of the lower orders ascending to the intelligence and elegance of the superior, the better order of the citizens are fast descending to the level of the labouring classes. Each successive generation is more coarse, and less enlightened, than that which precedes it. . . . America, Mr. Hamilton tells us, exhibits this painful spectacle.”

It was, moreover, such lamentations which greeted Harriet Martineau when she came to America about this same time. “The first gentleman who greeted me on my arrival in the United States,”

in 1834, she tells us, “a few minutes after I had landed, informed me without delay, that I had arrived at an unhappy crisis; that the institutions of the country would be in ruins before my return to England; that the levelling spirit was desolating society; and that the United States were on the verge of a military despotism. . . . At Washington, I ventured to ask an explanation from one of the most honoured statesmen now living; who told me, with a smile, that the country had been in ‘a crisis’ for fifty years past; and would be for fifty years to come.” Miss Martineau is gone, and so, doubtless, is her Washington friend and adviser. But he has left a numerous family of descendants, and newly landing foreigners are still liable to meet them on the wharf.

How are we now to interpret this prolonged series of illustrations of what may justly be called the cowardice of culture? It is always to be borne in mind that the whole period I have been describing was a profoundly serious one, and that the buoyant element which in these days relieves itself from over-solicitude by a bon-mot or an anecdote had not then come in. Among the whole circle of the Federalists, for instance, I can find no repartee which seems really modern, except that reported to me by the only genuine Federalist whom I knew personally, James Richardson; a saying, namely, of my grandfather, Stephen Higginson, at a gathering of the Federalist leaders, in their day of defeat, at the house of George Cabot in Brookline. After a good deal of dreary lamenting, my grandfather had at last the audacity to suggest to them that if it became necessary to dwell in the same house with a cat, it would not do invariably to address the obnoxious animal as “cat;” sometimes you must call her “pussy.” There was, however, scarcely an occasion where such a remark would not, in those days, have been thought to savor of levity; and if we are to treat the whole thing as an historic situation, it must be more seriously approached.

The simple fact is that every extension of suffrage terrifies every community of voters. Every class of men when first enfranchised is distrusted by the class which it threatens to outvote. Nothing is more amusing in view of our modern standards of social gradation than to see the slow manner in which the mercantile class has come to its present position. The original charter of Delaware reserved all powers of government to a royal council, because, as it said, "Politics lie beyond the professions of merchants." Dr. Samuel Johnson himself, who admitted that much might be made of a Scotchman "if he be caught young," and that he was willing to love all mankind "except an American," could never recognize the social standing of a merchant. But if the merchant was thus long distrusted, how much more the mechanic classes, when their turn for political emancipation came, in a period nearer to our own!

"It is pleasant," said the agents of James II sent with Governor Andros to Boston, "to behold poor coblers and pitiful mechanics, who have neither home nor land, strutting and making noe mean figure at their elections, and some of the richest merchants and wealthiest of the people stand by as insignificant cyphers." Thus in Delaware the merchant was distrusted; in New England the mechanic. Yet in each case the distrusted class carried the day; and the Revolution, which in Virginia and Pennsylvania was the work of the landholders, was in New England the work of the people. The men of wealth and standing who took the side of liberty were so few that they could be counted; the Revolution was carried through by the masses.

On looking backwards, at this length of time, we can see the needlessness of all these fears. I take it that there was never a period in our history since the American nation was independent when it would not have been a calamity to have it controlled by its highly educated men alone. John Randolph used to point out that in the Bible the Book of Kings succeeds the

Book of Judges, and the anti-slavery leaders had reason to fear the same. Edmund Quincy said during a long anti-slavery agitation, "The strength of the movement was in the masses. The presidents of colleges would at any time have voted for compromise." And I remember when Kossuth at Faneuil Hall reminded us that "when the battle of Cannæ was lost and Hannibal was measuring by bushels the rings of the fallen Roman squires, the Senate of Rome voted thanks to Consul Terentius Varro for not having despaired of the republic."

If it sounds like mere extravagance to say that the many may be wiser than the few, we must remember that the mere word "common-sense" implies the same assumption; and so in regard to morals, the masses of the American people are doubtless more critical as to ordinary morality than any exclusive circle. Bronson Howard tells us that a Bowery audience is far quicker than a fashionable one to hiss anything really immoral in a play. Howells, always penetrating, and commonly accurate, selects a rough Californian as the man who voluntarily patrols a sleeping-car to be the self-appointed protector of the ladies. A solitary girl may travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific and meet with less of real rudeness than she might encounter in the later hours of some fashionable city ball. Americans who have lost their character at home have often made a great social success abroad; and even at Newport or Lenox, one may see behind an unimpeachable four-in-hand men and women of whom it can by no means be said, as Mark Twain said of Queen Victoria, that they are "eminently respectable and quite the sort of person whom one would be willing to introduce into one's family."

If this is true in important matters, it is still more true of trivialities of dress and demeanor. Take, for example, the use of the hat. In that well-known authority, Pepys's *Diary*, which is held as an infallible record of the manners of its period, we find, under date of September 22, 1664,

"Home to-bed; having got a strange cold in my head, by flinging off my hat at dinner, and sitting with the wind in my neck." So in Lord Clarendon's essay on the decay of respect paid to age, he says that when young he never kept his hat on before those older than himself, except at dinner. He died in 1674. It is well known that the English members of Parliament sit with their hats on during session, and the same practice prevailed at early town meetings in New England. Thus do manners begin with the many rather than with the few, and hold their own longest amid the most exclusive circles. In the same way, we may often see morality itself best exemplified in the manners of the many.

Why then should it be the classes of so-called culture that set us the example of terror, as society develops year by year? The man supposed to occupy a humbler social position has no such feeling of alarm,—he sees his own organizations of working men enlarging; the rights of labor recognized; legislature after legislature passing laws in his behalf. He saw, moreover, a year ago, the President of the nation chosen by the largest vote ever known, as the outcome of popularity and confidence. Had the dozen richest men in this country joined in a solemn pledge to defeat Mr. Roosevelt, we now see that they could not have done it. Surely, it cannot be this fact on which the cowardice of culture is based. The scholar, at least, cannot share this terror. It is rather for him, by wider training, to become a leader of men.

It is a source of joy, not of peril, that every social sphere has its own standard of judgment, neither birth nor wealth nor knowledge nor even virtue monopolizing this. A friend of mine, a Boston merchant, was being rowed on the Racquette River in the Adirondacks by a guide who had been highly recommended to him, but who proved very silent. At last the oarsman found a tongue, and said casually to his passenger, "Do you know Jimmie Lowell?" Supposing this to be one of

the boatmen on the lakes, my friend disclaimed all knowledge of such a personage. "I should think you would know him," returned the boatman with some surprise. "He teaches in Harvard College, and writes poetry and such things." "Ah, indeed," said my friend, surprised. "I know Professor Lowell, and have known him for many years." "Do you?" said the guide, and then fell back into silence, which was broken by the remark, some five minutes later, "Ignorant cuss, ain't he?" It appeared that he had rowed Lowell on that same river for some hours earlier in the previous season, keeping always on the sunny side, and that Lowell pleaded with him to row over to the shady side, for it never occurred to him that a boatman must seek the current, not the shade. The difference of standard in tastes and faculties will never be determined by money only. Still less, at least in America, will it be controlled by birth.

Long before I ever visited England, I was driving a young Englishwoman of rank, daughter of a baron and daughter-in-law of an earl, to visit the old abode of Dean Berkeley in the vicinity of Newport. During our drive I asked the question, which had often occurred to me, whether the best English society was not liable to be made monotonous by being largely filled up by birth alone, thus losing something of the wholesome variety of American life. This she answered in the negative, on the ground that the very abundance of families of the higher grade made it impossible to receive them all at any one time, and in making a selection, it was therefore easy to substitute guests or friends who had no social rank whatever, but perhaps turned out the wittiest or most agreeable of the whole company. On the other hand, she said, there were families of the very highest grade who lived almost wholly at their country-seats, rarely came up to London for any length of time, and then were passed by. "I know lots of dukes' daughters," she carelessly said, "who get scarcely any atten-

tion." She was herself, at that time, very young; she came to this country largely to visit Vassar College, then a novelty; and made so hearty an acquaintance with American reformers that she named her daughter, born after her return from America, Lucretia Mott; she was, moreover, a most entertaining companion, and did not hesitate to tell an American hostess, when needful, that any particular dish on the table was "nasty," or that any insufficient argument used by the host was "bosh." Mere birth, like wealth, fails to make the judgment infallible.

If all the scholar's education in a republic gives him no infallible advantage over the man who cannot read or write, let the scholar have the manliness not to whine over the results of his own inefficiency. How absurd would be any artificial system of equalization, such as we sometimes see gravely urged, which should give to the day laborer one vote, to the schoolteacher two, to the lawyer or editor three, and to the author of a treatise on the United States Constitution ten! Natural laws provide much better for the end desired; the education of the editor, the lawyer, the teacher, should enable him to carry dozens of less educated votes at his belt, as an Indian carries scalps. It is he who writes the editorials, he who makes the speeches; all the machinery of conviction, for good or for evil, is entrusted to his hands. The political committeeman is the quartermaster of the regiment; he attends to the supplies and the encampment, and if he neglects his duty the work is ill done. Eating is essential to fighting, in the long run: but eating can never take the place of fighting; and the tone of the political campaign must be given by those who actually contend. "The glory of universal suffrage," said Louis Blanc to me once, "is in the power it gives to intellectual leaders; a man of trained intellect really throws not one vote only, but a thousand."

All this being true, the nation has surely the right to demand of its educated men that they should not evade and apo-

logize, but should show some faith, not only in their principles, but in their training and in themselves. Robespierre said that power without virtue was crime, but that virtue without power was weakness. Power naturally demands its own exercise, has faith in itself, and claims success, not by intrigue or manœuvre, but by manly self-assertion and having eyes to discover every open door. It was said of Haydon, the painter, — who killed himself because his pictures drew fewer visitors than Tom Thumb, — that if he had tried as hard to paint well as to argue the public into the belief that he had done so, he would have been the most famous of English artists.

The mistake made by many well-educated men is still greater. They leave their real opportunities unused, and then complain that they have not more chances. The hand of the ignorant man puts in the ballot, but it is the tongue of the educated man which guides him, first or last. If this is not accomplished, it is for want of force. After all, eloquence simply represents force, — something to say, and the fewest words possible to say it in. Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg and John Brown's at the scaffold are still our high-water mark of American eloquence, though England may surpass us in Lord Chatham's "America has resisted. I rejoice, my lords!" a passage which was pronounced by the great Irish orator Grattan to be equal to anything in Demosthenes.

If, now, the strength of society lies more, after all, in the many than in the few, and if that multitude is best stirred by individual leadership, and if that leadership is found best in the best educated, why should the prospects of the world be formidable? The history of all great reforms points this way, but let me draw my moral from what might at first be called a minor instance. It seems but a little while since I was called to the door of my lodging-house at Newport to meet, as it seemed to me, the very handsomest and most prepossessing man who ever

stood on a doorstep. It was just at the end of the Civil War and he had been discharged, with the cavalry regiment which he had commanded, from Frémont's Mountain Department, and was about to establish a large market-garden near Newport. It ended in his getting such prices for his butter as Newport had never before heard of, and this was done by one who, as a frank and manly social favorite, went everywhere and was equally popular with men and women. It mattered little to him whether he drove up in his market wagon to the back door of some stately house, to settle with the housekeeper some question of new-made butter, or rode upon his fine Kentucky racehorse, in the afternoon, to make a party call upon the mistress of the estate. By and by, he developed wholly new theories of drainage, and turned his attention to that perplexing problem, taking contracts in that direction more and more widely. Meantime the great city of

New York, with which he was well acquainted, was beginning to struggle with a problem akin to drainage, the cleansing of its streets. In a happy hour, he was called in and undertook with delight something in which everybody else had failed. As a first stroke, he proceeded, amid universal derision, to clothe in a white uniform his whole corps of street cleaners; and it was not until he had driven into disappearance the vast legion of piled-up barrels and tilted carts which had collected the dirt of every street, by night; and had marched his white-clad workmen in military order down Broadway, by day, that all New York City waked to the discovery that it had found a master and his name was George Waring. Thus does every reform lie latent in the public mind until that public finds a leader; one of whom it can be said, as Carlyle said of Scott, that "when he departed he took a Man's life with him."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S RAILWAY POLICY

II REMEDIES

BY WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY

CLOUDS of forensic dust have been raised in public discussions, tending to obscure and magnify the real issue in the pending railroad legislation in Congress. The President's remedy is not necessarily so complex, so radical, or so far-reaching as it has been depicted for campaign purposes. Under present conditions, the Interstate Commerce Commission may decide that a given rate is unreasonable, and should be changed. This original rate, thus adjudicated unfair, remains undisturbed, however, until the case has run the gauntlet of three federal courts, and has been finally settled by the Supreme Court of the United States. This entails

great expense, intolerable delay, and a substantial denial of remedy to the complainant. Even with the recently added amendments for facilitating a settlement by the courts, the shipper may well be discouraged, dead, or otherwise have abandoned the cause, before his rights are determined. And then, if these be upheld, he must again begin the Sisyphean task by prosecution of a suit for damages, before securing monetary satisfaction. And where, meantime, are the rights of the ninety and nine other shippers who have been compelled all this time to pay this unjust rate? Each and every one must bring his own suit for repayment; which

of course none of them in fact ever do. To meet this intolerable condition various bills have been presented in the House of Representatives during the last five years. The last one, the Esch-Townshend measure, was passed by the overwhelming majority of 322 to 17 in February of this year. The principle in all of these bills is relatively simple. Pending final adjudication, the government's rate, and not the railroad rate, is to prevail. In any case, of course, property rights will be amply safeguarded in the last resort by the courts, as they must ever be under the wise provisions of the Constitution. The real, and in fact the only, vital new question, then, concerns the wisdom of replacing the railway rate by the government's rate, until the courts have had time to pass upon the issue. Not permanent, but merely temporary and provisional rate-making is all that is contemplated by the Administration policy in any event.

Two avenues of approach to a question are always open and may profitably be kept distinct: namely, the ideal, and the expedient or practical. On grounds of abstract justice, to take them up in order, which party, the railroad or the government, ought to prescribe these rates during the interval between the Commission's decision and the final pronouncement of the courts? The carriers have always enjoyed the privilege,—the word is used advisedly, for it has been a privilege and not a right. A railway is not a private business, like the sale of dry goods or molasses. Transportation is an absolute necessity for all trade; and the railroads, in order to sell it, are dependent upon the government for powers granted by franchises and charters. A long line of cases has clearly established these principles beyond all measure of doubt. The present undisputed power to regulate is a natural result. Until issues are settled before the courts, the carriers have hitherto imposed the burden of disputed rates upon the public, not because they had any right to do so, but because no other more competent party was in sight. The

real disputants are not the government and the railway company. The controversy lies between private parties and a public carrier. The government's interest in the matter is, in a measure, analogous to that of an umpire in ordinary cases submitted for arbitration.

There is another peculiarity of railway transportation. Each shipper's business is every shipper's business; for each shipper's rate is every other shipper's rate. It ought to be; and under existing laws can practically be made so. Yet pending a definitive settlement of the dispute, the contestants cannot cease operations, withdraw from business, sit on a log, and whittle until the mandate of the final arbiter is ready. Transportation is a continuing business, as well as everybody's business. Hence the government, in order to insure a "square deal," must provide reasonable treatment in the interim, pending final arbitrament. Nor is such intervention by the government a mere matter of courtesy. It is its proper function to insure justice to all, irrespective of race, color, or previous condition of magnitude. Such being the case, unless it be proven that greater injustice will result from the change, the natural condition would seem to be this: that in cases of dispute the decision of the umpire, and not of the bigger contestant, should prevail, until final settlement of the cause. This seems to be the obvious, the natural, and the just conclusion from the premises.

But now suppose the Commission should order a rate reduced, as in the celebrated Maximum Freight Rate case; put a lower tariff into effect; and then the courts should ultimately decide that the original rate ought not to have been disturbed at all. The railroad meantime has suffered a corresponding loss of revenue on all traffic carried at the low rate. This is certainly a hardship, and incontrovertibly unjust. But is it more so than that the shipper should unjustly have borne the burden in the contrary case? As matters now stand, the public is compelled to pay the high rate, even if the courts afterward

decide it to have been unreasonable. The railway as an interested party enjoys the benefit of the doubt, and imposes the burden of proof upon the public at all times. Is it not more in consonance with justice, that the government, an impartial umpire, should temporarily lay the burden upon that party against whose contention the greatest reasonable doubt exists?

The only just remedy would seem to be one which will insure final recovery for unreasonable rates, by whichever party paid, during the uncertain period of adjudication. One of the principal objections of the railways to the proposed change arises at this point. Large corporations are more responsible parties at law than most individual shippers. Suppose, through an unjustly low rate, a railway had suffered loss of revenue; could it as readily recoup itself by suits for damages against scores of shippers, large and small, as could the latter, in the contrary case, recover back from the railway company? This cogent argument suggests a compromise measure. Why not permit the original railroad rate to continue in force, as at present, pending final adjudication; but require the carriers to give bond for prompt repayment of any surplus charges over those finally sanctioned by the courts. This would leave the business of rate-making in railway hands as now; and yet afford a substantial remedy for the disputatious shipper.

Would the railways accede to such a compromise measure, with all the financial burdens thereby entailed? They have just been forced to do so for intrastate business by the legislature of Indiana, in lieu of more radical propositions. Why not try the same experiment for the whole United States? Unfortunately this scheme is woefully short of a just solution. The whole matter looms up larger at this point. Enter the interests of the real consumer! In most cases freight rates to some degree affect the price of commodities. Has the shipper, having paid a freight bill afterward adjudged unreasonably high, any right to sue for recovery of the amount?

Has he not, with his fellow merchants, supposing all to have had a "square deal," probably shifted the burden upon the public? Evidence shows that car-load rates on cattle from Texas to South Dakota have been increased since 1898 from \$65 to \$100. Probably part of this \$35 increase has been taken from the profits of the cattlemen; but can there be doubt that a part of it has been added to the price of beef? No, tackle it as you will, from whatever point of view, and you return to the same proposition: that the damage of an unreasonable freight rate, once paid, is irreparable. Particular shippers may recover what seem to be damages; but which are likely not to have been so to them individually at all. By standards of abstract justice, the real solution must distribute the temporary burdens incident to the delays of legal procedure, as nearly evenly as the laws of chance will permit. A recent compilation shows that, of 316 freight rate cases decided by the Interstate Commerce Commission, fifty-four per cent — practically one half — turned in favor of the complainant. Inasmuch as these complaints are practically all brought on behalf of shippers against the railroads, this shows how evenly balanced the issues have been. Were the orders of the Commission to become effective at once, the losses incident to errors afterward corrected by the courts would be distributed in about equal proportions. At present all the penalty of a mistake falls upon the shipper and the public; the railway always goes scot free. An impartial commission should be clothed with power to distribute these onerous burdens by prescribing the temporary rate. And if of sufficient ability and irreproachable integrity, it might be trusted to do so, even as we trust the judges of our Federal Courts.

The severely practical, rather than the ideal aspects of the case, constitute the principal defense of the carriers against this proposed legislation. Their main contention is that such action, as practically

applied, involves the usurpation by the government of all rate-making functions. One would think, to read some of the testimony before Congressional committees, that railway traffic managers would become extinct if this change were made: relegated to the limbo of departed shades, pterodactyls, and other monsters of the past. One can never be quite sure how seriously these assertions are made. The railways refuse to recognize any distinction between governmental prescription of all rates and temporary governmental control of disputed rates. They insist that the power to prescribe the new rate, replacing the old one, however modest were the Commission, could not fail to lead to the assumption of all rate-making functions. The freight schedules of the country, they allege, are so intricate, so interwoven, and so delicately adjusted, that to touch a single one, however lightly, would bring down all the rest about their heads. Although greatly exaggerated, there is sufficient force in this contention to require its consideration. President Hadley of Yale, for many years the best authority on transportation in the country, has met it summarily. "Nor need we," he writes, "lay any great stress on the argument that such interference would be disastrous to the railroads. Theoretically it might be, if the Commission were composed of madmen and the courts of socialists. Practically, the number of changes in the rate schedule that would be made by any sensible commission would be very small indeed."

The best guarantee that an administrative commission, clothed with real power, would not be inundated with complaints so numerous that an entire recasting of the freight tariffs of the country would result, is found in the first five years' experience under the old law, from 1887 until it began to be nullified by the courts. Every one, even the railways, considered the law as effective; yet no widespread disturbance resulted. Complaints were filed, but no deluge of them appeared. An equally potent safeguard

against panic is afforded by a political principle coeval with the rise of human institutions. Laws are made not to be broken, but to be observed. Statutes arise not so much to be invoked through infraction, as, by their mere enactment, to render it unnecessary to enforce them by legal process. Prisons are built, neither primarily to contain those within their walls, nor possibly all those outside; but by their presence to remind the latter of the advisability of containing themselves. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts will serve as an excellent example. It is continually cited as illustrating the success of a non-rate-making railroad commission. But the fact is that this body serves as the mouthpiece of a legislature keenly sensitive to perhaps the most enlightened public sentiment in the world. Potential power is so well recognized that its very existence renders actual interference unnecessary. Once in a while, as when the power to prescribe freight rates for milk was conferred, this reserve force may be invoked. But even in this instance, the railways in Massachusetts still promulgate their own tariffs, as before. They merely take pains to avoid causes of offense. Similarly the Massachusetts Gas Commission is empowered by law to fix the price of gas; yet, despite the direst predictions, the gas companies outside of Boston continue to transact their own business without public interference in this regard. There is, however, one important difference. Knowing that they are under surveillance, with real power for control, they take care in the main not to invoke its exercise. Throughout the United States, many abuses now causing popular unrest would be speedily corrected by the railways themselves, without appeal to a Federal Commission, were the law ample and certain. This happened after 1887, when the trunk lines, believing the law to be really effective, all remodeled their local tariffs to conform to the Long and Short Haul clause. Not every abuse, but a few typical ones, promptly corrected, would speedily

clear the docket of a large number of complaints.

It is quite true that rate-making is an extremely complicated matter, engaging the entire attention of a large corps of the ablest men in the country. But, on the other hand, it is equally certain that these men oftentimes do not make rates at all. Their energies are bent to the discovery of those circumstances by which their rates are made for them. Any decision of a Federal commission must of necessity conform to these same conditions. Thus it results that in the great complex of railway rates many of them are impossible of change. A large number, for instance, are "compelled" by water competition. Traffic is almost fluid in following the line of least resistance. As long as ships sail the sea, no transcontinental freight rate on many commodities can exceed the figure determined by carriage round Cape Horn. As long as the South produces more materials in bulk, like cotton and lumber, than it buys back in the form of merchandise of great value in small volume, coastwise vessels south-bound from New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, will take cargoes at almost nominal rates rather than go in ballast; and competing railways must conform to that rate, so compelled. Until Canada is annexed to the United States, shoes from Boston to St. Paul or cotton cloth to the Orient must be carried by our domestic lines as cheaply as by the Canadian routes. A host of such conditions and interrelations of rates are now clearly recognized; so that a competent Federal commission would venture to disturb such existing conditions only in a very gingerly and tentative way. The Maximum Freight Rate case, in which the Interstate Commerce Commission laid hold with a heavy hand upon the rates into the South from Western cities, will probably be cited in contravention of this statement. That decision, if it had been upheld by the courts, would certainly have uprooted many long established trade adjustments. But many facts concerning railway competition in all its

ramifications have been brought to light during the decade since elapsed. Judging by recent experience in the arbitration of the seaport differential question, the danger in future from a commission sobered by a sense of vast responsibility may be of conservatism and timidity rather than of impulsive zeal for change.

Elasticity and quick adaptation to the exigencies of business are peculiarities of American railroad operation. This is due to the progressiveness of our railway managers in seeking constantly to develop new territory and build up business. The strongest contrast between Europe and the United States lies in this fact. European railroads take business as they find it. Our railroads make it. A quarryman in Georgia, wishing to bid on a public building in Chicago, is granted a special rate to enable him to take the job. Or contrariwise, a Northern contractor, through special rates, is admitted to the field of competition for building or equipping a cotton mill in the South. California is enabled by the same expedient to put fruit into Chicago and New York in competition with Florida or Michigan. Much of this business is made possible only by special rates adapted to the case in hand. These are not secret. They are open to all comers, although made with reference to a particular case. The railway can afford to make a low rate, which leaves a bare margin of profit above the extra cost of adding this traffic to that which is already in motion. These rates cannot exceed a definite figure based upon what the traffic will bear. A higher rate than this would kill the business. The new traffic contributes something toward fixed charges, and enables the shipper to enlarge his operations. Yet such a rate, if offered to the whole traffic, might be ruinous in the extreme. The domestic shipper of merchandise may often be helped rather than hindered by a special rate on grain for Liverpool, without which the railroad would lose the business entirely. To transport California fruit for a mere fraction of the rate per ton mile which is laid upon

other traffic may enable those other goods to be carried more cheaply than before. Railway representatives rightfully instance these practices as a boon to the commercial world. They contrast them with the hard and fast schedules of European railroads. They allege that such elasticity loosens the joints of competition, "keeps every one in business," equalizes prices over large areas, and is, in fact, the life of trade. Government regulation, they allege, will put an end to all this, "substitute mile posts for brains," and produce stagnation in place of activity.

In reply to these contentions, we should distinguish between special rates which *create* new business, and those which merely wrest business from other carriers or markets. Any expedient which will make two blades of grass grow where one grew before; which puts American wheat into Liverpool in competition with India and Argentina; which cheapens California fruit on the Eastern markets; which offers a wider choice of building stone for Chicago; which will establish new industries for the utilization of local raw materials, deserves the greatest encouragement. No commission would conceivably interfere with it. Our country has been unprecedentedly developed in consequence of the energy and progressiveness of its railway managers. But thousands of other special rates have no such justification, even where they are public and open to all shippers alike. These are the expression of railway ambition to build up trade by invading territory naturally tributary to other railroads or traders. An enormous waste of transportation may be involved in such practices. Agricultural implements from Iowa are sold in Massachusetts on such rates, while the greatest manufacturers of some of these products, selling goods all over the world, are located in the East. Arkansas is a great fruit-growing state; yet so cheap is transportation that dried fruits, sometimes its own, are distributed by wholesale grocers from Chicago throughout its own fruit-growing territory. The

Interstate Commerce Commission recently discovered a case wherein a sash and blind manufacturer in Detroit, trying to build up a market in New England, found himself embarrassed both there and in his own home territory by other manufacturers in Vermont. His complaint recited that on his goods shipped to Boston, his rate was approximately double the rate which his Vermont competitor, west-bound, had to pay for the same service to Detroit. Is not something wrong here? Is it not open to question, whether each had better not confine his attention to his own natural territory, instead of both paying unnecessary freight? It all makes business, of course, for the railroads, but the ultimate sufferer is the public. The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company seeks special rates in order to sell goods over in Pittsburg territory; while its great rival, the United States Steel Corporation, has an equal ambition for the trade of the Pacific Slope. Superfluous transportation is the result; a fact fully appreciated by those industrial combinations which are seeking to effect economies in production by strategically locating their factories in order to divide the field.

New York and Chicago demand railway tariffs enabling them to distribute their goods in every hamlet, South or West, regardless of the rights of the smaller provincial centres. Cities of the next grade contest this claim, but in their turn seek to outdo the still smaller places. This process goes on until certain states, like Iowa, for example, as voiced by Governor Cummins before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, are threatened with the entire extinction of their own local distributive trade. Who shall draw the line between the elements of economic good and those of social evil in this great competitive struggle? The days of *laissez faire* are long since gone by, what with our protective tariffs, our banking laws, our labor legislation, our attempts at the control of industrial corporations and insurance companies. Are railways, the arteries of trade, the great common car-

riers, indispensable for every operation of life or business, to be exempt? Or shall the government assert its prerogative, and demand a solution of the disputed questions, in accordance with the broad principles of justice and social peace?

Special rates for long-distance business, when unreasonably low, are of public concern in yet another way. Where unduly developed, they entail increased burdens upon the local constituency of each railroad. It is confessedly the case that three fourths of American railway tonnage moves on such special or commodity rates. In the United Kingdom the proportion is not more than one half. Now each shipment which fails to bear its due proportion of fixed charges, even though contributing something thereto, leaves the weight of interest and maintenance upon the shoulders of the local shipper. To be sure, these special rates which permanently create new business operate otherwise. But in the vast complex, each railroad often wrests from competing carriers only about as much tonnage as it loses. It invades rival territory, but its own constituency is invaded in retaliation. Thus there is rolled up an inordinately large proportion of such special traffic; leaving the regular shipment and the local trade to bear the brunt of fixed charges. Momentous social consequences may result. Not only the cost of doing business, but the expense of living in the smaller places is increased. One of the most dangerous social tendencies at the present time is the enormous concentration of population and wealth in great cities. Increased efficiency and economy in production are much to be desired; but social and political stability must not be sacrificed thereto. Is it not possible that a powerful decentralizing influence may be exerted by checking this indiscriminate and often wasteful long-distance competition, through insistence upon the rights of geographical location?

"Keeping every one in business" everywhere, regardless of distance, has been an important influence in the past in pro-

moting the material advancement of the United States. It constitutes the principal reason why railway tariffs are so interlocked to-day that to modify an evident injustice in a particular rate threatens to affect thousands of other rates over large areas. No sooner has the Interstate Commerce Commission, under the present emasculated statute, sought to remedy an evil of discrimination, than every carrier, and, be it said also, every shipper and competing city, so remodels its rates as to nullify the advantage conferred. If Wichita, Kansas, complaining that goods are carried through and beyond it to more distant points for lower and discriminatory rates, secures an order for a reduction in its tariffs, pressure is immediately exerted by all the formerly favored cities for a corresponding reduction. Each railway, aiming to "keep every one in business" everywhere, accedes to the demand; and there you are, just where you started. Any change in rate adjustments must, of course, operate to put somebody out of business. You cannot preserve the old relativity and still do justice all round. Authority competent not only to order an injustice corrected, but at the same time to protect that order against nullification, seems to be an essential consideration.

The assumption in these discussions seems oftentimes to be made gratuitously that railway rate regulation is going to be all against the carriers. Much may be advanced to show that the power to regulate means in many cases the power not to injure, but rather to protect the railways. For it must be remembered that rate regulating power implies the prescription of a minimum as well as a maximum rate. Many instances in our railway history could be cited showing how the refusal of an irresponsible or bankrupt railroad management to agree to a reasonable rate adjustment jeopardizes the revenues of all its competitors. Freight rates between important points by all routes, however circuitous, must be practically the same. For in any other event the traffic will follow the line of least financial resistance

with surprising quickness. It is the existence of cut-rate railways, persistently in the field for business at low rates, which forces and will always force the larger railways to meet this competition by the same means. The only other alternative, of course, is to resort to consolidation. The existence of a commission with full power to prohibit an unreasonably low rate should perform just the function which the railroads, could they be permitted to pool, might exercise themselves. As the rate war of 1896 in the Southern states was stopped by an injunction from a Federal Court, so might this commission stand ready at all times to enforce that equality of rates between carriers which alone can offer a safeguard against secret discrimination and rebates.

Another combination of circumstances prominent in our railway history demonstrates the utility to the railways themselves of such rate-making power by the government. All intelligent railway men agree as to the power of great industrial combinations to extort secret rebates from the railways. This originates from the inability of the carriers unanimously to enforce resistance to tempting offers of large volumes of business to be moved at those secret rates. For example, in 1894 all the trunk lines out of Chicago made a determined effort to reduce the mileage paid to private companies for the use of special cars from three fourths of a cent per mile to six mills. All went well until it appeared that one railway had secured the entire tonnage to the exclusion of all its competitors by offering to pay the old rate. Every road immediately had to fall into line. The power of the trust was too firmly fixed to be shaken thereafter. Precisely similar tactics have fastened the beef trust like an old man of the sea upon the shoulders of the railway managers. The most feasible, and perhaps the only way to shake off this incubus and restore equality between all shippers, lies in the existence of a powerful governmental veto which shall force the weakest railway to maintain such reasonable rates as

will yield a fair return to all the companies concerned. Had this been possible five or six years ago, many of the gigantic consolidations might have been obviated. If the Erie—hoary old disturber of railway peace—could be thus controlled, no plans for its absorption or control by stock ownership through other companies need be contemplated in future. Either effective regulation, repeal of the prohibition against pooling, or entire absorption by consolidation of all competing companies, must be chosen as the alternative. Is not control, all things considered, the safest expedient under the circumstances?

One of the most persistent and plausible arguments against an extension of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission is that, on the basis of its record, it cannot be entrusted with the vast powers incident to the control of rate-making. This contention is well stated in a brief prepared by two railroad presidents and filed with the Committee on Interstate Commerce of the House of Representatives. This recites that "since 1887, forty-three suits have been instituted to enforce final orders of the Commission as to rates. . . . The net result of the action of the Courts . . . shows two affirmances and thirty reversals." It continues later, "as over ninety per cent of the Commission's orders as to rates which have gone before the courts have been overruled, it is impossible to foretell what havoc would follow from the exercise of such powers." This statement is entirely true, but it is not the entire truth. Not to expand this discussion unduly, we may content ourselves with examination of the cases which, after protracted review in the two lower Federal courts, have emerged as final decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. These cases, important enough to have engaged the attention of this august tribunal, are certainly typical of all the rest. Since 1887, sixteen such decisions have been rendered on cases appealed for enforcement by the Interstate

Commerce Commission. Fifteen of these have been decided in favor of the carriers, while only one sustained in part the contention of the Commission. At first sight, this record appears to sustain the contention of the advocates of the railways in condemning the attempt at governmental railway regulation. A commission so persistently on the wrong side of a great question as this record indicates would surely invite distrust. There are two answers to this contention, however, which merit consideration before a final judgment can be rendered. One of these is that these court cases have nearly all involved, not so much the administrative application of the law to economic abuses, as the purely judicial interpretation of the law itself; the other is the irregularity of procedure by which the courts have overruled the Commission on entirely different statements of fact from those upon which the original decision of the Commission was rendered.

Only by means of concrete cases decided by the Commission as an administrative body could the scope and meaning of the original law be determined. This was a most difficult task, hinging upon the utmost legal technicalities and refinements. Even the most learned judges failed to agree among themselves. Thus in eight of the sixteen cases above mentioned the decisions in the lower Federal courts failed of agreement with the final decree of the Supreme Court. In the Cartage case,—involving the legality of a railway giving one shipper free cartage of goods to a railway station as an inducement to ship over its line, while withholding the privilege from another,—the Commission was sustained in the Circuit Court and reversed in the two higher tribunals. In other instances, like the Social Circle case,—turning upon the discrimination in freight rates against small towns in favor of large competitive centres,—the first court ruled adversely, while the Circuit Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court sustained the Commission in part. Or yet again, as in the Chattanooga case,—

wherein this city complained against a higher freight rate from New York than the rival city of Nashville enjoyed, although the goods for Nashville passed through Chattanooga and were hauled one hundred and fifty-one miles further,—both lower tribunals sustained the Commission only to be finally overruled by the Supreme Court. The fact that in only eight of these most important cases the courts could agree among themselves indicates the nicety of the legal issues comprehended. All parties were in fact working much in the dark, both as to the intention of the original law and as to the possible effects of its interpretation. The charge of incompetence, if it holds good for the Commission, must apply equally well to a large number of the most learned judges in the Federal courts.

Another indication of the extreme delicacy of the legal issues involved is found in the lack of unanimity even among the justices of the Supreme Court itself. In nine of the sixteen Supreme Court cases the final decision was not rendered without dissent. As the lower courts were divided among themselves, so the justices of the Supreme Court were apparently somewhat at sea. The minority, to be sure, was small, in most cases being due to the failure of Justice Harlan to concur. But in the far-reaching Import case, the court was more evenly divided. The issue raised concerned the legality of lower through rates on imports from Liverpool to San Francisco via New Orleans, than were granted on domestic shipments from New Orleans to the same destination. Thus the rate on books, buttons, and hoseery from Liverpool to San Francisco through New Orleans was \$1.07 per hundred pounds. At the same time the domestic shipper was compelled to pay \$2.88, or two and one half times as much, for a haul from New Orleans to San Francisco alone. In another important case, tin plate was carried from Liverpool by steamer and rail through Philadelphia to Chicago for twenty-four cents per hundred pounds. For the American merchant

in Philadelphia the rate to the same market was twenty-six cents. For the inland haul alone the Pennsylvania Railroad was receiving sixteen cents on the foreign goods, while coincidentally charging American merchants ten cents more for the same service. Discrimination against the American merchant in favor of foreign competition, not infrequently more than sufficient to overbalance any supposed protection afforded by the tariff, has been repeatedly proved in such cases as this. The duty on imported cement is eight cents per hundredweight. In one instance, this duty with the total freight rate added amounted to only eighteen cents, as against a rate of twenty cents for the domestic producer from New York to the same point. There are reasons for this grievous discrimination against the domestic shipper, mainly concerned with the vagaries of ocean freight rates. Steamers must have ballast for the return trip to equalize outgoing shipments of grain and other exports, and they will carry heavy commodities, such as salt, cement, crockery, and glass, at extremely low rates. Nevertheless, such imported commodities can be sold to advantage in competition with domestic goods only when the railways will contribute equally low rates to complete the shipment.

The Interstate Commerce Commission in these Import Rate cases originally held that such discriminations were unlawful. Finally, however, the Supreme Court decided, with three members, including the Chief Justice, dissenting, that the Interstate Commerce Law as phrased did not expressly prohibit the practice. Everything turned upon the interpretation of certain clauses in the law. No question was ever raised as to the economic issues involved, nor was it competent to these tribunals to pass upon such issues. The question was simply and solely this: when the Act to Regulate Commerce forbade inequality or discrimination between shippers, did it contemplate competition between one shipment originating within the country and others from foreign ports?

Was the Interstate Commerce Commission, in other words, empowered, in interpreting this act, to consider circumstances and conditions *without* as well as *within* the boundaries of the United States? If it was entitled to consider solely domestic conditions, it was certainly right and economically sound in forbidding such practices; if, on the other hand, it was required to take account of commercial conditions the world over, irrespective of the effect upon the domestic producer and internal trade, its decision should have been favorable to the railroads. To appreciate fully the extreme nicety of the legal points involved and the delicacy of the economic interests at issue, one must needs read the extended opinions both of the majority of the Supreme Court and of the three dissenting justices, including Chief Justice Fuller. But to interpret the reversal of the original decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission by this tribunal as in the slightest degree involving incompetence or judicial unfairness is a misrepresentation of all the facts involved. As in the preceding cases touching the interpretation of the Long and Short Haul clause, it may fairly be said that the consensus of opinion among business men, and certainly among the professional economists of the country, is on the side of the Commission in condemning such practices. As to the law, that has been decided otherwise by a narrow majority. An important question before the country is, as to whether a law thus construed should not be amended so as to permit a reasonable limitation of such abnormal traffic in future.

The apparent, though unreal, incompetency of the Interstate Commerce Commission, judging by the reversal of its decisions in the Federal courts, is partly due to another reason. Opinions in cases appealed to these tribunals have been based upon testimony as to facts not introduced, and in some cases deliberately withheld, in the initial proceedings before the Commission. Knowing that the de-

cisions of this body were of no force and effect in themselves, the carriers refused to open up their cases fully until the issue had gone on appeal to the Federal courts. This placed the Commission in the unenviable position of being compelled to decide cases, knowing full well that their action would be reviewed on perhaps entirely different evidence. Small wonder that the Supreme Court has pointedly discountenanced this practice of late years, refusing to condemn the Commission except upon facts laid before it when the case was first decided. Nevertheless, the fruits of these unfair proceedings, consisting of a certain number of reversed judgments, are still garnered in statistical arraignment. To the disinterested and unbiased student, the record of the Interstate Commerce Commission stands as a manful and on the whole successful attempt at the interpretation of a merely tentative, often obscure, and extremely intricate statute.

It has been said that this Commission has failed in its functions because "it has sought to wear ermine when it ought to have been putting on its overalls." The time to don overalls and render yeoman service could only follow a protracted period of judicial interpretation. The Federal judges repeatedly recognized the existence of abuses, but disclaimed responsibility for their correction, alleging that this was a matter appropriate only to the legislative branch of the government. The law, however, has now been defined. The ermine period has come to an end. The Commission is ready for overalls, but it lacks tools. While it was being constrained by circumstances to wear ermine, the Federal judges have stolen away whatever implements it formerly possessed. The demand of the President is either for a return of the stolen tools, or for a new outfit with which the Commission may manfully set to work.

Certain constitutional objections have been raised against the President's programme. The railway lawyers allege that, no matter how fair or able an administra-

tive commission, its hands would be tied in rate-making by provisions of the Constitution, which prohibit Congress from granting preferences as between any ports of the United States. This, they say, would compel all rates to be adjusted strictly on the basis of distance. It would compel the substitution of rigid mileage tariffs in place of the elastic schedules now in force. This reasoning is a fair sample of the extraordinary efforts being made to prevent legislation. After prolonged litigation and divided opinions, the Federal courts have completely emasculated the Long and Short Haul clause of the Act of 1887. This clause, intended to give effect to distance as an element in rate-making, was copied from the pre-existing statutes of some seventeen states. The final death blow was dealt in the Alabama Midland case. The Supreme Court held that the existence of railroad competition at a more distant point created such dissimilarity of circumstances as to grant exemption from the law; and, moreover, made the railroad itself a competent judge as to its existence and force. The Import Rate case, as we have already sought to show, has also ruled out distance as a factor in determining rates. The Interstate Commerce Commission originally decided it to be illegal for a Liverpool shipper to enjoy lower through rates to an inland point in the United States than were granted to domestic shippers from the port of entry to the same destination. The Supreme Court barely overruled this by holding that in the making of rates, all circumstances and conditions of competition, not only at home, but over sea, must be taken into consideration. If distance is so imperative a factor under the Constitution, why has our Supreme Court failed to discover it? Is it likely that the same courts, which have almost obliterated the element of distance in this and many other cases, will suddenly reverse their judgment and compel a strict compliance with distance as a sole factor in the problem? It is a poor rule which does not work both ways.

Railway lawyers, with deadly determination, have for years sought to eliminate distance as a necessary condition for reasonableness of rates. Facts seemed to justify them in so doing. Absurdity appears only when, having won all their cases, they turn about and allege that distance is the only constitutional basis on which rates could be made by the government. The claim is preposterous in itself, entirely apart from the recent exceedingly able pronouncement of the Attorney-General upon the question.

Few people in the United States appreciate the strength of the movement toward government ownership of railways in foreign countries. It is well known, of course, that so far as Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and Belgium are concerned, the matter has long since been settled. In the remaining countries of Europe many indications point toward an extension of the same policy. Switzerland in 1898 inaugurated the purchase of its entire transportation systems. In Italy, the old twenty-year contracts, leasing the railroads to private companies, have just expired. The mixed policy has been so unsatisfactory, that probabilities favor direct assumption of all its own properties by the government in future. The French railways do not revert to the State until about 1950; but preparation for state management is already urged in high quarters. It is proposed to extend the present small governmental system in Brittany in such manner as to afford a basis for future action as to economy or efficiency when the large network now operated under long leases is returned to the State.

The foregoing instances, it will be observed, are in countries not strongly imbued with Anglo-Saxon political traditions. But the tendency is unmistakable in these as well. There are about thirty thousand miles of railway line in India,—six thousand more, in fact, than in the British Isles. Three fifths of this is directly owned, and much of it efficiently and most profitably operated, by

the State. Canada, while not operating directly, is embarking upon new and vast schemes of transcontinental construction which practically suggest public ownership. South Africa is operating its roads; and its policies, in the words of the editor of the (*British*) *Railway News*, "have given good results." Egypt also has a State Department of Railways. The Australian colonies have been experimenting for a half-century, not very successfully, to be sure, but since the Federation with improving prospects. And even in its darkest days, no programme for a return to private enterprise would be tolerated politically. Economic experimentation, as a remedy for social evils, may in practice often suggest the adage about the frying-pan and the fire; but the triumphant progress of democracy indicates a clear preference of "the people" for a fire kindled and controlled by themselves, rather than the frying-pan over a fire fanned by private enterprise. Municipal ownership in England and Scotland has marvelously thriven during the last ten years. A recent consular report, for example, enumerates ninety-nine British municipalities owning street railways. And, as in Australia, the question of cost and profits is entirely subordinated to the issues of public service and convenience.

In the United States public ownership at this writing occupies a less prominent place in political programmes. Yet our Tom Johnsons, our Dunnes, and our Pingrees have undoubtedly a large and constantly increasing following. The present temper of Wisconsin and Michigan on the railroad question is unmistakable. These are two of the most intelligent and politically enlightened commonwealths in the country. The Standard Oil agitation in Kansas and Missouri still further exemplifies this social unrest. In 1890 seven states of the Union made provision by law for rate-making railroad commissions with absolute control over all state business. By 1902 the number had nearly doubled, there being then thirteen states which had created railroad commissions with these

enlarged powers. This activity was in the main confined to the Southern states. But it is spreading rapidly. Missouri, Nebraska, and notably Wisconsin and Michigan, are falling into line. Indiana has just enacted a new and radical type of railway law. Illinois, judging by the remarkable triumph for municipal ownership of street railways in Chicago, is in danger of inoculation. A mere revival of the now thirty-years-old Granger movement is not suggested by these unmistakable tendencies. The people are not wantonly hostile, as then. No wrecking enterprise is contemplated. It might be less momentous if it were so, for such conflagrations burn themselves out. This movement threatens otherwise. It results from a serious conviction among the plain people that abuses exist, to be best corrected by taking the reins into their own hands. Such is a logical conclusion, however much to be deplored. Will it not be better that the attention of this huge electorate should be diverted from such issues

by the prompt application of really remedial legislation, before the question is too widely advertised in a presidential contest? Whatever the future may some day contain, it seems clear that under present conditions public ownership and operation of the railways of the United States would be a highly dangerous experiment, — dangerous not alone to business and property, but to the safety and welfare of the republic. In appreciation of this fact, the President of the United States is neither demagogue nor socialist. He realizes the irresistible force of public opinion when once fully roused; he is well aware that public ownership of railways is no mere dream of idle theorists, but an accomplished fact in many foreign countries; and he foresees the political dangers latent in such a programme for our own country. May the Senate of the United States — subject as it is to corporate influence of the most subtle and powerful sort — be brought to a clear foreknowledge of the truth before it is too late!

THE CAREER OF THE JOKE

BY JOHN ALBERT MACY

THE first professional humorist was a serpent who flourished at the dawn of the world. His originality is unimpeachable and it is unique, for none of his successors has had his opportunity to say a good thing before any one else. The modern joke editor may regret the Paradise of virgin inventions, the unpreempted Eden of wit, or he may hearken to his cheerless friend, the cynic, who declares that the editor would not recognize originality if he had it submitted to him, that his readers would be disconcerted by a joke to which they had not become accustomed, and that the editor had better not throw away his individuality upon a trivial and dreary occupation. But the

joke editor, who to be useful must be more friendly than the cynic toward human habits, knows that though his task is less dignified than that of editing, say, the *Atlantic Monthly*, he can lay out the best of his genius in purveying to the lighter moods of his readers; that the experiences of his day teach him much about men; and that it is not so bad to live in a world of petty entertainment. He receives from all corners of the nations the humor of the afternoon tea, the club dinner, the theatre, the political meeting, without their drudgery and more solemn nonsense. His workmen are Mankind Laughing. The material of his labor is the recreation of toilers in other vine-

yards. He is the only man in the market place to whom all the world contributes the joke it has enjoyed most. What though the tarnished jest recur again and again in the offerings laid at his sanctum door? He knows that each teller of the much told tale has enjoyed it, even as the editor himself enjoyed it long ago, forgot it perhaps, and now with no displeasure meets it again. Another man has laughed, and all is well with the world.

If the editor be a philosopher he may know men through their jests and keep a wise finger on the many little pulses of humanity. The history of his times, the courses of affairs, of polities and of thought, are revealed to him in humorous glimpses. He is the only editor who gets sooner or later almost everything that life produces which is classifiable under his department; no other kind of contributor covers the world so thickly and so thoroughly as the joker. What an unhappy fellow by comparison is the poetry editor, my brother whose correspondents are machine rymers or despondent youths, a serious-minded crew who know Swinburne and have forgotten Wordsworth, who spend their nights with Rossetti, and neglect Milton in the morning, little dwellers in the City of Dreadful Dusk with Arthur Symons and the Irish poets of London, of no blood with Shakespeare, and kin to Browning only by the bond of obscurity. The joke editor gathers a handful of garnets and gold dust sooner than the poetry editor shall find one single gem. Poetry has shown her face more willing and more shining than now, but mankind never joked better than to-day and yesterday and to-morrow.

Nowadays everybody who can make his letters is contributing to the magazines, and writing books. To paint or sculpture or make music one must be at least slightly practiced upon a special instrument; but the medium of literature is in crude form a universal possession. Therefore it happens that many, overestimating their share in the common heritage of words, lisp to the fretted ear

of the editor, whereas they would not presume to play the piano in public. If this be true, by how much more — as we used to translate the Latin — is it true that everybody thinks he has a joke worth printing. The joke is the most universal form of literature; it is protoplasmic, the simplest organized thing printable. Many people could be found even in Boston, who would not venture to write a long story or a poem or a drama, but all men — and some women — make jokes. Between their shop-talk drummers swap yarns in the fumes of the smoking-car; baby utters some unconsciously clever words, and mother records them; the rustic sets the country store in a gale which swells the draft in the air-tight stove; every grade of human beings, without distinction of creed, color, or previous condition of modesty, — even the unmodest baby, — at some time or other hears or makes a joke “good enough to print.”

It is evident that more amateurs of more kinds beset the joke editor than ever break into the sanctum of the editor who passes judgment on the poem, the short story, the novel, the critical essay, or the nature article that is not of nature. The joke editor regards repetition and plagiarism as the normal fact of production, but I have said that if he knows his craft he will not be vexed or bored. The plagiarism is usually unconscious, and most often Joe Miller is accompanied by a sincere letter setting forth that “this happened in our town and has never appeared in print.” Moreover the amateur joker frequently sends something fresh and delicious. A semi-literate letter in pencil brought me this message from a far corner of our country: “Plese tell Mr. Carnagie that we have a hero out here. He is running for sheriff on the Socialist ticket without a ghost of a chance.” Another letter in crude scrawl contained an American yarn which has since attracted the scissors of many an exchange editor. The story illustrated the tough quality of buckskin pants, and narrated that a farmer was ploughing a field, dressed in breeches

of this famous and durable material. Suddenly his oxen grew unruly and plunged across the field, dragging the farmer after them. He clung valiantly to the handles of the plough, even when he saw disaster ahead; the oxen were dashing straight for a large stump. The blade of the plough split the stump; the sun-dered edges of the stump, springing closed again, caught the farmer by the seat of his buck-skins, "and by jingo," concluded the original version, "if they did n't pull up the stump."

The amateur poet is worse as a rule than the most hardened professional, but the untrained joker often has a story which the professional humorist cannot equal in a year's invention for the Sunday supplements. Jokes rise ready made out of life, and are born with the hue and form of its fragmentary truths. Prose fiction is an artificial construction; poetry is more artificial; the joke is human experience, the property of the common man, the autobiographical utterance of the multitude, and the joke on the printed page is, of all things published to entertain, the least removed from reality. Even unreal and unfunny jokes, such as the conceit that mothers-in-law are vicious relatives, are true to life because the world out of print bandies them about, lives with them, enjoys them, tells them over and over as persistently as the world in print. The joke-maker is thus the most realistic of artists and often the better for being primitive and artless. The joke editor is the direetest middleman between contributor and reader, and he must keep the point of view of the man in the street and the woman in the kitchen.

Holmes was partly in earnest when he said it is a very serious thing to be a funny man. He pretends to have met the sober aspect of his profession in a sad disaster. But he knew that the serious effect of the joke on his life was to make for his happiness, success, and popularity, that the joke took him to more good dinners than Hawthorne or Emerson ever ate, though they were greater and more

deeply interesting men than he. An after-dinner speaker who talks on the capacity of the Filipinos to govern us, or on why women have a right to vote because they are not allowed to, may be ever so eloquent, yet the company yawns and forgets his name. But the man who makes some good new jokes or effectively retells some old ones is asked to dine again. A serious matter? A joke in time has saved nations and made laws.

The importance of the joke in life may merely prove man's foolishness and flippancy. Though history records its power in human affairs, philosophy may not give it place among abstract values, and art cannot rate it highly. Humor is, indeed, a mighty goddess, whose other names are Dramatic Irony, Satire, Comedy; but jokes are merely her lighter moments. She blesses them with her spirit, but she is usually bent on vaster offices of inspiration, to inform the comedy of Shakespeare, to direct the deadly fiction of Mr. Hardy, to give wisdom to the philosophical criticism of Mr. Dooley and Mark Twain, or to burnish the powerful mirrors of Dickens, Swift, Addison, Goldsmith. According to the psychological metaphysics which Hazlitt spins for us in his essay on Wit and Humor, tears and laughter are sisters. It is true that behind the great comic incongruities we hear the tread of tragedy, but the joke is only a poor relation to the mighty Comic Spirit. It is a crumb, a niblet; standing by itself it cannot be developed far enough to show broad relations. Therefore it must be light, and it must seldom raise great questions or stir deep feelings.

Would that the Goddess of Humor and her sister the Spirit of Courtesy might teach people the proper limits of the joke! The joke editor's daily bundle of manuscripts is seldom free from appalling misconceptions of what it is fitting to joke about. One of the chief offenders is the evidently good and sweet woman who sends for publication the story of her child's unconscious irreverence. What was meant to record a naïve mis-

conception of God is converted by the act of writing into a record of grotesque disrespect on the part of the parent,—except that the parent is a child too, and does not know any better. The editor ought to know better, and it is amazing that the comic section of one of our most respectable magazines prints each month two or three "jokes" about innocent little Willy's offensive prayers and comments on Deity. Little Willy is not to blame, and it is not he who ought to be spanked.

High comedy may treat important tragic relations, and deal with ideas of God, Country, Poetry, Death, Marriage, Divorce, Parenthood; various wrong human attitudes toward these ideas are fair game even for the little joker, but the ideas themselves are impossible subjects for the short joke. Whoever jokes about eternal ideas is himself subject for satirical epigram, but the satire should be turned so that there shall be no doubt as to either its subject or its object. When great ideas go wrong in the human mind, man is laughable, he is also pitiable. I am in complete sympathy with the mind which on hearing a joke about a silly prayer, sobers in the presence of the Deity and forgets the rest of the story.

Not only reverence but truth and general decency prescribe the limits of the printable jest. The Yankee "whopper" is often only a whopper, and lacks the American whimsicality and riotous absurdity which enliven the yarn about the buckskin pants. The German who refused to laugh at a Yankee exaggeration and said, "Dot isn't a joke; it is a damned lie," will always appeal to the American who flatters himself that no nation has such humor as his. The Teutonic lover of truth will especially delight the American who thinks a joke twice as funny when it is in dialect, and who would have me write the German's reply: "Dot iss nod a choke; id iss a tam lie." But I would some of the honest Teutonic gravity might be let into the American character, for our people are too prone to think that any lie is funny.

Mr. Barrie's Lang Tammas was a critical as well as a creative master of his art, and his explanation that all is not grist which comes to the humorist's mill makes an excellent essay on his calling. It is wise criticism, human and literary (just as the great chapter in *Tom Jones* where Partridge sees Garrick in *Hamlet*, is excellent dramatic criticism, as wise as Mr. Archer and at least as friendly as Mr. Winter). Lang Tammas felt that some things are beyond the jest of man, and therein his instinct is better than that of Hazlitt, the professional critic. "The best parodies," says Hazlitt, "are the most striking things reversed. Witness the common travesties of Homer and Virgil." Now there never could be a funny travesty on Homer or Virgil, simply because the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid* are noble poems. For the same reason Mark Twain's *Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* is a dismal failure as a whole. It is funny in spots; the Yankee newspaper in the age of chivalry is outrageously droll. Humor may justly fling at the incongruities and ignoble places of many great old stories. Provided we remember the glories, it will not hurt us to discover, when we are in the mood, that Achilles is a poor thing who in any decent civilization would be court-martialed and shot, or that chivalry did not insure the legitimacy of children, or that Samson was a "welcher" who lost a bet and tried to elude payment, or that Milton's archangels talk like the members of a town meetin', or that Dante's geometry of the other worlds is grotesque. But the noble things, "the most striking things," cannot be "reversed" with humorous effect. I have seen a horrible parody of *Hamlet* written by an American in the era of strapped peg-top pantaloons; it is about as funny as a burlesque of the Ten Commandments.

Mr. John Kendrick Bangs may have screwed some laughs out of the notion of Shakespeare and Bacon meeting beyond the Styx, but the joke is not on Shakespeare, it is on the Baconian theory. So

Artemus Ward gets fun out of crooked quotations ascribed to Bill Shakespeare, and he made the blunder doubly droll by his look of innocent surprise when the audience laughed. But the modern humorist should remember that Artemus did that sort of thing once for all, and we need no more of it.

When the humorist drives his shafts at the weak and the wrong sides of great works and great men, he really does a service to the noble sides. J. K. Stephen's *Two Voices* should delight Wordsworthians, because half the sonnet is a beautiful tribute to the poet, and the rest burlesques only Wordsworth's solemn twaddle. Wagner is not ridiculous; many Wagnerians are, and so are many performances with their wooden swans and automobile dragons. The church is not ridiculous, but there is matter enough for ridicule in the failings of some churchmen. Browning is not ludicrous; Browning societies are. Temperance is not funny; temperance societies, distinguished for their intemperance, that meddle with the rights and ceremonies appertaining to the dubbing of battleships, are proper targets of hearty wit. Wit depends on nice distinctions, and it should first distinguish carefully the object of its aim.

The most tiresome jokes are those that depend on unwarrantable fictions, which persist only for the sake of making ever more and more jokes. Instead of striking at true and evident human failings, the joker alleges that poets have long hair (a Canadian rhapsodist is the only long-haired poet among the hundred and ten with whom I am personally acquainted); that Boston people use long words, especially the children; that a gentleman kicks out the door an undesirable suitor for his daughter's hand; that Philadelphians are always slow; that tramps always meet bulldogs and women who bake bad pies; that servant girls are always insolent; that Irishmen and no other people make bulls.

The traditions bred of international prejudice are the most ignorant and en-

during fictions. Maria Edgeworth and her father proved long ago that the bull is a habit of thought common to all races, and though Sydney Smith had a good deal of fun reviewing the Edgeworths, the Irish succeeded in making out their case, however gratuitously. America alleges that the Englishman has no humor, and keeps right on enjoying Lamb and Dickens and Hood and Thackeray and Gilbert. In the same way the Englishman alleges that the Scotsman has no humor. Lamb tells of going to a meeting at which Burns's son was to be present. In his "South British" way he expressed the wish that it was to be the poet father instead of the son, whereupon, Lamb declares, four Scotsmen started up at once to inform him that "that was impossible because he was dead." Yet Burns, himself a Scotsman, had played with a fellow Scotsman's literalness, and written his *Tom Samson's Elegy*. When it was read to Tom he cried out, "Ay, but I'm no deid yet," and was highly offended. To appease him Burns wrote a final stanza of retraction, *Per Contra*. Burns was as much a Scot as his heavy-minded victim, and his humor in this case is much like that of Lamb the Londoner.

It is a mystery to know how some of the fundamental joke fictions originated in the first place and how they dwell and flourish in the world so long. All our grandmothers are mothers-in-law, and the convention of sentimental poets gives grandmother a sweet face, excellent manners, and all homely virtues, yet the convention of humorists, the Convention of Federated Jokesmiths, brands the old lady as your father's worst enemy.

Whether founded in fiction or in fact, there are certain ideas which appear continually in the joke columns. Some of these are old maid (let us all read a story called *My Cousin Fanny*, I think by Mr. Hopkinson Smith), widow, grass widow, bachelor, poet, Irishman (simply to begin "there was an Irishman" is to prepare for a laugh), dachshund, woman's bank-account, sausages, fiancée, parrot,

(odious bird!), golf, liquor, incontinence, garter, financier, servant girl, Standard Oil, Hearst, yellow journal, Milwaukee beer, seasickness, amateur actor, Dowie, pie, false teeth, baldness, hair tonic, breakfast food, bad spelling, solecisms, barbarisms, improprieties, mispronunciations, plutocracy, missionary, sleeping-car porter, Paderewski, new-rich, Jew, messenger boy, fishing, borrowing, lending, book agent, sea-serpent, goat, Depew, Russell Sage, *Ladies' Home Journal*, Bok, Thompson-Seton, Rockefeller, Bishop Potter, Judge Emmons, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Marie Corelli, Hall Caine, Henry James, Whistler, Bernard Shaw, skyscrapers, twins, kaiser, lawyer, doctor, automobile, Pierpont Morgan, Carrie Nation, lord, duke, mosquito, Kentucky, Indiana, New Jersey, Chicago, Boston, Pittsburg, Hoboken, Lynn, St. Louis, Chelsea, Philippines, politician, policeman, antiAnything, tramp, professor, freshman, society, Newport, terminations in "ski" and "vitch," kindergarten, strike, silk hat, landlady, boarding-house, lover, cigarette.

This catalogue is carefully compiled from a systematic perusal of various kinds of comic journals, and contains only ideas which recurred frequently in several months. The list is not complete, but it marks most of the principal points in the latitude of the present-day joke-world; the longitude exceeds the limits of our chart. Besides the joke nuclei in this careful and scientific inventory are all manner of puns which cannot be classified; they include most of the words in the dictionary which have cant usages or slangy meanings, are overworked, or are related to matters of special contemporaneous interest.

I cannot tell how good puns are made — I wish I knew; but I could show how the ordinary joke-maker might go to work with his dictionary to dig out some puns as good as the average in the newspaper columns. I once opened my dictionary at random. It happened to be the volume which runs, suggestively, from Celt to

Drool. I took down twenty-seven words in "C," each used in two or more senses, and out of the twenty-seven I made thirty jokes, for several of which I received real money. The dictionary is an exhaustless mine of every kind of machine-made composition. All that men have written, and all that they may write is there, and you can find it if you go to work scientifically. There are at least as many new jokes as there are words which have not been thoroughly punned on in all possible meanings.

A perfect pun makes good sense both ways; the edges meet with a click like the blades of a sharp pair of shears. Sometimes the very thoughts fit tight together in antagonistic identity, as when the man said of the temperance exhorter that he would be a good fellow if he would only let drink alone; or as when Disraeli (if it was he) wrote to the youth who had sent him a first novel: "I thank you very much. I shall lose no time in reading it;" or as when a man seeing a poor piece of carpentry, said, "That chicken-coop looks as if some man had made it himself." Exquisite perverse literalness of thought! And the same absolute punning, the very self-destruction of a proposition, was the old death-thrust at a poor poet by the friend who said, "His poetry will be read when Shakespeare and Homer are forgotten." It was a fine double-edged blade of speech until some crude fellow, Heine, I think, sharpened it to a wire edge by adding, "and not till then," a banality that dulled its perfection forever.

These puns set an unattainable ideal for the modern day laborer in humor, and ideals will not help him much. My suggestion about the dictionary will be of more practical service, and I think that by giving it publicity I have taken away the excuse for making again puns that have been made once for all, and I have earned the right to suggest that when Ironic Fate makes a pun by appointing that the anti-drink and anti-revelry candidates for high offices in the land shall be named Swallow and Car-

roll, the joke-seller should not try to improve on the humor of the gods, and take credit and money for their perfect jest.

I do not pretend that the dictionary is as large a mine of untried puns as its bulk promises. Its contents have been in human service a long time, and it is amazing how sharp were the ears and eyes of punsters in the eighteenth century—and seventeen years before the flood. Even puns are made or suggested by the facts of life, and life repeats itself; thus it comes about that your most freshly discovered pun, involving a very modern idea, you shall often find was made and printed before your mother first remarked what a bright boy you were.

A few years ago there were built on Boston Common those little rectangular white stations that look like tombs. It was promptly remarked that the Boston Public Library (a mausoleum where literature lies buried) had borne a litter of pups on the Common. I am personally acquainted with two men, who do not know each other, each of whom claims the authorship of that joke. Both have said enough excellent things to be quit of all need to borrow other men's comic plumes. Probably both men did say that thing; for although the joke is memorably good, it is inevitable and would fall out in the operation of many a logical witty mind. Indeed it had occurred to another wit half a century before. In Dr. Rolfe's *Satchel Guide to Europe*, under Brighton, it is recorded that Sydney Smith, divine by profession and in wit, said that that city, with its profusion of domes, cupolas, and minarets, looks "as if the dome of St. Paul's had come to Brighton and pupped." Sydney Smith died in 1845. Who ever does not trust so excellent a scholar as Dr. Rolfe may do what I have not had time to do,—track down the jest in the many memoirs and reminiscences of Smith and his friends, and write us a Contributors' Club about the quest. No doubt Monckton Milnes, whom Smith dubbed the "cool of the evening," and often suddenly and gently flayed, has

somewhere got even with Peter Plymley, as Mr. Menpes has evened things up with Whistler, by recording the jests of the man who lashed him.

In this joke about architectural partition, the same circumstances suggested the same analogy, just as the man in Holmes's *Autocrat* said under certain conditions exactly the same thing that he had said under identical conditions a year before. On the second occasion it flashed across the man that he had repeated himself and he was ashamed, but Holmes (who, I suspect, took the situation from an experience of his own) justly admires a mind that works with such automatic perfection. So we may admire the human mind as a whole for making the same joke twice without consciousness of plagiarism.

After all, America was no less a new country to Columbus because some Scandinavian pirate had drifted, five centuries before, up a river which he did not know was the Charles and which probably was not. Nor was our country any less new to the Pilgrims because Columbus had struck the south shores. Lowell, I think, has it that the best things obligingly got themselves said several thousand years ago, and there is a saying that the best things were originated by the ancients, elaborated by the French, and credited to Disraeli. But mind, the best things are not all the good things. A Harvard instructor, whose business it is to teach undergraduates to criticise books they have not read, has said to me sadly that all we can do now is to learn to express things well; we have nothing more to say. By a curious fluke of human thought this utterance is unconscious proof of itself, for Pope said it two centuries ago. Before Carlyle and Browning and Thackeray and Wordsworth, the narrow-minded little dunce-destroyer announced as his sole task, and the only task worth while, to say what oft was said and ne'er so well expressed. He acted according to his critical faith, or rather, as is the habit of human beings, he made his theory to fit his own limita-

tions. The result is that of important English writers he is the most quoted since Shakespeare and the least original since the beginning of English literature. To think with freshness and originality, to find an undiscovered Holy Grail, it is necessary to journey forth with sure faith that there is one to find. If the English departments of colleges had any effect on the Literature of the Ages, I should distrust the influence of that instructor. Every man has a story which is no more like the story of another man than any two of the achieved masterpieces of former times are like to each other. Every age, century, decade, year, every nation, city, village, parish, furnishes background unique and strangely new for the oldest plot in the world, Life played by men, women, and nature, a plot so vast that it cannot be stale, a plot as new in the year of Japan 50 as in the year of Greece 100. Poets and novelists yet unborn shall make new eras of literature which shall add whole squares to the diagrams of epochs in the handbooks; and if we could look into the future and read one stanza of the poet yet to be, we should wonder at its novelty, and think what dull folk we are not to have hit upon that fine thought in our time!

But the joke editor is toiling up the rocky slopes of the higher criticism where it is hard to breathe and almost impossible to laugh. Back to the easy lowlands of more certain paths! Though originality is everlastingly possible, it is everlastinglly scarce and always has been. Novelty was rare in ages before ours, but the large number of ages has bequeathed to us so much that continuous republication of old things is possible to-day without turning the barrel over often, and without giving the ever-renewed generations of readers suspicion that most that they get from the latest humorous paper is already in the books. To express new oil from jests once dry with wit and to-day not too dry with age, it is necessary only to fit it to modern instances, to apply it locally, or to connect it with the name of

a contemporary celebrity. To these three kinds of refitting all the essential jokes are repeatedly subjected by unwittingly and sometimes witlessly imitative laymen, and by professionals who deliberately ply their shears on old cloth. In some cases it is possible to tell which kind of hand has been at work.

As long ago as Molière the stock jest about the physician's impotency to cure was put in immortal form, and some time since a physician traced most of the jibes at his profession back to the ancients. The new element necessary to-day is simply a new disease or a recently discovered germ. "But you say you don't know what is the matter with me?" "I am unable at present to determine exactly," replies the doctor. "Oh, well, let it go at appendicitis; that's as cheap as any." Or: "Then make it a new disease and name it after me." Or: "My wife couldn't tell either, and she didn't charge me anything."

Ever since the trial of Socrates, prisoners and witnesses have been getting the better of the officers of the court, and every month the *Green Bag*, a magazine for lawyers, prints fresh or stale evidence that the layman often outwits the lawyer.

The jokes of old campaigns turn up every time the parties go to war to determine which politicians shall have opportunity to prove themselves statesmen (and right there is one of the familiar jests of politics). The newspaper man hunts for stories to fit each candidate. The vice of the newspaper is that the only necessary virtues are excitement and timeliness. A joke is considered twice as available if it is hitched to a rising star or one that has not waned in public interest. A recent newspaper announces that Henry Ward Beecher once said, "Possibly God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but certainly he never did." And possibly Beecher may have invented that joke, but certainly he never did, for in *The Complete Angler* Izaac Walton credited it to Dr. William Boteler (Butler), who died in 1621. It

was Frederick the Great who quizzed the little girl about the mineral, animal, and vegetable kingdoms, and to whom she replied, when he asked her to what kingdom he belonged, "To the Kingdom of Heaven, sire." The story was told of Frederick III, in his time, and within a year it has been told of the present Emperor. Any well-known man who tells a story without pretending that it is his, may see it next day in the public prints ascribed to his invention. The modern writer is on the watch for yarns and plots, and he cares not whence they come. A familiar story of a faithful dog who fetched a stick of dynamite to his master and pursued him with it, was seized on by four professional purveyors of fiction, and served up in four several magazines. A young man I know told his sister a string of old jokes about drunken men. She told them to a writer of magazine fiction, and they all appeared in a popular periodical wrought into an ingenious plot. The newspaper man is more keenly pressed for matter than the writer of confessed fiction, and his attitude toward fact is much the same. If he cannot do better he is forced to take old stories, and introduce them as the latest production of a man who is "good copy."

Thomas B. Reed, the statesman from Maine, and Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, the politician from New York (again the familiar joke entered in my card catalogue as No. 9999, and made in one form by Mr. Reed himself), are known as tellers of stories and crackers of quips. Mr. Reed was certainly a humorist of the Yankee type which in its highest literary form is Mark Twain. By the way, the Yankee humorist received an adroit dig in the ribs from the Kentucky economist, statesman, and master of literary style, Colonel Henry Watterson. He is reported to have advised Mr. John Sharp Williams not to damage his political efficiency by getting a reputation as congressional humorist. "If you do tell a story, tell it with a Yankee drawl, so they'll think you're from New England." Mr. Reed

is one of the few men in public life since Lincoln who have succeeded in driving in tandem a dignified reputation as master of affairs and an international notoriety caparisoned in jingling bells.

Knowing that the Reed gold label will make inferior goods salable in the market place, and that the label is not protected by the patent laws, the newspaper space artist takes his typewriter in hand and writes: "The late Tom (never Thomas) Reed was one day walking down the aisle of the House"— So much for a winning introduction which makes the reader sit up. The newspaper man then takes down a volume of the *Encyclopædia of American Political Humor*, and finds on page 2345 that when the Hawaiian Islands were under discussion a congressman made a pun on "aisle" and "isle." Transferring the pun to Mr. Reed and the Philippines, the forger of anecdote proceeds: "Mr. Reed found a Democratic congressman blocking the way. He paused a moment, and as the man did not remove himself to give room for the bulky form of the Czar, Mr. Reed said in his well-known drawl, a smile on his intelligent face, 'Sir, I believe you said in your speech on Hawaii that even in savage isles all men have equal rights. Have you established a monopoly in this one?' The Democrat moved aside and Mr. Reed proceeded to the Speaker's chair amid the roars of the bystanders." Mr. Reed usually spoke in a calm low voice, but according to the newspapers, whenever he said anything funny, people heard him for five blocks and roared.

I know that this illustrative anecdote represents truly the habits of the newspaper joke counterfeiter, for I have just invented the story myself. Alas for the business of Mr. Reed if he ever said half the funny things set down to his credit and discredit! He must have jested eight hours a day for fifty years. So Mr. Depew, who is evidently willing to spend a part of the day in the manufacture and repair of humor, could not have made even the bad stories the authorship of

which is charged upon his shoulders. Indeed History tells us that many jokes with which he has eloped were wedded to other humorists before he was born, and he must be aware of this from his extensive reading.

One thing that Mr. Reed did say had been said before he thought of it, and it has been said a few times since his death. I mean his retort to the man who boasted that he'd rather be right than be president. "The gentleman," said Mr. Reed, "will never be either." A later variation of this joke was made by a gentleman on whom was urged the nomination to an office which seems to be undesirable, though many of us would like to hold it. "You are wrong," said the party boss, "to refuse this nomination. You are wronging your party, your country, and yourself." "Well," was the reply, "as the fellow did not say, I'd rather be wrong than be vice-president." An earlier variation antedating Mr. Reed was perpetrated in Boston, an obsolescent city on the Atlantic coast which once produced things by which the rest of the country has profited ever since. An Irishman of wit and poetic distinction cried in the heat of argument, "I'd rather be Irish than be right." And a friend rejoined, "You're more likely to be."

Mr. Reed's form of the joke had sufficiently wide circulation, and it has always been indissolubly linked with Mr. Reed's name. But behold in the year 1904 appears the following in a Louisville paper. Note the new cast of characters and especially the alleged authorship of a local celebrity from Chicago, obscurity standing sponsor for the illustrious. "I had a dream last night," said Willis P. Gathright, of Chicago, at Seelbach's Hotel. "It was about Judge Alton B. Parker. I dreamed that Judge Parker was making an argument, and concluded his speech by saying, 'I am right. I know I am, and I would rather be right than be president.'" William Jennings Bryan stood near Judge Parker, and with a mischievous look in his flashing

eyes, said: "Don't worry about that, Judge; you'll never be either." The surprising thing is not that this joke should appear thus refurnished in a Kentucky paper, but that the *New York Sun*, which prides itself on being alert, should have copied the story with credit to its Louisville contemporary.

Lincoln staggers under a greater burden of anecdote than any man of a later generation, for his anthology of real and spurious story is lumbered with the accretion of half a century. No doubt he was a great joker and story-teller, and no doubt he told his stories to so many people that few have been lost. No man, however, even an idle gossip, could have spoken the number of words that are recorded as having come from the lips of this overworked man. Him the inventor of bogus biography has not spared. The ingredients of a Lincoln story are a semi-political conference of some sort and homely analogy. I have made several Lincoln stories, and I thought of setting one down here to show how the crime is committed. But I have too much to answer for already. My invention might be copied in the newspapers and accepted as genuine, just as the declared hypothetical letter from Mr. Roosevelt to a labor leader, which the *New York Evening Post* contrived for satirical purposes, was taken seriously, and was repudiated by Mr. Roosevelt and by the labor leader. Though I might label my story a pure fiction, it would be seized upon by Mary Mabel Jones, who is preparing a new *Life of Lincoln* for the Great Men as They Actually Were Series, and nothing that I could do in a lifetime of repentance would ever set the matter straight.

A latter-day victim of the anecdote factory is Mr. Carnegie, who being a Scot is accused of the parenthood of every story found in Geikie's *Reminiscences* and other Caledonian compilations. He is the scapegoat who succeeded Ian McLaren after the Drumtochty blaze burned out in this country. I do not know whe-

ther Mr. Carnegie is a great raconteur, but — well, there were public libraries before he began to hand them round.

Years ago Professor Blackie of Edinburgh, who has been dead ten years, put a notice on his door that he could not meet his "classes" that day. Some waggish student rubbed out the "c," the professor saw the erasure and promptly struck out the "l." In 1904 the story appeared appended to the name of Professor John F. Genung of Amherst. Long study of Professor Genung's Rhetoric convinces me that he is humorist enough to have been hero of that little comedy, and without asking him, it is impossible to say that this thing did not happen at Amherst; but if the editor who last paid money for the joke cared at all about truth, economy, and the origin of the anecdote species, even if he did not know the Blackie story, he might have reasoned it out that the joke is probably Scotch; for "lasses" is a word that the Scotch eye would see concealed in "classes" whereas the word is almost obsolete to the American. But of course the newspaper editor does not care a rap who the professor was, and it is cheaper to pay for an old joke than it is to dig it out in the libraries.

Sometimes a story is hung on shoulders which no tailoring could make it fit. A reputable periodical printed a story of one of the gentlest, most courteous humorists, which represented him as making a great racket at a merry gathering in his flat. The man in the flat below sent up word that the noise disturbed him. The servant said, "Mr. Jones says he cannot read." "Can't he?" was the ill-bred repartee. "Tell him I could when I was only four years old." And this, which might have done honor to Whistler's rudeness, was attributed to a man who could not do or say anything impolite. The truth is that the ordinary newspaper editor, so long as he keeps on the right side of the fence which the law has set up, does not care whether he slanders a gentleman. The newspaper has come in

for so much scolding at the hands of critics and moralists that any one even remotely related to the press is inclined to defend a great and useful profession where hard work is the rule, and where on the whole a sound intelligence is the guide. If the honest newspaper editor were not driven to nervous hysteria by overwork, no doubt he would take more time to think about the little anecdotes that fill the chinks, and he would consider whether Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Howells or Mark Twain, men of known personality, could or would have said the many discreditable things which the humorist lends to their lips.

Newspaper editors have more important things to think about. But the "humorous" periodical ought to do better than the newspaper. It is a pity that America has no adequate funny paper, no periodical which expresses in a catholic way the humor of which America boasts. We ought as a nation to do at least as well as the Germans do in *Fliegende Blätter* or as the English do in *Punch*. On the whole the casual newspaper paragraphs and joke corners, especially those in the Chicago journals, are wittier and wiser than our comic weeklies. They show what the American joker could do, if he had a good national medium of satirical writing, up to the standard of *Punch*. The odd thing is that the American is inclined to hoot at *Punch*, which as a collection of humor has beaten us in every way for fifty years. When Emerson said in his essay on Fate that *Punch* prints with fatalistic — perhaps he meant fatal — regularity one good joke a week, he did the London weekly the minimum of justice. For finished satire, adroit parody, skillful verses as good as Gilbert and Owen Seaman, the American reader has to go to the English "Charivari." Though the humor sometimes palls for us because it is remote from our national interests, yet *Punch* regularly leaves its American contemporaries out of the race. If the weekly pictures of some awkward rider coming a

cropper are wearisome intrinsically and in repetition, they are at least as good as the endless pictures which recur in our satirical papers, of tailor-made youths and offensively pretty girls, whose slender dialogue is quoted beneath their fashion-plate portraits. One can excuse the weekly stench of the automobiles, for persistent satire against a foe has cumulative value and makes for reform. But the taste for cupids and hearts, for kisses petrified and prolonged in the moveless permanence of wash drawings, for bare-necked ladies who are doing nothing worth while, and lovers who are saying nothing directly or indirectly funny, for limericks in Mr. Kr. Sr. a hundred times reprinted,—surely the taste for all this is not for a humorous paper to cater to, but matter against which good humorous satire would properly be directed. The trouble is that the humorous papers, like many other publications, breed their own kind in the contributors, and bring up an inbred family of wits. If a joke has pleased, one near like it will also please. The minds of editors, like those of great men, run in the same channel. As my cynic friend told me at the outset, the contributor knows that imitation brings the sincerest acceptance.

Not long ago I read the old joke about the Scotsman who, in accordance with the habit of lairds to call themselves by their estate, registered in a hotel book, "Cluny and Mrs. McPherson." An American followed him in the hotel register with "4506 Wabash Av., and Mrs. Brown." An American Episcopalian bishop reminds us of the power of British tradition in our humbler land by signing himself "William Albany." A Methodist bishop grimly records himself as "John Oshkosh" (or Schenectady, or Terre Haute, or Boise City, according to the location of the newspaper that robs the boneyard). And what are all these jokes but the old one which has been told of every American who is known to adorn his travels with a body servant? In its most common form it appears that a well-

known war correspondent registered at the hotel: "Richard Harding Gibson and Valet." And of course somebody signed, "John Smith and Valise."

A favorite trick of the anecdote-maker, as of the writer of historical romance, is to provoke astonishment by suddenly revealing the great man in disguise. It is a device easily applied to any distinguished personage. A private unwittingly insults General Grant in the dark (*vide* Shakespeare's *Henry V*); a stranger in St. Petersburg asks a gentleman for a light for his cigar, a simple and not discourteous thing to do according to American standards, but it turns out that the man who so politely lends his lighted cigar is the Grand Duke Spitzovitch or the Czar himself! ! ! ! (That is the way to punctuate this kind of story.) I have seen the same thrilling yarn of the great man incognito told about King Edward, Kaiser Wilhelm, Emperor Franz-Joseph, Ruskin and Queen Victoria (the last two were of course not smoking). Here is the most recent that I have clipped from the prints:

"King Leopold, who has been spending his vacation at Biarritz, came out of his bath one morning, and collided with a portly man who evidently did not know the king in his bathing suit. 'What do you mean, sir?' snorted the man savagely. 'I would have you know I am a member of the Paris City Council!' 'Then I offer a thousand apologies,' replied the king at once (no hesitation, mind you, "at once"). 'I am only the King of the Belgians.'"

So the cycles of jokes revolve, disappear and reappear. I have written several which came back to roost with their spurs clipped, branded "English Magazine." My own inventions have been submitted to me as the personal experiences of somebody else, usually a great man whom I have not met. The Shakespearean series, born-achieve-thrust-upon, applies no less to jokes than to babies and greatness. The whole process of jokeology, from origin to latest printing,

is human and engaging. All people like jokes and all would make them if they could. The chestnut and the latest invention minister alike to a need of our

spirit. All good jokes shall live to be chestnuts, and good chestnuts shall not die, for a real joke is known by the humor it keeps.

LAFCADIO HEARN, THE MAN

BY NOBUSHIGE AMENOMORI

TOWARD the close of autumn, eight years ago, Hearn sent me a letter of condolence upon my sister's death, and said,—

"What a world it is! We think of our absent friends and acquaintances always as we last saw them, and rarely think of the possibilities of change of conditions till we hear of them that such changes have occurred. The older I grow, the more fragile and fugitive everything seems."

Who could have thought that the writer of these words had unwittingly anticipated in them the feelings of his friends at the news of his own untimely death? It took place at nine o'clock on the night of the 26th of September last, the cause being paralysis of the heart. I was in Kamakura, when the news came to me. I could not believe it was true. Then I doubted my eyes that read it, and then I doubted I was awake; but the sad event, alas! was not a dream. I returned home next day to pay mournful tributes of friendship to the man whom I can never forget.

Many are the letters he wrote to me on various occasions, and these have now become, alas! his keepsake. Not a few of his readers would, perhaps, like to know more as to the author himself than could be gathered from his books. I shall attempt a slight delineation of the man, Lafcadio Hearn, corroborating my statements with quotations from his letters;¹

¹ Hearn's letters often bear no date; and as it would be tedious to specify each time I quote whether the letter is dated or not, I shall dispense with dates altogether in the quotations given hereafter.

for it appears he has been somehow misunderstood by the reading public, especially with regard to his character and religious persuasion.

First let us consider his literary side. Owing to the inimitable charm of his style, some critics have been led to suppose that the author occasionally invented stories to suit his own taste. But this is a mistake. Hearn himself says,—

"I do not *invent*² my stories. I get them from Japanese life — facts told in papers, facts told me by pilgrims, travellers, servants, — facts observed in travelling myself."

He made observations at home also. Even his own children did not escape them. He writes of his little son thus,—

"My little boy is talking well: it is always 'Botchan'³ wants' — 'Botchan sees.' The idea of 'I' has not yet come, — just as in Western children, who say 'Willie wants' — etc., never 'I want.' But the real idea of 'I' and the wonder and mystery of it do not come till much later in life: I was thirty before it fully came."

He was insatiable in getting information. The more he got, the more did he want to know, and ever retained what he had learned. Once when he asked me some questions on Buddhism, he added,—

"Don't imagine that I know anything.

² The italics are Hearn's, and so are all others in the quotations hereafter given.

³ *Botchan*, a polite, endearing way of calling a boy, somewhat corresponding to the French *petit monsieur*.

I have read as many Sūtras as I could find in English or French, — that is all."

I was then too busily occupied with other matters to give him a sufficient answer. I could send him only a short note with apology. He wrote me in return,—

"Nothing valuable is ever lost upon me, — even your least word containing a new thought; and your letter was more than valuable."

When making studies on Shinto shrines he wrote me,—

"You understand, of course, how difficult it is for a foreigner to convey to Western minds the feeling of these things as they impress *him*. On the other hand, he *cannot* convey the feeling of the Japanese mind, because he has not experienced it. He can only guess or imagine."

Yet how correctly Hearn "guessed or imagined" the "feeling of the Japanese mind" is amply shown in some of his papers, such as "*Yūko*"¹ and "*The Japanese Smile*".² No Japanese could give a better elucidation of those subjects. Still the author was modest in estimating his own powers, as the following quotation will show:—

"You will be glad to hear that I have already half-finished a new book on Japan. It will be about the same size as *Out of the East*. I must tell you also that your frank encouragement, as a representative Japanese thinker, gave me the principal stimulus. I had done scarcely anything before your letter reached me."

For a man with Hearn's powers of insight and expression to call my admiration of his performance "the principal stimulus" for further work! — this may seem preposterous, if not ironical; but it was his modesty that prompted him. This puts me in mind of an incident told me by the late Colonel John A. Cockerill of New York. It happened at the Oriental Hotel in Kobe, while the veteran journalist was traveling in Japan in 1895. To give it in the colonel's words,—

"While chatting with Hearn of our

mutual friends and old incidents in the hotel reading room, an American gentleman of scholarly appearance caught the name of Hearn, and happening to know me by sight, he came up and requested an introduction to the author. This being complied with, he said: 'Mr. Hearn, I have visited Japan several times, and I may say that I have read everything of interest touching her people and her history that I could find, and I wish to say that in my opinion you have written the most interesting and valuable work on Japan that the world possesses to-day. I merely want to shake your hand, and thank you for your splendid achievement.' I studied the quaint little writer while these words were spoken — words of sincere praise, which should have warmed the heart of any aspirant for literary recognition. He blushed like a girl, stammered his thanks, and turned away with a diffidence which he could not control."³

This modesty made Hearn a conscientious writer desirous to render everything he wrote indisputably correct, as shown in the following:—

"Hope I am not intruding upon you with questions at too busy a time, — and please do not inconvenience yourself, if otherwise immediately occupied. But I am anxious to get a few pages of MS. (herewith enclosed) corrected by you, — especially as regards the spelling and meaning of the proper names."

Always setting less value on his own abilities than their actual worth, as is usual with a real inquirer, he resented what he considered undue praise. He wrote to me once of an author who was on a visit to Japan, and who had sent him a letter highly complimenting him on his books, —

"I had a letter from him [the above mentioned author] some time ago, full of such fulsome and offensive compliments that I supposed he was trying to be sarcastic. At all events I wrote back rather

¹ In *Out of the East*.

² In *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*.

³ The colonel wrote afterward the incident to the *New York Herald*, and sent me a clipping thereof. I quote from the clipping.

sharply that I thought him a fine master of sarcasm, and I have not heard from him since. It will be interesting to observe how he takes things. I fear he intends to take Japan altogether from the standpoint of an *homme du monde*, — which will be utterly absurd. And I fear also that he forms his ideas at the Club — that nest of gossip and slander. . . . I send you his letter; you know me well enough to understand that it vexed me."

But Hearn sought and welcomed honest, sincere criticisms. In fact, he and myself used to exchange criticisms on our performances. Sometimes we read or sent to each other our manuscripts before publishing them. In order to show the better how he appreciated a well-meant criticism, let me first cite a few instances of *his* way of treatment, as a friendly critic, of some papers submitted to his judgment. Once, by way of an answer to his questions on Buddhism, I sent him a copy of a manuscript I had previously prepared on the same subjects as those to which his questions related, telling him he could make whatever use he liked of it, and requesting him at the same time to let me know his opinion about it. He wrote back:—

"Your magnificent replies to the questions asked (more than exhaustive, and so admirably written, that the document, printed by itself just as it stands, would immediately win recognized value) simply *delighted* me. I don't know how to thank you. The thing is really beautiful, and my obligation to you is not small. With this MS. I can very easily finish my sketch. The MS. itself puts me, however, rather in awe of you. I shall feel quite 'shaky' about your judgment of my forthcoming book, — you will find so many errors in it."

This is flattering, indeed, coming from a writer such as Hearn. But here is another one on a manuscript sketch, the merit of which I had felt a little "shaky" about.

"Although you say that you do not need an answer to your last kind letter,

I think it will be better to write about the MS. matter at once — so that the not-agreeable subject of our coming discussion may be settled in advance. To be quite brief, then, — the MS. *won't do at all*; and I can only advise you to burn it at once."

And he adduced so many convincing reasons for his "quite brief" advice, that I promptly threw the paper into the fire; and we had a hearty laugh over the matter, when we met a few days later.

Now about the way in which Hearn received criticisms. Of the manner in which he accepted a favorable one, an instance has already been given above, — his calling it "the principal stimulus" for further labors. Let me quote from another of his letters to show how he took unfavorable criticisms.

"Your last letter, just received, completely *smashes* me, and I rather enjoy being smashed. As for 'wanting to know,' I should like to sit down at your feet for two or three years, and learn one ten-thousandth part of the strange and beautiful things which you know. Of course the changes shall be made as you indicate."

But he did not make "changes," unless he was thoroughly convinced of the truth of criticism. Sometimes it required repeated exchange of letters before that conviction came. At such a time he would write me a sort of excuse for his persistence, as if it required any apology. Here is an example:—

"I hope you will not think it preposterous for me to resist criticism until I find myself *obliged* to give in. That is really the duty of a writer under all ordinary circumstances, because he is supposed to do his best, and change of one word may affect the whole construction and quality (especially musical) of a sentence. But these circumstances are extraordinary, and it does seem a little '*cheeky*' not to accept *your* criticisms at *once*, instead of trying to oppose them. But you know why, — so many other things are involved in any change. Thank you again

for your kindness in criticising: even if I 'kick against the pricks' for a moment, I am not less grateful and delighted on that account."

If he was very careful in making any change in what he had written, he was still more careful in writing an original piece. So far as I know, he never wrote on "the spur of the moment" anything that appeared under his signature. He took time. In a letter written in August, 1894, he says,—

"In 1890 I used to get chances to talk with a delightful old priest of the Jōdo¹ sect. Part of our conversation I transcribed; but various circumstances obliged me to postpone the rest of the work,—especially the conviction that some years of experience would be necessary to enable me to make it effective."

And he never wrote one sketch or essay at a time. He did not begin at the beginning; he worked at parts first, and from parts built up a whole. In answer to my letter, in which I mentioned the difficulty I found in beginning an essay or a sketch, he wrote,—

"What you say about *beginning* is eminently true. Therefore I never '*begin*.' It is too much trouble. I write down the easiest thing first, then something else,—finally the forty or fifty fragments interlink somehow, and shape into a body. It is like the Prophet's vision of dry bones."

In certain cases it took a considerable time for the "fragments" to "shape into a body." Besides, in writing on some subjects, Hearn was not satisfied with having simply seen, read, understood them; he waited till he *felt* them. Until the desired sensation, feeling, came upon him, his mind was in a state of restless suspense. Let me quote from a letter written in that mood.

"But somehow, working is 'against the grain.' I get no thrill, no *frisson*, no sensation. I want new experiences, perhaps; and Tōkyō is no place for them. Perhaps the power to feel thrill dies with

¹ *Jōdo*; a sect of Buddhism in Japan.

the approach of a man's fiftieth year. Perhaps the only land to find the new sensations is in the Past,—floats blue-peaked under some beautiful dead sun 'in the tropic clime of youth.' Must I die and be born again to feel the charm of the Far East;—or will Nobushige Amenomori discover for me some unfamiliar blossom growing beside the Fountain of Immortality? Alas, I don't know! He is largely absorbed by things awfully practical,—guidebooks, hotels, silk-stocks, markets, and politics,—I suppose. He has little time to travel to the Islands of the Blest."

For instance, I have personal knowledge that "A Conservative," in his *Ko-koro*, took near two years to finish, and "Nirvana" in *Gleanings in Buddha-Fields*, a little more than three.

But once he got his desired "feeling," he was "honest to himself," and believed that he had made at least "an approach to truth." And in order to publish the truth he had thus found, he did all that lay in his power. He used to say, "Literary work is nearly all sacrifice." Fame or profit did not form his main object. His principal aim was to get at truth, and once having secured it, he boldly gave it out; he did not mind what immediate consequences it might bring upon him, firmly believing that the truth he unfolded would win at length. He says,—

"So far as the success of a man's ideas go, one need never be anxious. Give them to the world, and the world will learn to value them at last,—even after the writer has ceased to appear on the streets. Time weeds out the errors and stupidities of cheap success, and preserves the truth. It takes, like the aloe, a very long time to flower, but the blossom is all the more precious when it appears."

Thus confiding in the final triumph of his ideas, he smiled at some criticisms which they evoked. Shortly after the publication of *Gleanings in Buddha-Fields* he wrote to me,—

"I am getting a number of letters about

the last book,—the Buddhist papers seem to have made an impression. . . . You will be amused at some of the religious notices,—regretting my power to debauch the ‘minds of my pupils.’”

Being a master of expression, Hearn labored rather at analyzing and defining his own ideas or feelings, than at polishing his sentences. He was unconsciously conscious, so to speak, of his own ability to express *any* idea or feeling, if only he could get a clear view of it. This fact is disclosed in the advice he gave me, when I told him of the dissatisfaction I felt with a story I had written. After giving a rough analysis of one of his contemplated books, he proceeds,—

“Now with regard to your own sketch or story. If you are quite dissatisfied with it, I think this is probably due *not* to what you suppose,—imperfection of expression,—but rather to the fact that some *latent* thought or emotion has not yet defined itself in your mind with sufficient sharpness. You feel something and have not been able to express the feeling—only because you do not yet quite know what it is. We feel without understanding feeling; and our most powerful emotions are the most undefinable. This must be so, because they are inherited accumulations of feeling, and the multiplicity of them—superimposed one over another—blurs them, and makes them dim, even though enormously increasing their strength. . . . *Unconscious* brain work is the best to develop such latent feeling or thought. By quietly writing the thing over and over again, I find that the emotion or idea often *develops itself* in the process,—unconsciously. Again, it is often worth while to *try* to analyze the feeling that remains dim. The effort of trying to understand exactly what it is that moves us sometimes proves successful. . . . If you have any feeling—no matter what—strongly latent in the mind (even only a haunting sadness or a mysterious joy), you may be sure that it is expressible. Some feelings are, of course, very difficult to develop. I shall

show you one of these days, when we see each other, a page that I worked at for *months* before the idea came clearly. . . . When the best result comes, it ought to surprise you, for our best work is out of the Unconscious.”

The “page” at which he had labored so hard I found, on our next meeting, to be a fragment of an intended essay on a palm-tree,—the emotion caused by the sight of a palm-tree as a possible result of many ancestral memories. He said then, “Probably this will never be finished.” Unfortunately it proved more than probable. The essay was never finished.

Among his proposed, yet unfinished works may be mentioned sketch-books of life in Tōkyō and in open-ports, and an essay on the Buddhist Hell. The reasons for their non-completion may be seen in the following quotation:—

“I thought of a series of sketches of open-port life; but I have been able to write only one. The open-port life is life in which I cannot mingle: I have no sympathies with it;—it jars on me—only makes me wish to be back again in Oki or Izumo.”

And this:—

“Meanwhile I keep collecting things for a book about Tōkyō life, to be completed perhaps within two years; but I have no heart for the subject just now. I don’t like Tōkyō very much. I have no overpowering impulses to write anything about it.”

Or once more, rather jocosely:—

“Don’t feel now like writing about Hell; I shall later on perhaps. But familiarity with a place spoils all inclination to write about it, and my soul is in H.,—at least in Tōkyō,—which seems to me identical. . . . Come up some time, and console me, when you have nothing else to do.”

This trait of Hearn, his dislike of open-port or city life, has misled some people into regarding him as an eccentric or a recluse. Let us take up this point; and it brings us to consideration of Hearn’s social side. He had, no doubt, some ecen-

tricities, but a man who is anything of a genius is more or less eccentric, and Hearn had no small claim to that title. But a recluse he certainly was not. While in the employ of the government school in Kumamoto he wrote me,—

“By the way, I am hoping to leave the Gov’t service, and begin journalism at Kobe. I am not sure of success; but Gov’t service is uncertain to the degree of terror,—a sword of Damocles; and Gov’t does n’t employ men like you as teachers. If it did, and would give them what they should have, the position of a foreign teacher would be pleasant enough. He would be among thinkers, and find some kindness,—instead of being made to feel that he is only the servant of petty political clerks. And I have been so isolated, that I must acknowledge the weakness of wishing to be among Englishmen again—with all their prejudices and conventions.”

And again,—

“I wish there was some kindred soul here to exchange ideas with betimes,—and that soul yours. However, if we cannot talk, or walk through some luminous street at night, we can surely write betimes. When you are not too busy, I hope you will write me, and feel assured of a prompt reply.”

Such are not the letters of a recluse. Hearn did not like isolation, yet he was driven into it for the most part by what he saw, or thought he saw, in city life. Being possessed of a keen intellect and a pure, sincere heart, and filled with lofty enthusiasm for truth, he utterly disliked affectation. He was an implacable hater of shams. The following was written some time after he had settled in the capital:

“The Tōkyō affectations of culture are disgusting shams; I do not think there is one f—r in the capital capable even of stating correctly the position of the higher agnosticism,—not one, even if you put all the books on the subject in his hands. These men try to read the thoughts of the nineteenth century with the ideas of the eighteenth! They read words, and

think they are reading thoughts;—just as if I were to think by looking at a column of Chinese characters that I was really reading Chinese!!”

Not only was he disgusted with seeing in others what he thought affectation, but he abhorred to appear himself in the least degree affected. Shortly after he had taken the chair of English Literature in the Imperial University, Tōkyō, when I wrote him a letter, I addressed him as Professor Lafcadio Hearn, etc., on the envelope. He wrote back,—

“Perhaps it will seem strange to you, but I *do* feel a little uncomfortable at being addressed as Professor. I don’t feel wise enough yet for that title, though I may have, according to the suggestion of the University folks, to let it appear on my next title-page. But I am not even a graduate of any *school*, much less of a university.”

Next time I wrote, I told him it was quite needless for him to feel uneasy about being called a professor, because he *was* a professor in a university; and, with regard to his being a non-graduate, I cited the examples of J. S. Mill, H. Spencer, and others, and said that it is not from the machine-dug wells of universities alone that we get water of knowledge, but that there have been springs and fountains of truth, whence have gushed out living streams, giving new life to human thought; not to speak of such men as Socrates, Confucius, Jesus, and Sakyamuni, none of whom was the product of a university workshop. Hearn replied,—

“Your letter—at least the first part of it¹—gave me much pleasure: the second part did not convert me. What you call my modesty, is rather the fear of immodesty,—of appearing willing to figure, among my friends, as something much bigger than I know myself to be. What you say about our non-university giants is indeed true; the great minds seldom issue from universities,—but they change human thought. As for this

¹ My answers to some questions on Buddhism and other matters.

waif here, however, he does not know what he could really ‘profess,’ — except a fair knowledge of Herbert Spencer. No: please do *not* write ‘Professor’ on the envelope; to you I do not wish ever to be anything more than plain ‘H’ or ‘K.’”¹

He loved the society of simple, sincere, open-hearted men, among whom he could with ease “call a spade a spade.” Consequently he was fond of mingling with farmers, workmen, laborers, and fishermen. As an instance of it, let me quote from a letter he sent me just after his return from a trip to Fuji. Owing to the difficulty he experienced in making the ascent, he engaged four *goriki*, experienced coolie-guides who carry the luggage of the traveler, and help him on the road. Of these men he says,—

“Perhaps the trouble with me was not merely that I am old and fat, but that I have what the *goriki* call *buta-ashi*,² — little narrow feet that can take no hold of anything. Coming down, the guides made me don *tabi*³ and *waraji*,⁴ — and very good they felt to my feet. I have had the experience at all events, — never to be forgotten; — it will remain with me till I join all the dead people who looked at sunrise from Fuji. And there will be mixed with it a certain grateful — I might honestly say, affectionate — remembrance of my *goriki*. What splendid good hearty simple fellows they were, — and (forgive me for saying it) I wish the officials of the New Japan could be like them!”

Sometimes, however, this yearning after the society of simple-hearted men carried him to extremes. Here is an instance:—

“To get out of Japan would indeed be delightful for us both, were there better conditions to reach. Such conditions exist in the tropics and especially, perhaps, in the great tropical archipelago south of us. But soon there will be no simple, hap-

py life in all this world. Mechanical industrialism and its vices and its ugliness are invading and destroying all things. In America, in Europe also, the advantage of living means still the ability to meet sincere and earnest men, — to form unconventional fraternal circles, — to nourish the mind with literature and art. But every year, every day, every hour, the difficulty of living in London or Paris or Munich or Venice, etc., becomes more extraordinary. The most one can reasonably hope for, perhaps, is a tropical rest in the Malay region or in Equatorial South America. The former is possible now at any time, — the latter will be impossible for a long period to come. Elsewhere I see no chance, — except in the Arctic or Antarctic desolation. The plague of machinery is upon the world, and is transforming the human mind.”

At “home” and to his “old friends” no husband was more kind, no father more fond, and no man more lovable than Lafcadio. For his family he worked hard, and suffered much. For their sake he lived in “Hell,” went to “the treadmill,” “the grind,” and bore hardships such as he would never have borne, had he remained single. He was utterly disgusted with government service. He called it “an ugly business.” Yet he went three times into it merely for the benefit of his family. A little before accepting the professorship in the Imperial University, he wrote to me,—

“Awhile ago I felt that I should have to leave Japan this summer, but now it seems likely that I shall go back into Government service. I don’t like to; — I should rather be teaching in a Buddhist or a country school; and the prospects are that I shall be ‘squeezed out’ as soon as possible. But the opportunity is good for my folks’ sake, and may allow me chances to make another volume or two on Japan.”

And thus on another occasion,—

“My best regards to you and all your kind household. Sorry to hear you have been ill. I am sick, too, — a little, — but

¹ K = Koizumi, Hearn’s Japanese name.

² *Buta-ashi*, a pig’s foot.

³ *Tabi*, cloven stockings.

⁴ *Waraji*, straw sandals.

manage to scrape along. And I am soul-sick, too, angry about things, — unjust things. . . . If I did n't belong to other and happier lives than my own, I think I should like to become a monk."

Indeed, it was solely for the sake of those "other and happier lives" that depended on him for subsistence, that he became a Japanese subject. Previous to the coming into force of the revised treaties, and while there obtained in Japan the extra-territorial jurisdiction of the treaty-powers, properties left intestate by the foreigners that had married Japanese wives used to go, not to their families in this country, but to their relations at home. Hearn knew this, and therefore wished to put it beyond dispute, by getting himself naturalized in this country, that his whole estate — whatever that might be — should devolve on his family he so much loved. But there was then in Japan no law of naturalization except by adoption. Under such circumstances the only way open to him of obviating the difficulties was to get himself adopted in the family of his wife's father. Accordingly he did so, and assumed the Japanese name of Yakumo Koizumi. On this matter I find it inconvenient to quote from his letters to substantiate the foregoing statements, because the letters are of a character too personal to be printed. But I am in position to say that his anxiety for the welfare of his family was the only motive of his assumption of Japanese citizenship, because I was one of the few friends he consulted on the business at the time; and I liked him the more for this marked demonstration of his love of wife and children.

I have said that, to his friends, no man was more lovable than Lafcadio. On this topic I can cull his kind words from all his letters in my possession. A few, however, will suffice.

When I had sore eyes, and asked his pardon for not having answered his letter sooner, he wrote me, —

"Even if you had no justifiable reason for not writing to me, or speaking to me,

I certainly should not feel angry towards you — though I might feel disappointed or grieved; but as it is, I can only say that I feel a very sincere pain to hear that you have trouble with your eyes. I shall not write much, for fear of giving you needless trouble in reading my scribble — yet I must beg you to be extremely careful. Your eyes are your life, in one sense; and I have had so much agony with my own, that I can scarcely bear to think of your running any risks. I pray you to be very careful indeed, and to let me know if I can help you in case you need it."

Were telepathy established on a sufficiently scientific basis, we might regard the following as an instance of it. Early in May, 1896, I met with an accident as I rode in a jinrikisha down the slope of a hill. The puller stumbled. I jumped out from my seat, but my garment was caught by something, and I fell headlong on the ground. My shoulder struck against a stone that stood by, and the left arm was dislocated. I was laid up, and unable to write to Hearn for some time. When at length I informed him of it, he answered me under the date of the 6th of June, —

"I feared that something in *Kokoro* had given you offence, and that you did not intend to write to me any more; then, on the night of the 4th, I had a curious dream about you. You pointed to your breast on the right side, near the shoulder, and said something which I do not know (in dreams you rarely hear voices, you only *feel* words); then I saw you were very much hurt. But I thought it was the lungs. Then, waking, I said — 'Only a dream!' and I made a note of the time. So your letter surprised me. Perhaps there is more of a ghostly sympathy between us than I know."

Such is the tone of his letters sent me when I was ill; let me quote from some others also. The following was written when he had removed to his new house. Is there a note more charming than this?

"My present hours at the University are scattered through morning and afternoon; so that you *might* come when I am

out. I therefore have told everybody to coax you in, whether I am absent or not, and to keep you. My house is now tolerably comfortable, — (though far inferior to any of the Izumo *kachū-yashiki*),¹ — and my books are in order. So far as you care for accommodation in this rather remote part of Tōkyō, my house is yours, *mi casa es a la disposicion de Vd.*; but I suppose that you have much finer houses at your disposal, though I should feel inclined to dispute whether they contain friends who would be more happy to see you."

Or this? —

"The other day at Uyeno, what should I see for sale but a *sakura-no-seirei*,² — kakemono! Only two yen sixty sen, I believe. Did n't I seize upon it with joy! Though cheap, it is quite pretty; and when I get it mounted, you will see it. I am going to hang it in the room you sleep in sometimes, and when you stay overnight again, the pretty ghost will perhaps step out of the alcove, and caress you, — like the tapestry-woman in Gautier's beautiful story."

Of our mutual friend, Pay-Inspector McDonald, he says in another letter, —

"I have just had a kind letter from the dear Paymaster, who promises to come with you to see me before long, — after the next mail for home perhaps. I knew he would be much too busy to get away at once, for he is 'no slouch' in business and has more electric energy in him than five average John Bulls. He has lots to do just now, I am sure. (Keep his friendship, for he likes you thoroughly; and he is true as steel.)"

It is impossible to forget that afternoon when the "dear Paymaster" and myself went to see Lafcadio at Kugenuma, — near the island, Enoshima, — where he was spending with his family a summer vacation. We all went down to the beach. The day was fine. About half a mile in front of us lies Enoshima, Picturesque

¹ Old houses of samurai. Hearn occupied one of them, while at Matsuye, Izumo.

² The spirit of a cherry-tree.

Island, a mass of foliage floating on the blue; on our left the pine-grown cliffs of Katase and Inamura extend into the sea; and far off to the right the misty ranges of Hakone and Izu are faintly visible in the azure expanse; and above them all rises to the skies the ethereal cone of the snow-clad Fuji, where gods are said to dwell. We strip ourselves and plunge into the surf. We swim. Lafcadio, a good swimmer, makes somersaults in the water to show us his skill. We are in the best of spirits. Coming out of the sea, we play in pure Adamic suit like children on the beach. Terrified are the small crabs, for we chase them; preventing some from getting into their holes, and digging others out of holes. A young white dog of the village comes running to us, and joins us in the chase. We did not kill the crabs, be it said; we simply chased them for fun, only the dog had his own way of disposing of them. It seemed very short, that day; and dusk brought us back to Lafcadio's lodging. There we played with his children. The "dear Paymaster" taught Kazuwo, the eldest son, some gymnastic exercises; and Lafcadio and myself performed some acrobatic feats, vying with each other, to the great amusement of his wife, children, the nurses, and the hotel-servants. It was only the recollection of our duties of next day that obliged us, the Pay-Inspector and myself, to come back to Yokohama. Hearn returned to Tōkyō shortly after, and he wrote me, —

"We had a most glorious day at Kugenuma, which I shall never forget, — and I trust we shall have many another in divers places. Many thanks to you for bringing our dear friend down, — not less than for the good time itself."

I cannot forbear relating some incidents illustrative of his character. A few years ago, the street in front of his house was dug up to lay water-work pipes. One day a man was severely wounded, one of the pipes that were piled up having fallen on him. In a letter written next day Hearn says, —

"The whole street in front of my house

is now torn up, and I have to get special permission from the police to take my *kuruma*¹ round over the hill. There was a man killed, or nearly killed, yesterday in front of the house: a pipe fell on his back! I shall hate the sight of a water pipe for the rest of my mortal days."

I found afterwards that Hearn helped the poor man by defraying part of his hospital expense.

In summer, 1901, while he was staying with his family and a pupil at Yaizu, he went to a shabby barber's shop to get shaved. Delighted with the sharpness of the barber's razor, he asked the barber to sharpen for him a penknife. The knife was returned to Hearn next day. He was pleased with it, and sent his pupil with fifty *sen* to pay the man. But the economical student gave him only twenty *sen*, and brought back the balance, saying that the barber was quite satisfied with what he gave him. Hearn got angry. "Surely you would willingly pay a higher price," said he, "if the fellow kept a better shop. I pay for worth, and not for appearance." He told the student to go with the money right back to the man, and say to him that what other people gave him for a similar service was not a standard for Hearn, who was anxious to pay for his skill. The barber wrote a letter of thanks to Hearn. He showed it to me, and said that he was infinitely more glad to get it than he should be if he received some high-worded profession of gratitude from the Prime Minister.

Then he brought a black kitten from Yaizu. As he was taking a walk there, he met with a man who had something in his hand, wrapped in a piece of cloth; the thing seemed to budge. Hearn asked him what it was. The man answered it was a small cat, which he was going to throw into the sea. Hearn was moved with pity. He bought the kitten from the man. It was a sprightly little thing, skipping about like a spark. He called it Hinoko (Spark), and fondled it like a child.

Nay, his sympathy extended even to

¹ *Kuruma*; same as *jinrikisha*.

the inanimate. Within the precincts of the temple, Kobudera, there is a grove; and in that grove was a big old enoki, *celtis sinensis*. Hearn liked to see it every day from upstairs of his house. One stormy night its largest branch was broken by the gale, and, in falling upon the ground, damaged the fence and some tombstones. Two days later a committee of the parishioners held a meeting in the temple, and decided to cut down the tree. Hearn heard of this, and remonstrated with the men, saying that the old enoki had stood there for hundreds of years, and that it would be a great pity to cut it down, since the poor old patriarch of the grove had suffered enough by losing his great arm. In order the better to dissuade the committee, he mentioned some classical Japanese poems about the ghosts of ancient trees, and begged them to have mercy on the spirit of the aged enoki. But none of the men was of a poetical turn of mind; they said they would get good timber and fuel out of the tree. Thereupon Hearn proposed to buy it, with the ground on which it stood. The terms, however, were difficult to settle; the negotiation terminated, after much discussion, in exactly nothing. The enoki was felled, and its roots were dug up. Hearn missed it greatly. It was one of the causes that induced him to build a new house in Okubo, more than a mile distant from the temple, for he could not bear seeing the big gap that was made in the grove.

A man of such character could not well mingle in the busy, practical, or fashionable life of a city; therefore he shunned it, and was grossly misunderstood by those who were not admitted into his "fraternal circle." I have recently noticed in an English paper an article on Hearn. The writer, after highly praising the merits of Hearn's books, goes on,—

"But to do all this a great price had to be paid. . . . The price was the sacrifice of race, of language, of custom, habit, and very thought. . . . He left the world of his fellows, and entered a new one, he took a wife from among the foreign peo-

ple with whom he lived, he obtained citizenship and therefore had to sacrifice his former name, he changed his food, his habits, and ere long his religion, for Lafcadio Hearn, to still use the name by which he was known to us, became a Shintoist. He buried himself away from the haunts of visitors, so far and so deeply that when he died, two days elapsed ere the news of his death was published.”¹

The paper itself is not worthy of notice; but as it seems to embody the general misunderstanding about my friend, I am tempted to consider it a little minutely. To take up, then, the various points in their order. How can a man sacrifice his *race*? He may indeed change his nationality, in the sense of membership of a particular country, but his *race* will remain ever the same. He cannot possibly change it, except by a new birth; so that this point, Hearn’s sacrifice of his race, is out of question. And so is his “sacrifice of language,” for is it not his books that have made him famous? and are they not all written in English, his mother tongue? He spoke and wrote in English to his last moment. For a man who had lived for so many years in Japan, Hearn did not speak well the language of the country. He never spoke it, unless obliged to. This seems to have been a sort of crevice, through which slipped some mistakes into what he wrote. These are, however, minor ones, being generally about the etymology of some words, or about some details of Japanese etiquette or the plots of some dramas, in no way affecting the principal bearings of his stories or the main trend of his reasoning. His marriage with a Japanese lady was simply a matter of personal liking; and why and how he obtained Japanese citizenship has already been told above, so that it requires no repetition here. The business had no literary object whatever. That he changed his food, custom, and habits, how can a person who has never seen him, never

¹ Hearn desired that his death should be announced only to his friends, who alone were accordingly informed of it immediately.

been even to his house, presume to say? Hearn never took Japanese food except when traveling in the interior; and as to his custom and habits, let us have his own words:—

“What you tell me about Count Sasaki² rather surprises me. Of course it will be a great privilege to see him. But if I ever have the pleasure of going with you, you would have to pray him to excuse a man, who, although a Japanese in name, remains a barbarian in manners and total ignorance of etiquette.”

In fact, Hearn stuck to *his own* custom and habit, and that was the very reason why he was obliged to avoid “the haunts of visitors.” He knew very well the inevitable isolation of a man who resolves to be entirely himself. He says,—

“But I suppose you must know, or feel, that any one who wishes and resolves to be purely *himself*, must be isolated in all countries. The world’s fight is to prevent men from being themselves,—to mould them into the fashion of a day, deck them with a swallow-tail coat, and educate them to waste life and thought in the cultivation of conventions. Some very clever men are able to make a compromise, at great cost of self-worth; but the best men never obey, and are therefore left alone. I need not cite great names to you.”

If the reader compares this letter with the one quoted above, in which Hearn expresses his desire to have some kindred soul near him to talk with, the reader will accord at least that I know Hearn’s feeling on this matter. He strove to live as far as possible up to his *own* ideal, to be himself. Among his “friends” there were Englishmen, Americans, Frenchmen, and Italians, as well as Japanese. On the other hand, it was not every Japanese

² Count Sasaki is the gentleman in whose library I found the original of the story of the rebirth of Katsugoro, which appears in Hearn’s *Gleanings in Buddha-Fields*. The above letter was written in answer to mine, in which I told Hearn that the count was very desirous to see him, having known him so well by name.

who fared well with him, just as it was not every Occidental who found favor with him. He was a cosmopolitan in this respect; his likes and dislikes were not governed by the difference of race. It is not therefore correct to say, "He left the world of his fellows, and entered a new one." It would be more in accordance with fact to say that Hearn endeavored to leave the world of affectation and conventionalism, and to enter another of simplicity and sincerity. I have already quoted from his letters passages bearing on this point. He would have been "left alone" to a certain extent in whatever country he might have been. His success as an interpreter and expounder of the Japanese inner life and thought was due, not to any "sacrifice" he had made, but to his keen insight, deep sympathy, and insatiable desire to learn. It has always seemed to me wonderful that Hearn is almost sure to be correct, when he gives his own interpretation of Japanese ideas, rather than when he gives what he got from some unthinking student.

We come now to the most important of the points raised; the question whether he gave up his thought and religion. It is rather surprising to find that any one who has read Hearn's books should think the author had given up his thought. Indeed, the author described Japanese life, and interpreted Japanese thought, as no foreigner had ever done before him; but that was not sacrificing his ideas. He kept his thought intact; nay, he was maturing it. It was because some Japanese ideas coincided with *his own* that he took so deep an interest in them. To say that he sacrificed his thought in order to imbibe Japanese thought is to confess to a dead failure to perceive the evolutionist ideas that pervade his works on Japan. Unless a person has mastered the works of Herbert Spencer, whom Hearn almost adored, — especially the *Principles of Biology*, *Psychology*, and *Ethics*, — he cannot read Hearn's books on Japan in the light in which the author meant that they should be read.

Did Hearn "sacrifice" or "change" his religion, and become a Shintoist or a Buddhist? Nothing would be more absurd than to answer this question in the affirmative. For, first of all, Lafcadio Hearn had absolutely no religion. To say that a man "sacrificed" or "changed" that which he had not, is a sheer nonsense. Being a firm believer in Evolution, especially as expounded by Herbert Spencer, Hearn was a thorough-going agnostic, and remained so till he died. The only thing this over-diffident man used to pride himself on was his "fair knowledge of Herbert Spencer."¹ Yet he was at the same time a poet, though he versified little. Being a poet, he naturally found pleasure in the emotional, and he saw the emotional side of Evolutionism, so to speak, in Buddhism and Shintoism. Hence his delight in handling some tenets of these religions. All the efforts of his literary life, at least while in Japan, were centred in an endeavor to propagate Evolutionism by means of the emotional; and by way of expedients to attain that end, he made use of some doctrines of Buddhism and Shintoism, because in them he found quaint, beautiful symbols wherewith to clothe his favorite theories. I am inclined to think that, had Hearn lived longer and taken to versifying, he would have been to Evolutionism what, in a sense, Pope was to the philosophy and theology of Bolingbroke. As Pope embellished his ideas with Christian tenets, so Hearn ornamented, in prose, his ideas with Buddhist and Shintoist beliefs; and as some verses of Pope's have been thought models of orthodox Christian devotion on account of their beauty concealing their real sentiment,² so a similar illusion has been created with regard to Hearn's books because of their uncommon charm. But

¹ See the quotation *ante* where he objects to being addressed as Professor, and the other one in which he expatiates on the affectation of learning in Tōkyō.

² See, for example, Pope's *Universal Prayer*, or *The Dying Christian to his Soul*.

Hearn was an agnostic, though he made use of Buddhism¹ and Shintoism. Even the old philosophical systems of Europe did not please him, if not interpreted by evolutional philosophy; much less an Oriental religion. On these points allow me to quote again from his letters, in order to substantiate my foregoing statements. He says,—

“Unless one has made a special study of evolutional philosophy, one is likely to be disappointed in reading philosophical books. Anything outside of the advanced thought of our time, is almost certainly barren and useless, unless it has been taken up and revivified — as Hume and Berkeley have been by Huxley.”

And about Buddhism, thus:—

“Real science is very much in accord with Buddhism; and Huxley said that only a very shallow thinker could reject Buddhism as irrational. The deepest thought of to-day is so nearly Buddhistic that I have no doubt of its finding sympathy in the West. But, as you know, the number of real thinkers is very few.”

And, a little more particularly:—

“I have half-written a volume of psychological sketches, — from the same point of view as that expressed in the philosophic papers in *Kokoro*, — a mingling of Buddhist and Shinto thought with English and French psychology — (they do not simply mix well, — they absolutely unite, like chemical elements, — rush together with a shock). For instance, I take the history of the most common enigmatic sensations — such as pleasure in color, etc. — and attempt to explain them by preëxistence as the exact symbol of compound psychical inheritance.”

Or, still more fully:—

“An apple represents to the senses form, color, odor, weight, and other qualities. These qualities to science signify only vibrations. Remove the qualities, or the vibrations which represent them, one

by one, — there is no apple. What are the vibrations separated? Motions of ultimates. What are the ultimates? Centres of forces only, — vortices in an infinite of which we know nothing. Form is emptiness. So vanishes the apple into absolute nothing — except incomprehensibility.

“A mind represents conceptions, sensations, feelings, perception — the units of all being simple sensations. Remove the sensations one by one, — there is no individual mind. Buddhism declares that there is no self, — no individuality. Forms are phantoms. The mind is a combination, and therefore doomed to disintegration. But if there be disintegration, there must be ultimates. What are the ultimates? Spencer supposes psychical units as the ultimates of sensation. Buddhism supposes the combination called the karma. Thus both Science and Buddhism seem to me to agree in denying the simple character of that which we call self. By Buddhism and Science alike the individual is a composite. But the composition is different. Science gives the multiple for the past ten centuries at about fifteen quintillions of ancestral inheritances for each individual. The nature of karma is still a puzzle to us all. But that the psychical karma is a mere temporary combination involves the idea of other combinations. Worlds, mountains, etc., are created (as phenomena) by acts. Do not these acts imply combinations of phenomena? I think they do. The suggestion of science to me is that the whole universe consists of nothing but vibrations representing soul-polarities. And I feel pretty sure that in the West we must soon throw away the idea of individuality, which leads only to selfishness. Science will force us to do so; for the new schools of philosophy teach that the Self is an almost infinite compound. And I think this is Buddhism. . . . My slight studies have forced me to abandon the idea of individuality, and to frankly attack it — as an enemy of progress. And I think all the evidence is in my favor. Na-

¹ Indeed, Buddhism in its highest form may be called a transcendental agnosticism, but I have above used the name in its popular acceptance.

ture offers no individual analogies. Everything material is compound. The mind is a mass of souls as the body is of cells — figuratively, — that is, ultimates of sensation. . . . Without pantheism the Mahayana doctrine affords an explanation of the universe in such a harmony with scientific philosophy, that I think the religious world must eventually accept it."

So Hearn accepted some doctrines of Shintoism and Buddhism, because and so far as they seemed to him to agree with scientific, evolutional philosophy. Having accepted them, he gave them to the world. But how? Here are his own words describing his method.

"It occurs to me more and more that I can reach the cultivated class abroad on the subjects of philosophy and Buddhism most readily by spreading the bread with jam. Everybody likes sketches, stories, reveries; few love thinking for the mere sake of thinking; but all people of real culture can be made to like it by being betrayed into doing it. So, when I flank a paper on abstract questions with two little sketches or stories, the medicine is taken for the sake of the sugar."

The "sugar" of Hearn was so delicious that the "medicine" was forgotten, and the physician came at last to be mistaken for a confectioner! In other words, Hearn wished to expound Evolutionism, the only "medicine" he thought good for human progress; and with a view to attracting the attention of his readers by some novelty, he approached it through some tenets of Buddhism and Shintoism; and again, to get those tenets "taken" with more ease, he "flanked" them with some strange, weird sketches or stories illustrative of some Shintoist or Buddhist beliefs: but these sketches, stories, or reveries were so charming that the author came to be misconceived as a Buddhist, or Shintoist, or even as a mystic.

When we met together, — and we did so quite often, — he used to express his wish for ability to devote his whole time to the contemplation of truth. Once he wrote me jestingly,—

. . . "but the Hokeyyō¹ says that the merit of him who even speaks well of the sūtra shall be incalculable. Surely we ought to have merit enough to give us in even this perishable world at least enough wealth to devote ourselves altogether to the study of beautiful truths and thoughts and to leave the detestable struggle for bread-and-butter to those who do not speak well of the Lotus of the Good Law."

Born, in 1850, of an Irish surgeon and his Greek wife, in Leucadia, Ionian Islands, Hearn had roamed far and wide — in Ireland, England, France, and Spain, the United States of America and the French West Indies, — finding nowhere peace to his mind or to his body; and finally came to Japan to end his life in maturing the ideas he had gotten from his studies and travels. One summer he went to Ishiyama in the province of Omi, where the ancient poetess, Murasaki Shikibu, composed her well-known novel, *Genji-Monogatari*. He liked the place immensely. "Ishiyama is not of this world;" he wrote to me, "it is Paradise. Just to live there one summer, — what happiness!"

But that happiness was not to be his lot. While he was working hard to realize his ideal life, he passed away without realizing it.

Such was the guileless man, Lafcadio Hearn, a poet, thinker, loving husband and father, and sincere friend. His ashes now rest in the quiet cemetery of Zōshigaya. His tombstone bears this legend,—

SHÔGAKU IN-DEN-JÔ-GÉ HACHI-UN KOJI
Believing Man Similar to Undefined Flower Blooming like Eight Rising Clouds, who dwells in Mansion of Right Enlightenment.

Yes, like an undefiled flower, a lotus, the man was in his heart. In outward appearance he was no way prepossessing. Slightly corpulent in later years, short in stature, hardly five feet high, of somewhat stooping gait. A little brownish in

¹ *Hokeyyō*: Saddharma — *pundarîka* — *sûtra*.

complexion, and of rather hairy skin. A thin, sharp, aquiline nose, large protruding eyes, of which the left was blind, and the right very near-sighted, requiring an eye-glass of grade No. 4, which was tied to a button of his vest by means of a long string, and carried in the pocket. He usually put on Japanese clothes at home. Out of doors he wore his native costume, which was clean but of coarse material. He never wore a starched collar nor cuffs, except in full dress; nor carried an umbrella when going out. If it rained, he usually took a jinrikisha. Moderate in habits, the only dish he relished was thick, well-done beefsteak, and his habitual drink was orange-squash and claret, of which he took not more than two glasses in an evening; but he was very particular about its quality, taking only the best French brand procurable. In tobacco he was rather an epicure. He kept himself supplied with Havana cigars and Japanese tobacco, both the best in the market. He smoked the latter with Japanese pipes, of which he had many of various shape and workmanship, their number reaching in later years to eighty-six. These he kept in boxes of his own design; two long cases, without lids, fixed on a stand one over the other. In the upper case he kept clean pipes, putting into the lower one those which needed cleaning. When he had a visitor, he would light one of these pipes, and talk like a man who was extremely afraid of offending his superior. Then he would slowly take out from the pocket his eyeglass. With it he would first look at the garden, and call the visitor's attention to some tree or stone. While the guest was looking at the object, receiving thereby the light on his face, Hearn would quickly turn, and steal an electric glance at him. The glass was then put back into the pocket, and the conversation carried on as if nothing had happened. But this one quick glance had a power stronger than flash-light photography, for it enabled Hearn to take in the entire picture of the man: the color, material, and make of his clothes, the

peculiarities of his countenance, — nay, even to read his mind.

Hearn was an early riser, although he sat up late at night. When in his writing mood, he wrote till two or three o'clock in the morning. I shall ever retain the vivid remembrance of the sight I had when I stayed over night at his house for the first time. Being used myself also to sit up late, I read in bed that night. The clock struck one in the morning, but there was light in Hearn's study. I heard some low, hoarse coughing. I was afraid my friend might be ill; so I stepped out of my room and went to his study. Not wanting, however, to disturb him, if he was at work, I cautiously opened the door just a little, and peeped in. I saw my friend intent in writing at his high desk, with his nose almost touching the paper. Leaf after leaf he wrote on. In a while he held up his head, and what did I see! It was not the Hearn I was familiar with; it was another Hearn. His face was mysteriously white; his large eye gleamed. He appeared like one in touch with some unearthly presence.

Within that homely looking man there burned something pure as the vestal fire, and in that flame dwelt a mind that called forth life and poetry out of dust, and grasped the highest themes of human thought. One day he wrote me a reverie.

"An idea has been growing — getting wings; but I have not yet got it fairly out of the chrysalis. Probably you remember Carlyle's Infinite Bootblack. Your letter this morning made my *Imago* stir in its cooon. Evolution tells us that our desires are relatively infinite because of the relatively infinite inheritance of dead wishes composing them. Carlyle's notion is that they are infinite, because man is infinite; and that is also Buddhism, but Buddhism also tells us something in accord with modern ethics, that desire defeats itself, and that we obtain things once wished only on ceasing to wish for them. There are strange suggestions in all this. If we had the love of all mankind, we should pine for the love of the races of other

worlds. If we possessed a solar system,—even that of Sirius,—we should want the Milky Way! When we have All by becoming All, then perhaps (?) desire will cease. Will it thereafter dream, and by dreaming create the yet-not-existing?"

Has the man who wrote this reverie obtained All by becoming All? Is that All now creating some yet-not-existing? These things are not given us to know.

Of one thing, however, we are certain: that a portion of his karma, his works, will go on producing in the multitudes of his appreciating readers innumerable waves and impressions on their nerves and brains, thus calling into existence new countless selves that are images reflecting the milliards of souls that once constituted the charming being known among men as Lafcadio Hearn.

OUR CHANGING CONSTITUTION

BY ALFRED PEARCE DENNIS

THE political life of the constitutional state is never adequately represented in its formal governmental organization. No states, except the stagnant sacerdotal despotisms of the Orient, are governed by the unchangeable words of dead men. The expanding needs of progressive societies demand a readjustment of creeds, formulas, and constitutions. These changes may proceed silently, under cover of legal fictions, and by the slow accretions of parasitic growth, or obtrusively, through the violent processes of revolution. "Leo X," comments Sarpi, "would have been a perfect Pope, had he been able to combine with his many fine qualities some knowledge of the affairs of religion." Our "rigid Constitution" would indeed be rigid if only it possessed in reality a true character of immutability.

The constitutional state is peculiar to highly civilized peoples, but this does not imply that the essence of constitutionalism resides in reverence for the written word, and that reverence for the written word is confined to highly civilized peoples. A close adherence to the letter of the law is not necessarily a mark of political genius, nor of capacity for self-government. Among crude early societies the prescriptions of law are usually quite definite and the penalties for its violation

are quite rigidly enforced. As Ihering notes, the motto over the first chapter in the history of law could very properly be: "In the beginning was the word." It is the simplicity of early peoples that invests the word with supernatural power, and regards it with reverential awe. Progress is the law of political life in western civilization. Even the supreme courts of theology sometimes reverse decisions based upon earlier interpretations of the written word, in order to reach conclusions which more closely harmonize with the spirit and needs of the age.

A comparison of the English common law with the fabric described by Blackstone will show an almost complete transformation of its substance, if not of its form. The common law of Blackstone's day, described by jurists as the "perfection of human reason," could be more accurately described in Carlylean diction as a "tortuous, ungodly jangle." In like manner, the English criminal law of a hundred years ago has undergone changes which are little short of revolutionary. Blackstone remarks with unaffected complacency "that the female sex is so great a favorite of the law of England," yet in Blackstone's day married women occupied about the same legal status with respect to contract and property rights as

do infants, idiots, lunatics, and convicts. A husband might legally beat his wife, lock her up, or appropriate her earnings. To-day in England the death penalty may be inflicted for only four offenses, while a hundred years ago two hundred crimes were punishable by death. As late as 1811, Lord Eldon was greatly alarmed by a "dangerous bill," which abolished the death penalty for the theft of five shillings from a shop. In the same period the English Constitution has undergone fundamental transformation. Blackstone, in his description of the royal authority, finds all executive power vested in the Crown. The eyes of the jurist were blinded by unrealities. The ascription of political omnipotence to the Crown was not true in his own day, much less in ours. What he described was the archaic monarchical system, rather than the modern ministerial system.

It was in Blackstone's time that our Federal Constitution was adopted, with great forebodings, as a possible solution of a difficult problem. It was an instrument of compromises, and its most loyal friends never ascribed to it a sacrosanct character, nor regarded it as the "perfection of human reason." Social, industrial, and political changes of a hundred years, which no human wisdom could foresee, and which no human power could prevent, have wrought corresponding changes in the fundamental law.

Our constitutional development is proceeding along British lines. The true character of the British Constitution is to be found, not so much in the positive rules which courts will enforce, as in the spontaneous, institutional growths which have supplemented, or have superseded, the rule of law. In like manner the true genius and character of our institutions, in much greater degree than we commonly suspect, are to be found in forms of political life unknown to the written Constitution, and unenforced by the courts. The exposition of the law of the Constitution has been largely committed to jurists. The treatment of the jurist, from its very

nature, is incomplete, simply because our national life, as expressed through governmental agencies, is a larger thing than any code of positive law. One must look beyond the provisions of the written word and its legal interpretation properly to appraise the value and character of our Constitution. This is precisely what the jurist is unwilling to do. He will not admit that a rule can be binding which is not enforceable by the courts. For this reason the extra-legal institutions of our governmental system have not always received just attention in the exposition of our constitutional fabric. As language may be employed to conceal thought, so the forms of governmental organization may effectually conceal the true character of the political life of the state.

The external forms of republicanism endured in the Roman world long after the Republic had actually assumed a strictly imperial character. In external governmental form America is a democratic republic, and England a monarchy. But if democracy imply a diffusion of power among many, and monarchy the concentration of power in the hands of one, the contrast breaks down absolutely, since the American president actually possesses far greater power than the British king. Again, the British Cabinet, through which the state effectually expresses and executes its will is, as every one knows, an institution unknown to English law. Indeed, it is not only an extra-legal institution, but in the early days of its development was regarded as strictly illegal. To the term "cabal," as applied to the second Charles's kitchen cabinet, a sinister meaning was attached, and from the dyslogistic sense in which the term was then employed two centuries have not availed to rescue it. A young and vigorous cell, — the modern cabinet, — has been grafted upon an unproductive stock — the Privy Council. This ancient, worm-eaten stock has to-day a dignified and well-recognized legal standing, but virtually no political significance; while the vigorous young graft has paramount

political significance, but no recognition whatever in the field of positive law.

Growth is spontaneous — life an inner principle. The spirit within, and not the outer form, is the true measure of what we call character. We must penetrate beneath the outward disguising shell of law to understand the nature of our constitutional system. The written word points out the general direction, but not the distance, in which the state is moving. Our governmental structure is the creation of the Constitution, but our Constitution is the creation of the state. Government is merely the agency through which the state acts. We must look to the state, therefore, as well as to the formal governmental organization, in order to discern the true character of our Constitution. We estimate what we call character in a human being largely in terms of personality. But the most distinctive and striking aspects of personality are of an immaterial nature. Anthropometry and craniology can go but a little way toward explaining the true character of a friend. Our notion of character is determined by the measure of individuality, — by points of variation from the fundamental pattern according to which the ordinary mortal is assumed to be constructed. In a certain sense a three months' old infant has no character, — you know one, you know them all. A sheep has little or no character, — simply because little or nothing is to be discovered in one sheep which is not found in a flock. So with the savage: he possesses an ethnic character, but little personality, — see one savage, and you see them all. The characterless man is the conventional man, — the man who is cast in the same mould with his fellows, — the man who regulates his life in the minutest details by prescribed rules. We grant the immateriality of the entity called the state, but when we begin to describe this abstraction we at once employ word-pictures, not of real character or "personality," but only of the outward material structure in which the real political self is lodged. And so it is that

the measure of the interpretation of our Constitution is found in the logic of personality, rather than in the logic of legalism. The unfolding of our national life according to this logic has involved three processes: first, new meanings have been written into the fundamental law by judicial interpretation; second, the unrebuted exercise of doubtful powers by the executive and legislative branches has extra-legally enlarged the sphere of governmental action; finally, through the spontaneous out-workings of our political genius, new rules, understandings, and convictions have been introduced into our constitutional system, without the intervention of direct governmental agency.

I

Illustrations of the expansion of the Constitution by judicial interpretation may be briefly offered. Let it be borne in mind that the jurisdiction of federal courts is, by custom, limited to the determination of concrete cases. Federal judges do not decide abstract questions or settle disputed points of constitutional law unless such points are raised in a *bona fide* suit. It follows that judicial decision is ordinarily the second term of which legislative enactment is the first in the interpretative series. A decision adverse to a claim based upon the alleged unconstitutionality of a state or federal statute tends, of course, to enlarge the field of legislative competence, and to widen the scope of the written Constitution. Constitutional development has not followed the direct line of strict legalism, nor the haphazard line of pure circumstance, but rather the resultant of these forces. The logic of legalism and the logic of facts are never in exact accord. Congress, following out the logic of legalism, has power to declare war, and did declare war against Spain in 1898. Spain's sovereignty in Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands was extinguished as a result of the war. The United States succeeded to the sovereignty thus relinquished, and

a kind of political relationship with the peoples of these islands has been imposed upon us which heretofore had not been deemed compatible with our legal scheme of political existence. According to the logic of legalism, it would seem that the Tagalogs and Moros, since they are subject to the jurisdiction of the United States, are possessed of the civil and political rights of United States citizens. The highest judicial authority, however, following a resultant between the logic of legalism and the logic of events, decides that the islands ceded to us by Spain have not been "incorporated into the United States." Hence it is perfectly possible for territory to be part of the United States in a geographical sense, without being an integral part of the United States; and that, in spite of the constitutional requirements as to uniformity of legislation, Congress can legislate pretty much as it pleases for the different territories, according to their varying requirements. As a result, then, of the decisions in the so-called "insular cases," it is judicially settled that the non-contiguous territories of the United States are to be governed in very much the same way as Great Britain governs her vassal states,—the Crown Colonies.

Again, under the commerce clause of the Constitution, federal authority over great commercial corporations chartered by individual states has been exemplified in the application of the Interstate Commerce Act. The Anti-Trust (Sherman) Act of 1890 did not in the view of its framers apply to railroads nor to reasonable restraints of trade, but the courts held that it did apply to railroads and to all restraints of trade, whether reasonable or unreasonable. The scope of federal activity was further widened in the "Northern Securities Decision," according to which the mere ownership of stock in an interstate railroad brings the owner into such direct relation to interstate commerce as to subject him to the plenary powers of the federal government. This decision, coming upon the

heels of the Lottery case, marks an epoch in the history of federal centralization of power. Two important points were decided in the Lottery case: first, that the transmission of lottery tickets from one state to another is commerce, and therefore subject to federal regulation; second, that the power to regulate commerce includes the power to destroy it.

The inclination of the Congress and the President to give the Interstate Commerce Commission power to fix railway rates, subject to review by the courts, or the conferring of such power upon a new court created for this purpose, as under the provision of the Elkins Bill, are epoch-making proposals in the exertion of federal power through the elastic commerce clause. The creation of the Department of Commerce, with its Bureau of Corporations, marks another stage in the progressive unfolding of federal power over commerce. Mr. Garfield, Commissioner of Corporations, in his recent report, recommends that all corporations doing an interstate business shall be compelled to do so under a federal license. Under the proposed licensing act the national government may impose such conditions as to the organization, capitalization, and management of corporations as it may deem conducive to the public welfare. A proposition to take from the states the power to charter corporations engaged in interstate commerce, and to vest that power in the federal government, is already commanding a strong following. We hear little talk about the constitutionality of these measures. It is assumed, and rightly, that the courts would support the government in the exercise of these powers, although they are far beyond anything ever contemplated by the framers of the Constitution. The truth is, the courts will not, in interpreting the words of men who lived in the eighteenth century, place an injunction upon American progress in the twentieth century. While the great land-owning, ship-owning, or slave-owning individual was the most potent force in our

economic life of a century ago, the great corporation is the most potent force in our economic life of to-day. These great artificial beings, the creatures of state law, have outrun the control of their creators. It is inevitable that the nation should take hold where state control has broken down. A hundred years ago the only media of interstate communication were coast-wise sailing vessels and the occasional stagecoach that lumbered across state lines. But to-day steam and electricity are welding the states together, commercially and industrially. With the destruction of the states as industrial entities will follow, in the fullness of time, their destruction as political entities. Historically, federalism is like the grave: it takes, but it does not give.

II

The development of the commerce clause has been cited as an illustration of the expansion of the Constitution by judicial interpretation. Equally good illustrations may be found in the interpretation of the war power grant or the grant of the power to borrow money. We may pass, however, from this point to note that, while the Supreme Court is legally the ultimate guardian of the Constitution, the legislative and executive branches have frequently exercised wide powers of independence in interpretation. Illustrations may be offered, in the first place, of the expansion of the Constitution by legislative action without the actual intervention of the courts. This may proceed by affirmative action, as in the case of the congressional statute prescribing limited tenure of office for federal judges sitting in territorial courts. Or, secondly, the Congress, by refusing to act, can virtually nullify provisions of the organic law. For example, the Congress has never provided adequate machinery for enforcing the extradition clause of the Constitution. Governor Durbin, of Indiana, has steadily refused to surrender ex-Governor Taylor, indicted by a Ken-

tucky court for complicity in the Goebel assassination. The Constitution provides that the governor of the asylum state shall "deliver up the fugitive on demand," but the Governor of Indiana pays no attention to the demand of Governor Beckham of Kentucky, and the Congress has provided no means for the execution of the constitutional mandate. It is possible, therefore, for a state governor to set himself up as a trial court, and arbitrarily refuse to surrender a fugitive from justice. Again, the provisions of the fourteenth amendment, penalizing by a proportional reduction in representation any state which excludes from the suffrage adult male citizens, is to-day as worthless as a counterfeit note drawn on a broken bank. The constitutional provision appears to be automatic, but no legal provision is self-executing unless the government provides the means. Again and again the Congress has refused to take affirmative action in support of the constitutional mandate. More than this, the fifteenth amendment is cynically nullified in its spirit, if not in its letter, by the constitutions of the Southern states. The Supreme Court recently refused relief to an Alabama negro seeking the suffrage denied to him by the constitution of that state, on the ground that the court lacked jurisdiction over the case as presented. Thus it happens that, when the disfranchised negro petitions the Congress for relief, he is told to go to the courts, because a legal question is involved; when he invokes the aid of the courts, he is told to go to the Congress, because a political question is involved. The truth is, the Congress and the courts recognize that the bitter experience of an entire generation stamps the fifteenth amendment as a cruel error of national judgment. Next to secession, it was perhaps the greatest political mistake of our history. The South has long known it; the North is fast learning it. American common sense, as represented in legislative and judicial councils, goes to the root of the matter, and, by acquiescence in the

nullification of the written word, constitutes an unwritten amendment to the organic law.

III

In the third place, important changes have been made in our constitutional fabric by executive interpretation. It is of interest to recall that Jefferson, Jackson, Tyler, Buchanan, and Lincoln successively declared that they did not regard as binding and final an interpretation of the Constitution by the United States Supreme Court. Jefferson was not scrupulous in performing a legal duty as defined by the Supreme Court in the celebrated *Marbury v. Madison* decision. Jefferson was also responsible for the Embargo Act and for the Louisiana Purchase, — measures of doubtful constitutional standing. Jackson vetoed a bill for chartering the United States Bank, on the ground that it was unconstitutional, although the Supreme Court had previously decided to the contrary. President Tyler, later on, endorsed Jackson's position in his veto of a new Bank Bill. Mr. Buchanan, then a member of the House, voted against the Bank Bill, declaring the legislator to be as independent of the court as the executive. Lincoln impugned the constitutionality of the Dred Scott decision, and, had he been President in 1858, it is doubtful whether he would have employed the executive arm of the Government to enforce the decision of the Court. In the manumission of the slaves, and the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, he made no appeal to constitutional sanction. Legal limitations were brushed aside in order that the life of the nation might be preserved.

Not a few of the discretionary acts of the present chief executive have fallen within the shadowy realm of extra-legal powers. The following so-called executive "usurpations" may be noticed:—

1. Ad interim executive appointments, the validity of which rested upon a "constructive" recess of the Congress. The metaphysical subtleties involved in an

appeal to the doctrine of infinitesimals baffled the simple intelligence of the plain man, and the "constructive" recess has been challenged as an unwarranted exercise of executive authority.

2. Executive order number 78, constituting the age of sixty-two a *prima facie* evidence of disability in the adjudication of pension claims. This act has been widely viewed in the light of the appropriation of public revenues by executive decree, rather than by act of the people's representatives in the Congress.

3. Mr. Whitelaw Reid's appointment as special ambassador to attend the coronation of his Majesty, King Edward VII, without the advice or consent of the Senate.

4. The executive order excluding a great newspaper from the news of the departments because that paper had published a silly canard about the President's children.

5. Intervention in the Panama affair, amounting, in the view of many thinking men, to a usurpation of the war power vested by the Constitution exclusively in the legislative branch.

6. The interposition of the President in the Pennsylvania coal strike through the creation of a commission to arbitrate a labor dispute.

7. The Executive "Agreement" with the Republic of San Domingo.

8. The creation by executive act of the office of Chief Engineer of the Irrigation and Reclamation Service, without the authorisation of the Congress.

The exercise of these and other doubtful powers by President Roosevelt received no rebuke from the courts. From no responsible source came any suggestion of impeachment. Finally, the President received over-whelming vindication by the people at the polls. Hence the so-called usurpations are not to be regarded as usurpations at all. It all goes to show that executive and legislative officials (though this is true of the latter in less degree) are bound to the extent of their conscience and their political responsi-

bility. As Walter Bagehot remarks, in one of the profoundest of political aphorisms: "Success in government is due far more to the civil instincts and capacity of our race, than to any theoretical harmony or perfection of the rules and formulæ of governmental conduct."

IV

Finally, radical changes, unrecognized as yet in the written law, but embodied in what may be called the organic "common law," have been wrought in the Constitution by custom, precedent, and the silent pressure of public opinion. The unfolding political consciousness of the nation reveals itself in spontaneous processes of growth, which without legal recognition are gradually transforming the body of written law. Nature's live growths rive even the rocks. Young and vigorous institutional plants thrust their roots into the crevices of crumbling constitutional walls, and at last overthrow them.

Our Constitution provides a theoretically perfect plan for the indirect election of president and vice-president. The demand of the popular consciousness for a direct choice has nullified this provision. Presidential electors have become mere pawns. They register, they do not elect. They must take what has been proposed at a convention and ratified by the people. Furthermore, while as late as 1824 presidential electors in the majority of states were chosen by the legislatures thereof, they are now, in all cases, chosen on a general ticket by a direct vote of the people. This practice, with rare exceptions,—as, for example, Maryland's split electoral vote in the last general election,—throws the entire weight of each state for the candidate whose list of electors happens to be carried. The device of indirect election has thus gone to the constitutional scrap-heap. The growth of democratic sentiment has not only reduced the choice to a direct popular basis, but has hinged the decision on a vote by states.

In like manner, the growth of democratic sentiment is demanding the election of United States senators by direct popular vote, and we may look to see a progressive nullification of the legally prescribed plan of indirect election. The demand for formal amendment breaks fruitlessly against the determined opposition of the Senate itself, but the desired end is being sought through extra-legal channels. As, for example, in South Carolina, where a senatorial nomination in a primary election is considered binding upon the formal action of the state legislature. Under such a condition the legislature, like the electoral college, no longer elects, but merely ratifies the popular choice. In other states the legislature is not infrequently called upon to ratify a selection made by a knot of party bosses, in some back-parlor conference, weeks before the legislature convenes. Mr. Depew affably receives congratulations upon his return to the Senate three weeks before the convening of the legislative caucus nominally charged with the function of naming a junior senator for the state of New York. The old Frankish Mayors of the Palace were accustomed to pay elaborate homage to the kings of the Merovingian dynasty. Yet the king was a mere trapping of state, a glittering puppet, and the will of the enthroned monarch actually yielded in all important matters to the will of the uncrowned vassal. Thus it is that the body vested with independent choice may be reduced in great states, such as Pennsylvania, New York, and Indiana, to a mere ratification assemblage. Of the three branches of the government only one sixth, in the beginning, was popularly elected; to-day one half is popularly elected, and the sappers and miners of Democratic tendency are already beneath the foundations of another sixth, the Senate.

Again, the great national nominating conventions are absolutely unknown to the federal Constitution or statutes. The National Convention, made up of a thousand delegates, and as many alter-

nates, elected by all sorts of process, not knowing one another, bound by no oath of office, is an absolute and final judge of its own procedure and its own results. Such a body, as in the case of the last Democratic Convention, passes through a four-day delirium of intrigue, oratory, and uproar, proclaims its creed and its nominees, and with adjournment goes down to a death that knows no resurrection. The conduct of public affairs, even when not veiled from the public eye, is humdrum enough. A convention, with its brass bands, its mad cheering, its high-keyed oratory, its thousands of spectators, and its frenzied enthusiasm, furnishes the most stirring, dramatic, and grandiose exemplification of public action which the political processes of this country afford. Yet of the conduct, function, and place of the convention in our political system the foreign student would gain not a hint nor suggestion from the entire body of our written organic law with all the commentaries thereon.

Equally without recognition in the organic law is the spoils system, the great foundation upon which party service rests. The practice of the executive today in appointments and removals is, barring the limitations of the Civil Service Law, substantially what President Jackson made it seventy years ago by the removal, during the first year of his administration, of two thousand placemen for political reasons. In recent years there has been a practical transfer of the appointing power in the case of postmasters from the president to members of the House. The appointing power is, of course, legally shared by the Senate. The president must take somebody's recommendation, and the custom of allowing congressmen the right to name postmasters implies a disposition on the part of senators to "go halves" on the spoils of office. Washington was called upon to appoint but seventy-five postmasters; this number has since increased a thousandfold, and it is absurd to suppose that any mortal can, on his own judgment and

intuition, pick out suitable men for all these places. The president, in the majority of cases, can do no more than ratify an antecedent choice. In the *cause célèbre* of the recent Haverhill appointment, the President asserted a dormant prerogative and rejected the candidate for postmaster named by the local representative, Mr. Gardner. But even this exercise of so-called independence reduces to the acceptance of another's nominee. In this case Attorney-General Moody was given the right of way in nominating an official for his home city. The outpourings of Mr. Gardner on the occasion are of interest. He felt that he had been beaten by a series of moves not allowed under the rules of the game. He relied upon his "rights," and speaks of the "unwritten law" which vests in congressmen the right to name the postmasters in their respective districts. The representative from the sixth Massachusetts district received a stinging rebuke for bluntly insisting upon the observance of a custom which is tacitly recognized. In this respect he reminds one of Helvetius, who put into print in his book, *L'Esprit*, theories which contemporary thinkers had been content to advocate only in private. "They make so much ado about Helvetius," said Madame du Deffand, "because he has revealed everybody's secret." There is no reason other than the letter of the Constitution why postmasters should not be named by legislatively determined post-office districts, just as congressmen are chosen from legislatively defined congressional districts. The appointment of a postmaster who is *persona non grata* to the locality immediately concerned, as in the Indianola case, is foreign to our political habit, and one may assume that the attitude of the executive in this matter will tend even more to become one of mere acquiescence in a predetermined choice.

Again, one discovers no statutory basis for the custom which limits the choice of a congressman to the district in which he resides. American local pride rejects

the notion that one's district cannot be suitably represented by a local product; then, too, each district feels itself entitled to special legislative favors, and bases its hopes of realization upon a representative's familiarity with home needs, rather than upon the quality of his influence in legislative halls. The idea that Mr. Bryce, a Londoner, may acceptably represent the constituency of Aberdeen in the British House of Commons, is quite foreign to the average American's notion of representative government. This custom of limiting the choice of a congressman to the district in which he resides has entailed a distinct loss in the character of our representative body. An important state, and the nation, as well, were deprived of the fine legislative capacities of the late William L. Wilson, because a passing party upheaval changed the political complexion of the particular district in which the distinguished member from West Virginia happened to reside.

Without any sanction of positive law is the rule which declares the president ineligible for a third term, and the senatorial rule of confirming, without question, the president's cabinet appointments.

Again, both legislative houses are bound by a mass of rules which possess no legal sanction whatever. Invoking the rule of senatorial courtesy, Senator Hill was able, single-handed, and for purely personal and factional reasons, to defeat President Cleveland's excellent nomination of William B. Hornblower to the bench of the United States Supreme Court.

Unlimited debate in the Senate may now be regarded as an extra-legal feature of our Constitution. This unwritten rule is defined by failures repeated through a hundred years to secure the adoption of a closure rule. Limitation of debate has been found necessary in the parliamentary bodies of England, France, Germany, Denmark, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, and Canada. The United States Senate alone of all the great deliberative, law-making bodies honors no

demand for the "previous question." The populistic outpourings of the Allens, Peffers, and Pettigrews, constitute a heavy price to pay for absolute freedom of debate, but perhaps not too high a price when one reflects that Senator Carter, invoking the equal protection of the unwritten law, held the floor of the Senate for ten hours during the last legislative day of the fifty-sixth Congress, and thus killed the River and Harbor Bill. By the failure of the bill, a saving of fifty million dollars was accomplished, and, as Senator Carter phrased it, "no injury was done to any living human being anywhere." In like manner, through the inflexibility of this unwritten rule, the whole fifty-seventh Congress, in its closing hours, was whip-lashed by Senator Tillman over an old war claim of South Carolina's for forty-seven thousand dollars, which an auditor of the Treasury had appraised at thirty-four cents. Chairman Cannon of the Appropriations Committee denounced this transaction on the floor of the House in memorable words: "In another body," said he, "an individual member can rise in his place and talk for hours. . . . Your conferees had the alternative of submitting to legislative blackmail at the demand, in my opinion, of one individual, or of letting these great money bills fail. . . . In my opinion, another body must change its methods of procedure, or our body, backed up by the people, will compel the change, else this body, close to the people, shall become a mere tenderer, a mere bender of the pregnant hinges of the knee, to submit to what one member of another body may demand of this body, as a price for legislation."

Another extra-constitutional rule, which will undoubtedly prevail in future cases of ad interim gubernatorial appointments to Senate vacancies, was recently established in the Quay case. The Senate, by majority of one, decided that Mr. Quay was not entitled to his seat on a certificate of appointment issued by Governor Stone after the legislature of Pennsylvania had adjourned without making a choice.

That the governor has no power to appoint in case the legislature fails to elect is a rule which may now be described as a principle of Federal "Common Law."

In like manner a binding customary rule provides that all appropriation bills shall originate in the House, although the written Constitution is silent upon the subject.

Equally without legal sanction is the Congressional Caucus, which silences the opposition of party dissenters, and secures unity of party action; or the unwritten rule of the Senate that seniority shall govern in the make-up of committees. Under this latter custom the most distinguished lawyer in the country probably could not reach the head of the Judiciary Committee until all party members who preceded him on the committee had retired from the Senate.

Finally, we search the Constitution and statutes in vain to discover legal sanction for the tremendous legislative and political power now exercised by the Speaker of the House. The precedent which had the greatest influence with the men who sat with the Philadelphia Convention was that of the Colonial Speaker. He, like the Speaker of the House of Commons, was nothing more than an impartial moderator. The imperfect organization of the House, the rise of the party system, the vast increase in the amount of congressional business, have united to transform the speakership into a great political office. The central, vital weakness in our legislative system is found in its lack of unity and coherence. By processes of slow and inappreciable adaptation, our political genius applies empirical remedies to our constitutional defects, just as nature herself, by silent and inscrutable agency, applies to a wound or sore her processes of healing. Our income is raised by one set of men, our expenditures are applied by another. Government by standing committees means government by fifty-five jarring, petty legislatures. A unifying influence in legislation is demanded, and partial coordination is found in the paramount

political and legislative control now exercised by the Speaker. One admits that his power, through recognition, seems tyrannical, that his authority to appoint all committees seems arbitrary, and that his control over the order of business, as Chairman of the Rules Committee, seems dictatorial. But what then! The House acquiesces in "one man power," and there is a reason for it. Macaulay observes that an army cannot be led by a debating club; neither can the House, which, without rigid discipline, would degenerate into a debating club, lead itself. Individuals, for the sake of order and efficiency, must under military discipline surrender their capricious, conflicting, casual wills to the will of a common superior, just as, in the thought of Hobbes, the warring human atoms in "a state of nature" confer, for the sake of peace and order, all their powers upon a common coercive superior, called by Hobbes the great Leviathan, or mortal God. The British House of Commons is able to govern because obedience to leaders is of its essence. It lives in a state of perpetual potential choice of leaders, but leaders there will always be, and these leaders must be obeyed. The penalty of disobedience is legislative impotence. In a sense the House of Commons does not rule; it merely elects the nation's rulers. This, in larger measure than is generally suspected, is true of the House of Representatives. The three hundred and eighty-six members who may occupy the floor constitute the House on parade. The House at work is a disintegrate body, grinding away behind the closed doors of fifty or more committee rooms. The House in session is no longer the real legislative power, but rather the maker of the real legislative power,—the Speaker and his appointees, the chairmen of the great standing committees. Instead of a responsible ministry, as under the British system, the House appoints a hierarchy, which in the present state of evolution consists of four members, three a constant, and one a variable,—the constant

being the Speaker and his two party associates of the Rules Committee, the variable being the chairman of the committee having jurisdiction of the measure which has been given right of way by the Rules Committee. While the House has the constitutional right to determine its own rules of procedure, it cannot be maintained that the Fathers intended to grant a power which should deprive the popular legislative branch of its deliberate functions, or impair the free representative character of the body itself. The transformation of the popular branch has proceeded in obedience to the laws of our political evolution. This development has been largely along extra-constitutional lines, and, in the opinion of the writer, changes will continue to work themselves out along the line of coördinating, with the legislative power of the rulers of the House, a reciprocal measure of defined political responsibility.

Who, ten years ago, could have divined the mighty changes wrought in our institutional fabric within the narrow limits of a single decade? To-day the thoughtful man turns to the future and wonders what is coming to the Republic. One notes the drift toward strong government and the growing disposition to appeal to Washington for the correction of all manner of public ills. The conclu-

sion is borne in upon us on every side that out of the federal state is rising the unitarian state, just as out of the federation,—a band of states,—rose the Federal Republic,—a banded state.

The Constitution can be treated no longer as a written instrument defining the measure of American destiny, but rather as the sum of the political habits and convictions of the nation. This is not the place to deplore nor to approve. What is written, is written. *Litera scripta manet.* The written word does not change, but the consciousness of a progressive society, like that of the human organism, is always changing. Herein is a relation between a constant and a variable,—fixed law and changing life. Life cannot be expressed in a formula or reduced to a syllogism. In a tempest the sea anchor, fixed in nothing more stable than the watery element, holds the ship to windward when otherwise the craft might be blown helplessly from her course. Our political development has followed the course laid down by the rigid, written constitution, but the anchor of limitations is fixed in an element which is itself shifting and unstable. The old conflict between the unyielding law and the living organism has resulted, as it must always result in any expanding life, in a victory for the organism. For the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.

TWO SONNETS

BY HARRIET MONROE

THE TELEPHONE

THY voice, beloved, on the living wire,
Borne to me by the spirit powerful
Who binds the atoms and doth softly pull
Great suns together! Ah, what magic lyre,
Strung for God's fingers, sounds to my desire
The little words immortal, wonderful,
That all the separating miles annul
And touch my spirit with thy kiss of fire!
What house of dreams do we inhabit — yea,
What brave enchanted palace is our home,
Green-curtained, lit with cresset stars aglow,
If thus it windows gardens far away,
Groves inaccessible whence voices come
That call in the ear whither we may not go!

THE TEMPLE OF VISHNU

(*Grand Cañon of Arizona*)

VISHNU, the gods of old are dead. Long dead
Are Zeus, Astarte, and that lotus-flower
Isis of Egypt. Unto each his hour.
Yet thou, silent within thy temple dread,
Locked against prayers, mounted above the tread
Of climbing feet, thou from thy purple tower
Contemplatest the stern inscrutable power
Whence all things come and whither all are led.
The day in splendor of lilac and clear blue
Visits thy mighty seat. The sapphire night
Broods in the abyss with darkness, and the rain
Veils thee with clouds, hails thee and bids adieu
In thunder. Steadfast on thy terraced height
Thou seest bold time besiege thy throne in vain.

THE MAKING OF CAMILLA

BY MARSHALL ILSLEY

I

If her good sister-in-law Rachel had not backed her up, Camilla would never have attained her independence in the face of the family phalanx. Though she had been living with her aunt for seventeen years, and had not been beholden to her brothers and sisters, and at nine and twenty was discreet enough to be her own mistress, still these elderly relatives, the two sisters and their husbands, and the three brothers and their wives, all old enough to be her aunts and uncles, were united in regarding her as an immature and unprotected female, who could not with propriety live alone, especially as with her small independent means and gentle self-sacrificing nature, she would be a most desirable addition to any one of the five bustling, prosperous households. But Camilla had served her time with her vain and captious aunt, and now dreamed of freedom. That gorgeous old woman had died, and her fair income had reverted to her late husband's estate. She had been able to leave her niece only the houseful of furniture of a kind nobody wanted, and cupboards full of splendid raiment that the modest girl would probably never make use of.

Camilla bent to the family arguments like a reed to the current, but after all was said, she found herself serene and secure in her own purpose. With the smallest and least shiny of her aunt's things she furnished a flat, and attained a home of her own, and a qualified independence, for she could hardly escape, nor did she want to, the many demands of a large family circle.

To each sister impartially she gave a piece of the fine lace; to each of the sixteen nephews and nieces a bit of pretty

silver as a memento of their great aunt; other things were sold. When all was settled, aside from what she kept, she found her inheritance amounted to just twenty-three hundred dollars in money.

With the familiar old things about her Camilla kept the continuity of her life unbroken. She looked round her little parlor with satisfaction in its simple, old-fashioned, almost conscious quaintness, which was not at all that of revived mahogany and Colonial effects, but of the homelier black-walnut day of the mid-nineteenth century, freed of its atrocities. Camilla herself had always been called homely by her relatives, and she was certainly old-fashioned. As a child she had been thin and angular, eager and absent-minded by turns, and as a woman she was tall and thin and pale, with gentle, pretty gray eyes, and an abundance of fine light brown hair which she had always tried to believe was blond. It was the only feature her sisters had ever envied her.

She had lived more with old people than with youth, for her aunt had absorbed her, to the exclusion of intimacies with the nephews and nieces who were near her own age. She knew her Jane Austen by heart, and she lived leisurely with Trollope when other young persons were rushing breathless from one latest "seller" to the next; and Christina Rossetti was an unshared pleasure, Emily Dickinson a secret joy, in a circle oblivious to the charms of poetry.

For all the worldliness of her aunt, and the matter-of-fact ways of her other relatives, demure as she appeared, Camilla Weddleton concealed a delightfully romantic nature. For one thing her family name seemed to her impossibly ugly, and like any maiden of Jane Austen she dreamed of the Prince Charming who

should turn up to change it. He was to be unlike any of the eligible men she knew, for Camilla was a virgin curiously afraid of the male of her species. A man of business, she decided, and the family acquaintance almost without exception were men of business, could never satisfy her, for business and poetry seemed to be incompatible, and a love of poetry was one of her touchstones. She knew there were men who liked poetry, for there were men who wrote about it, and lectured about it, there were even men who wrote it, though she did not want one of them; the most possible fulfillment of her ideal rested in a professor on a small salary, which her little income was to eke out, in the classic shades of a college town.

It was not true to say that she had never met a man who might satisfy this ideal, for several times had she met such; but, alas, he was always middle-aged, married, with a wife and family, and somehow it was these very impediments that disclosed the man's worth. Poor Camilla seemed to herself to have come too late into the world; all the safe, sedate, thoughtful men appeared to be of an earlier generation.

The first week in April, after she was settled in her new quarters, in an ebullition of unheard-of extravagance that set the family tongues to wagging,—and with a telephone in each house the discussion of family events brooked no delay,—Selina, one of the sisters-in-law, asked Camilla to be her guest in Chicago for a week of Grand Opera. “That is,” Selina hedged, “four operas; for of course it would be more than I could stand to go every night. If you wished to go more often I would n't keep you home.” Selina was the invalid of the family, but of the sort who could rise from her bed to attend the play.

II

Anything must be an anticlimax after that first night's experience, Camilla was

sure. She had throbbed for hours in the darkness of her room after it, and now the next morning she was still floating in a world undreamed of. Her aunt had detested German opera, so that during the winter visits in New York Camilla had never heard “Tristan and Isolde.” Selina was spending her morning in bed, and Camilla had crossed in the bright April sunshine, which even Chicago smoke could not rob of all its gold, to the Art Institute near the hotel, for some long rich hours alone with the treasures of that admirable museum, so beautifully housed, so well lighted, well ordered, well chosen, and generously dowered. She walked through all the galleries for a general survey, for she intended in her conscientious manner to spend there part of each morning of her visit, and to study carefully the different collections, to make her outing profitable in art as well as in music.

In the south galleries she found the spring exhibition of paintings by local artists, and thinking to leave it until the last as least important, to visit only after she had satisfied herself with the bronzes and sculptures, and the great French paintings, she was passing out with a cursory glance here and there, when her attention was caught by a sunny canvas,—green leaves, yellow lights, transparent purple shadows, and delicious pale blue in summer sky, and in the frock dappled with sunlight of a little girl reading out of a blue fairy book. But more than charm of color and line drew Camilla to the picture, more than subject and story told, and she approached it with palpitating curiosity, for something had struck her from half across the room, and she could hardly believe that it would not disappear upon closer examination. Who was this enchanting little girl, with her pale, eager, imaginative face and heavy hair, her sharp elbows and thin legs, curled up under an apple-tree, her child-heart wholly given to her Prince Charming, and alike unconscious of the painter-man, or humming bee, or even of the long shadows of imminent tea-time. It seemed to Camilla

the very image, the very body and soul of herself of twenty years before. But who carries years about? We are eternally ourselves to ourselves, and Camilla did not have to put herself back, it simply was herself as she knew herself, and all the pale sweetness and blueness and purity of the picture was the very color of her life. She studied the face minutely; it was exactly her own as she knew it in faded photographs, and as she always imagined she had looked. It was not the painting of a sunny orchard with a little girl in it, it was the presentment of a quite particular, individual, unforgettable little girl, with an accessory of orchard, book and summer sky.

Other people passed in and out of the room, and Camilla moved about not to attract attention by her absorption, but she saw only one picture from different angles, and listened only for comments on that one canvas. Camilla had no doubt; it *was* the *clou* of the exhibition; the most beautifully composed, the best painted, the freshest vision; and when the discerning came to it, it won instant praise; and such pleasant praise, Camilla thrilled to it. Poor, plain, homely, lonely, orphaned Camilla, all of whose beauty was of the spirit, how she had pitied her own unappreciated childhood; for she knew in her heart that she had been an adorable child, if there had been any one beside her mother fine enough to adore her,—gentle, dainty, dreaming, gay; all spirit when the spirit is wonderful in its innocence. And now to be appreciated! The blood flew back and forth from her face to her heart. One little plain figure in a short skirt, evidently an artist from her intelligent criticisms, a vivid, dark, bright-eyed creature, seized her companion's arm, a slow-moving, middle-aged woman in black. "There," she cried, "see what he has come to! Is n't that wonderful? Are n't you glad we know him, are n't you proud? Why, these others paint with the earth, with mud; he paints with sunshine and light. Arrived? Well, I guess! Don't you feel like crying?"

"Oh, Addie, how you do run on!"

"Run on? I guess I am fixed here for all time. You can run if you like. I knew it would be fine, but really!" She approached, and gloated over the canvas with her short-sighted eyes; she walked backwards from it. Her companion seated herself resignedly on the bench in the centre of the room, and abandoned the little woman to her enthusiasm.

"If that is n't the spirit, the soul, the heart, the very essence of childhood, I would like to know! And such brush work,—it is as easy and free as if his hand could n't go wrong. If I see him I know what I shall do; I shall hug him."

Camilla flushed scarlet at this, and turned her back on the little woman, who after all was no younger than she. That mysterious "he" back of it,—who, what, was he? She had begun by falling in love with the picture, and now it was dreadfully complicated with this "he" who was its author, who could so pluck out the pure heart of mystic girlhood.

"Of course," said Camilla bitterly to herself, "he is married, and this child is his daughter, whom he paints so wonderfully; only a father ever loved a homely little girl so much."

"After the too, too solid English children of the Christmas annuals, is n't it a relief to get this dear, ethereal, lovable creature, who is infinitely more plastic?" said the enthusiast to her companion.

"It is nice; but I won't be late to lunch, Addie, and if we are to get out to Winnetka by one—" The large figure rose.

"Oh, bother these lunch parties!" cried Addie, tearing herself from her friend's triumph.

Camilla went out into the next gallery after them, too much excited to stay longer with her portrait; "too much of a fool," as she put it to herself. She would try to think of something else. Nordica's voice was still echoing through the chambers of her soul. That after that tremendous first act there could have been heights unscaled and depths unsounded! How

curious that Art can unlock such extraordinary capacities for emotion. Demure, self-contained, old-fashioned, apparently prim Camilla had lived through that extremity of passion, and made it all potential to herself. She imagined her proper self in a gorgeous Gothic abandonment of love. She sat down in the next room, but her eyes were unable to take in anything, and she found herself watching to see who went into and who came out of the adjoining gallery. There were not many visitors that morning. Almost unconsciously she got up after a little and went back, silly as she felt, for she must hear what was said about the girl. She had been with the picture but a few minutes when a tall dark man with French-cut beard, without hat in hand, so possibly a painter or teacher in the Institute, came with a short, round, rosy-faced, spectacled young man, and led him directly to the picture. "There, now don't say that is 'clever,' for it is n't. He never brought that home from Paris, he took it over with him, and he did n't lose it in Paris. That's simon-pure American. That's our note, — clean, delicate, iridescent, transparent, sunny, the inside of a shell, the flash of an opal; just as pure as that child he has painted." He looked at the jolly round face for approval.

"Bully!" the good-natured lips pronounced.

"Do you want me to batter your head? Pump for something."

"It's great!"

The elder man shrugged his shoulders in despair, with the old gestures picked up in Paris. "You never could talk, but you can write. I tell you, I am proud. I have had a lot of nice industrious ducks, but he is my first and only *ugly* duckling. I still claim him: he knew a thing or two before he went to Paris."

They discussed the technique, they compared it with this and that on the walls about, all in a flash, for their morning evidently held other duties beside the study of one picture; and then they were off.

A very splendid, white-haired lady hovered behind the men during their talk, glancing at the picture through her tortoise-shell lorgnettes, and dropping occasional words to her companion with the catalogue, whose neat self-effacement bespoke a salary. "Go and find out how much it is. That is safe to buy, and it is a darling. Mr. Clemmer for once will approve of my accession. Don't be stupid." The companion was turning over her catalogue.

"But please, I must be sure of the number."

When the woman returned, Camilla passed as near to her as she dared, but the grand white lady with the thick lips was not one to be conscious of any one but herself. "Well?" she demanded.

"It was eight hundred, but it is sold," the companion said.

"Provoking! If they knew who wanted it now, I should have to double the price. I shall have him do something for me. Let me see, you have his name?" The ladies passed on.

Camilla felt as if she were being bought and sold. No one ought to have it but herself, and how ridiculous for one to want a picture of one's self; but who else was there to care for it? She looked at her watch; her time was up, Selina would be dressing, and would want her to talk to. But that name; she sought the woman at the desk for a catalogue, and turned the leaves with trembling fingers, quite conscious of her nervousness, and saying, "What a goose I am!" *No. 408, A Fairy Story. Walford Deane, Chicago.* "'Deane;' I had n't thought of the last name having an 'n.' Walford is n't very pleasant, but still it is n't common. I rather like the combination."

Camilla was almost run over by an electric cab as she crossed the broad avenue on her way back to the Annex, she was so preoccupied picturing Walford Deane on the background of thirty-two violins divided into eight parts, pouring out waves of passion, against which all the events of the morning had been projected.

III

This was on Tuesday; by Friday Camilla had made up her mind. She decided she was quite over the sillies, and that the preposterous imaginings about "him" in which she had indulged for a few brief romantic hours were only a youthful freak unworthy of a sedate woman. Still, she did not consider that a sojourn in an expensive hotel, in a whirl of glittering movement, with seductive music every night,—for Selina had succumbed to temptation, and literally risen to the occasion, and they had missed no performance,—was not conducive to modest and prudent meditation. Each morning Camilla had visited her picture, and in an atmosphere where all the world seemed to have every last whim gratified, she came to believe that if she could not possess the adorable little girl, she had a sort of right to possess its equivalent. She never had had what she wanted, she had never expressed herself, no one really knew her or appreciated her; why should she not seize her opportunity, regardless of the scorn of the bristling family phalanx headed by Sister Mary Toler? Her absence from them gave her a reckless courage. If no one had ever admired her, all the world should be made to admire her effigy: she would be some one for once, some one forever, and she would be beautiful.

Before her visit to the gallery, while Selina still slept, Camilla composed the following letter.

WALFORD DEANE, ESQ.

My dear Sir: I am captivated by your painting of a child in the exhibition at the Institute, and would very much like a picture by you. Are you in the way of painting a portrait at present, and if so, may I ask what would be your fee? I shall be here until Sunday afternoon; after that please address me at 404 Spring Street, Blaireau. Very sincerely,

(MISS) CAMILLA WEDDLETON.

How she hated to subscribe that last name; it was enough to prejudice an artist against her.

Saturday brought no reply, and it was not until Sunday noon when she returned from church that a special delivery letter was handed to her.

MY DEAR MISS WEDDLETON:

Thank you very much for your kind words about my picture, I am glad you like it. I like it, too! I wish I were a portrait painter, and could say straight off that I would be charmed to paint a portrait for you, but portraits are n't really going to be my line, and I fear I should dreadfully disappoint you. If you want to run the awful risk of buying a picture in the dark which may never satisfy you, I will honestly try to please myself, the only person I can sincerely aim to please, but I am ashamed to say I should have to ask you two thousand dollars for my work. I would n't advise you to run the risk!

As you see, I am in Blaireau. I am with my cousin Deane Chorley for Sunday. If you care to have me stay over Monday, please wire me at 226 Southern Ave.

Camilla read this over with flushed face in the privacy of her own room. Every word satisfied her, the modesty, the frankness, the touch of humor; and even the price did not daunt her, for of course the painter of *A Fairy Tale* could afford to double his price. He was sure to be the kind to detest fashionable portrait painting, he knows he is great, and won't conform to any standard but his own. Why should n't she use her aunt's bequest as she liked, even if it were almost a tenth of all she possessed in the world? She would see him anyway; and before lunch time she secretly flew to the office and sent a dispatch to Walford Deane.

When her letter had reached him at his cousin's,—and it was not the first demand for a portrait since the exhibition

had opened,— Deane asked, “Who are the Weddletons?”

“A large family here, and mostly rich, I believe,” replied his cousin. “Two have a wholesale grocery, and one is a lawyer.”

“Do you know Miss Camilla Weddleton?”

“No, I don’t.” Chorley was a recent comer to Blaireau, a flat dweller, and just beginning his fortune. “Matey,” he called to his wife in the front room, “do you know Miss Camilla Weddleton?”

“Yes, slightly, she is in the ‘Guild of Needlewomen,’” replied Mrs. Chorley from the depths of the Saturday night’s society column, which she read as she swung herself back and forth in a cherry rocker, punctuating her reading with chocolate creams from the box at her elbow, which her guest had brought home for her.

“What is she like?” Deane asked.

“Oh, she is a tall, thin old maid, who wears a lot of hair, a sort of Boston type,” replied Matey who saw life from the view point of three-and-twenty.

“Is she rich?”

“She inherited all her aunt’s money, and there was no one in St. Jude’s Church more handsomely gowned than that white-haired old woman; she must have been rich.”

“What does she want of a portrait?”

“Her portrait? It must be her aunt’s; the old lady was stunning. She must have money to burn if she wants a painting of herself.” The rocking continued, and the hand went out for another chocolate.

“I won’t paint from a photograph,” exclaimed Deane grandly.

“Come off!” laughed Chorley. “You talk as if you were a millionaire. Charge a good round sum, and paint anything they ask for: the higher your price the more they will think of you. It is a game of bluff. Of course the old woman left a sum to have her picture done. What are you working for, glory? Glory is glory

only when it pays, my dear boy, and nowadays nothing pays better.”

Walford was not a prig and he did not try to explain the ideals of art to his business cousin. The eight hundred dollars from *A Fairy Tale* in his pocket, and the praise from quarters he respected, had made him a trifle “cocky.” He felt quite superior to fashionable patronage, and he rather hoped Miss Weddleton would not order a portrait.

Monday morning Camilla flew about dutifully to the sisters, though they were too busy to pay much attention to her, so that she might have her afternoon free. She felt as guilty as if she were plotting an awful crime, instead of an awful folly, and she wondered how she would survive the family scenes that it would bring upon her.

At noon she arranged her hair carefully, and put on her best black frock; but after she was quite ready, on the stroke of dinner time, she told Augusta to keep things hot, and flew up to her store-room where all her colored dresses were packed away, and pulled out a dark blue soft silk that she used to think particularly becoming, and came down and hurriedly slipped into it. She felt Augusta’s eyes boring through her as she served the dried chops, and she knew Augusta’s ears would hear a man’s voice later on, and draw her own inferences.

Deane sensibly came to his business engagement early, and in the simple arrangements she had instituted for her modest *ménage*, Camilla admitted him herself. His “prehensile eyes” seized instantly the old-fashioned effect of the exceedingly simple, cheerful little parlor, with its pots of pale primulas and snowy cyclamen in the window, and the harmony between it and its slender, delicate mistress of the heavy hair; but they could not blink the tall panel photograph, in an expensive silver frame, of the wonderful aunt in all her trappings, which stood on the table, a picture taken for an album of the “Descendants of Colonial Courts,” which of all Aunt Camilla’s counterfeit

presentments, and they were not few, had most richly satisfied that lady's ideal of a high-born dame.

Camilla was not prepared for the close-cropped, square-jawed youth who presented himself, and who appeared to her startled vision as certainly several years her junior: a stocky, strong-shouldered, brown-haired, blue-eyed man, who carried not a trace of Paris in manner or dress, nor even of cosmopolitan Chicago. He might rather have played football in a Western university, and been a hero of battle.

He waited for her to strike the first note as he settled back quietly in one of Aunt's capacious, round, black-walnut chairs, without letting his prehensile eyes wander too inquisitively. He decided directly that it was the aunt whose portrait was desired for some woman's club-room; it probably had been arranged for in her will; for he doubted from the look of the flat if Miss Weddleton had inherited the fortune Mrs. Chorley supposed; he had discovered that Matey's suppositions were often beyond the mark; and as his hostess sat against the sheer white drapery of the window, with its pale primulas, he thought how much more he would enjoy making a study of her than to try to make an ancestral Moroni out of the brocaded dame of the panel photograph.

And Camilla, who since the fatal Tuesday had been as it were shutting her eyes, and leaping wildly from roof to roof, wondering at each landing to find herself alive, now blindly prepared for a further plunge. How could she make it seem not only not unbecoming for a poor plain spinster to desire a portrait of herself, but quite simply sensible, a reasonable wish, devoid of fatuous vanity?

"Do you think you can do it?" she mildly asked, implying that now he had seen her he might refuse if she were absolutely impossible; and after a timid glance into his steady, merry blue eyes, she turned with the color mounting in her face unconsciously toward the gorgeous lady in the silver frame.

Deane felt uncomfortable; it was not easy to hold to his art conscience before this gentle and timid woman; he was too good-hearted to betray the æsthetic innocence she naïvely offered him, along with her two thousand dollars. Hang it all! he said to himself, I will make a life-size effigy with every last lace flounce and diamond ring, and put in all the white pompadour, and do what I can to resurrect the dead. "I feel sure you could find some one who could do it better than I," he answered, thinking to be modest.

Poor Camilla! this seemed the last prick to the seven days' bubble floating in a rainbow light. Now he saw her, he did not want even to try; she was too plain, too faded, there was too little left of the dreaming child, to make even a bait of two thousand dollars attractive. She could hardly keep back the tears. Deane saw the lips quiver, and marveled at the tender heart: that she could care so much for the vain old woman!

"Oh, if you really want me to try, I will, only I never have tried to make a live person from a photograph; they touch out all the lines, you know, and the expression to begin with is usually the acme of self-consciousness. You have the dress, I suppose. She must have been exceedingly handsome," he added, to be nice.

Suddenly the glittering object upon which their eyes were both glued swam into focus, and Camilla saw what Deane meant. But after all, this new revelation was no comfort, for the other idea, that *she* should want to be painted, had been so impossible, it never even had occurred to him. Of course it was natural she should want a picture of her beautiful aunt, and for the minute the silver frame glowed like a door of escape; in a flash she thought, that of all uses for her inheritance, this would have most pleased her aunt. How did it happen that colorless photography had ever satisfied that spirit which had worshiped for so many years at the shrine of her own chromatic splen-

dor? In a sudden relief, as of a freed spring, Camilla jumped to this turn of fate. Had not the Ladies' Club begged for a portrait of their first president? She found herself alive after the last leap, and now she plunged again. "She was handsome, and I have the dress;" there was almost fervor in the words as she took the picture into her hands, and turned it to the light. Quite unmitigated, it was truly the whole of the aunt she had suffered from,— all the endless vanity, the volatile pride in plain ancestors of whom they knew nothing but bare names and empty dates; and here was the mounting passion for display on platforms at meetings; while the homely everyday side of her aunt the photograph had left out, the side that made life jog on with no rapture of love perhaps, but with genuine affection and kindly tolerance. A portrait of this human side, in which, Camilla fancied, her aunt was kin to her dear mother, might have been a treasure that each year would have enhanced as the trials over the vanity faded away, and the happy hours of companionship and service asserted themselves in the memory; but to perpetuate the silly passion for display? — never! Camilla's good sense rebelled; besides, if Mr. Deane did not want to do it, why should she insist? Perhaps he might after all be a little sorry to lose his two thousand, and she just then rather wanted him to feel sorry about something. After longer study of the picture, she added calmly, "I will accept your decision, if you think it so hard to do; no matter, this photograph is excellent. I don't believe you could improve on it. I know how real artists hate to be asked to paint such things. Let us say no more about it." She turned and put the picture back in its place. "But the little girl was lovely; tell me about her."

Deane did feel a bit queer at being suddenly dropped so hard, and his superior phrases rang oddly in his ears. His eight hundred dollars did n't seem such a fortune, after all. This slender lady had a quick decision that surprised him. Now

that she saw him she evidently did not trust him, and was glad to be free of her offer. "Oh, the little girl," he said lamely.

"I not only like the painting," Camilla hastened to put in, "but she reminded me of a child I know. Who is she?" As she spoke, she turned again toward her aunt's picture in the shy manner she had.

Deane's trained eyes saw something then, and he wondered why he had n't seen it before. "She was charming," he said, "a little rustic nobody had discovered. The mothers offered me their beauties, and could n't comprehend why I should put Letty, as they said, into a picture. It was in New Jersey last summer I made the studies, but I finished the picture during the winter. I paid her five cents an hour to sit, and then I was afraid I was spoiling her, for she could n't understand why she should take money for doing what she most liked to do, especially after I gave her the *Blue Fairy Book*." A smile teased his lips as he spoke.

Camilla's face was averted, drooping slightly forward, a shadow falling on her cheek from the heavy hair. "She was so like the child I know that I was fascinated," she said, lifting her eyes to his. "Have n't you another study of her?"

"I could make one," he replied, "but she is older now, and it is hard to do just the same thing over again." He smiled as he said this, a frank, kind smile, Camilla thought.

"Were you long in Paris?" she asked, suddenly veering off from the painting.

"Three winters, and the summers down in the country."

"But you had worked a lot before you went?"

"My father is an engraver in Kansas City. I have worked with him since I was a boy, and then I studied four years in Chicago at the Institute before getting to Paris."

"And you like to paint children especially?"

"I like to paint anything that is beautiful. It is a waste of time to do anything

that is n't just the very most beautiful and lovely thing an artist can possibly imagine."

"Oh, did you think that of her?" Camilla exclaimed.

"I thought only a delicate, imaginative little girl fitted into the freshness and purity of that blue June day in the orchard, as no grosser spirit possibly could, when every color was young and transparent." He paused a moment and then added, "I would like to make a study of the little girl grown up." He smiled again, showing his splendid strong teeth.

Camilla flushed, and tried to maintain her dignity. "What do you mean?"

"You are the little girl grown up, only I fear you would scorn the kinship if you saw the Jersey farmhouse, and the faded blue print dress with a patch on the sleeve."

Camilla thought of some lame pretense, of a niece, of a family resemblance, but what was the use? She looked up with her flushed face, and smiled back at him, "It did interest me."

"And will you sit for me? I can't come until the end of May, though."

IV

Sister Mary Toler could not quite make out how Camilla had scraped acquaintance with the artist. "There was a fancy picture in Chicago that she imagined looked like her as a child, though how it could I can't see, for you never saw a homelier young one than she was. Was n't it funny that she never took Selina to see it?"

"But Selina was probably in bed most of the time," Rachel sensibly suggested.

"Now, somehow or other, the man wants her to pose for him: though what can he see in Camilla to put into a picture?"

"You don't do Camilla justice," Rachel declared.

"I hope he does n't think she has money," Eliza Grass, the other sister,

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worried. "We ought to find out who he is."

"I can trust Camilla," said Rachel loyally. "I never knew any one so sensitive to men; if he were n't good she could n't stay in the room with him. She is n't a child, you know."

"Of course it flatters her to be asked," Mary Toler said.

"I don't see where Camilla got her romantic streak, certainly not from father or mother. Thank Heavens, none of us have it! Our grandmother Eustacia Spence, though, had Irish blood." Eliza Grass could n't abide things of the imagination.

"Well, so long as it does n't cost anything, I don't know as we can criticise," Mary Toler summed up, "though it is a piece of folly to waste her time for a woman of Camilla's age." However young Camilla seemed to herself with her relatives, the relatives never allowed but that she was their contemporary.

Deane returned toward the end of May, and the sittings commenced. After extended explorations of the adjacent country to find a spot that pleased him for an out-of-door picture, he hit upon the back yard of a fisherman's cottage, half a mile from the end of the trolley. Here a group of birches grew on the edge of the bluff and down the bank, their slender white stems veiled in a mist of tiny sharp blades, making a delicious screen against the pale cool blue waters of the lake. The old wrinkled Dalmatian woman, mother of the two lusty brown-skinned fishermen, hovered about her back door with kind, curious eyes. Communication with her was limited to dumb show, and to offerings of oranges, strawberries, pictures of the saints on gilt cards, and such trifles as Camilla's imagination thought appropriate for a daughter of the Adriatic, stranded in old age upon these cold inland waters.

The picture was to be all atmosphere and sunshine, an arrangement of a slender, pale woman against the slender, pale birches, a blue gown blue water, and

blue sky. The sittings consumed much time, for the journey out and back took nearly two hours. On dull days there would be no painting. Deane worked rapidly, for the warm days were unfurling the sharp leaves too fast for his purpose. At night the picture reposed in the shed where the Dalmatians kept their seines and oars, and here Deane was at it when the afternoon was rainy.

At the seventh sitting the painting was well along, and Rachel was allowed to inspect it. By this time the whole family had met the painter-man, dined him, and discussed him afterwards in and out, and up and down. Lindley voiced the family sentiment when he said of him that he was *nothing* like an artist. In other words Deane was discovered to be simply a manly sort of man, a discovery that said more of the social opportunities of Blaireau than of the tribe of Weddleton, or of the painter himself.

It was of a Sunday, when no sittings, or more literally, standings, were allowed, that Camilla was called to the telephone directly she came in from church, and an excited voice began "Miss Camilla," — they had got that far in the course of conversations that had ranged widely and revealed many tastes; among others that she particularly disliked her surname; and that he had never heard of Emily Dickinson, and knew almost nothing about poetry, — "Miss Camilla, can you hear me? I am at the saloon at the end of the trolley. Please, do you know, it is the most wonderful day, there was never one like it, and there will never be again? There is a deep gray-blue luminous mist, most Japanese effect you can imagine, there is no horizon, the birches are transfigured. I have a new canvas, and am working like mad. Really, if you care for art you must sacrifice your principles, I must have you in this light. Won't you, can't you, please, come right off? Get the one o'clock trolley."

"Selina is expecting me to dinner."

"Nothing can take precedence of this; the Queen doesn't make such a com-

mand once in ten years, once in a lifetime. Put a sandwich in your pocket, or don't stop for it or you will lose your car; I have food here. Only, I pray, come, and come soon."

"Shall I put on the blue dress?"

"You *will* come?" piped the telephone so as to be heard across the room.

He had worked like mad, and his football shoulders and neck had been given him to good purpose. It was an entirely new arrangement, everything simplified in the deep, diffused, wonderful blue light, and Camilla stood all the afternoon, beyond all endurance, consuming dry rye bread in the intervals of rest, for the cheese and butter were as impossible as the Dalmatian's kitchen. Deane knew what he wanted, and he got it. At sunset the mysterious glassy water through the Japanese mist was laced with almost invisible bands of mauve, to be caught only unawares out of the corners of the eye. It was an unearthly day, and Camilla suffered a sea change into something rich and strange, — the spirit of woman, a something of purity and gentleness and heavenly innocence.

It was lucky that Lindley came for her in his auto, for she could hardly have walked to the cars. He was too good a brother to scold at her pale exhaustion, and none of the five sisters was with him, nor was there room for Deane to return with them.

When the two pictures were hung the next winter in the New York show the critics tried to lay them to this and that door, — he never could have done them without Whistler, said one; or Monet, said another; or Dagnan-Bouveret; or Aman-Jean; or Cazin; or Japan; but the more influences mentioned, the securer became Deane's right to his own vision. That year there was nothing else to compete with them.

"It will spoil him," said a wise man; "you will see him grind out his annual Lady of the Birches, for she is his wife now, you know."

"I did n't know. But for that matter

how many types did Perugino, or Botticelli, or Luini, or Leonardo, or Rossetti perfect? This is just as individual,—a type that seems to exactly express the artist. I am glad he has discovered her; she is adorable."

"By the way," said Walford Deane,—he was doing "just one more" arrangement of her in the New York studio,—"your aunt has never been enlarged; are n't you going to have it done?" Camilla looked to see if he were teasing. "Did n't she leave the money for it?"

"She left me just twenty-three hundred dollars, and all my fine feathers and furs," replied Camilla, "which I never dreamed of wanting, as I never dreamed of being somebody in New York."

Walford studied his wife's face deliberately, and she could look at him now without blushing. "Camilla," he said se-

verely, "I would n't have believed it of you if you had n't confessed it with your own lips."

"Confessed?" she said. "And it never occurred to you before?"

"Of you! That I was lured in my unsuspecting youth, trapped, ensnared, taken in?"

She put her hand over his mouth, but he pulled it down. "You gambler, you dared to stake all! You did not want *her* portrait at all, not even at first!"

"Be still, it was only your art; I was in love with myself," she cried.

"You were in love with me, with me first, and I thought I had discovered you!"

Even John Milton would have been satisfied with her triumphant, "You did n't discover me, Walford Deane, you *made* me!"

THE GAME OF LOVE

BY AGNES REPPLIER

IT was an ancient and honorable convent custom for the little girls in the Second Cours to cultivate an ardent passion for certain carefully selected big girls in the First Cours, to hold a court of love, and vie with one another in extravagant demonstrations of affection. We were called "satellites," and our homage was understood to be of that noble and exalted nature which is content with self-immolation. No response of any kind was ever vouchsafed us. No favors of any kind were ever granted us. The objects of our devotion—ripe scholars sixteen and seventeen years old—regarded us either with good-humored indifference or unqualified contempt. Any other line of action on their part would have been unprecedented and disconcerting. We did not want petting. We were not the lap-dog variety of children. We wanted to

play the game of love according to set rules,—rules which we found in force when we came to school, and which we had no mind to alter.

Yet one of these unwritten laws—which set a limit to inconstancy—I had already broken; and Elizabeth, who was an authority on the code, offered a grave remonstrance. "We really don't change that quickly," she said with concern.

I made no answer. I had "changed" very quickly, and, though incapable of self-analysis, I was not without a dim foreboding that I would change again.

"You were wild about Isabel Summers," went on Elizabeth accusingly.

"No, I was n't," I confessed.

"But you said you were."

Again I was silent. The one thing a child cannot do is explain a complicated situation, even to another child. How

could I hope to make Elizabeth understand that, eager to worship at some shrine, I had chosen Isabel Summers with a deliberation that boded ill for my fidelity. She was a thin, blue-eyed girl, with a delicate purity of outline, and heavy braids of beautiful fair hair. Her loveliness, her sensitive temperament, her early and tragic death (she was drowned the following summer), enshrined her sweetly in our memories. She became one of the traditions of the school, and we told her tale—as of another Virginia—to all newcomers. But in the early days when I laid my heart at her feet, I knew only that she had hair like pale sunshine, and that, for a First Cours girl, she was strangely tolerant of my attentions. If I ventured to offer her the dozen chestnuts that had rewarded an hour's diligent search, she thanked me for them with a smile. If I darned her stockings with painstaking neatness,—a privilege solicited from Sister O'Neil who had the care of our clothes,—she sometimes went so far as to commend my work. I felt that I was blessed beyond my comrades (Ella Holbrook snubbed Tony, and Antoinette Mayo ignored Lilly's existence), yet there were moments when I detected a certain insipidity in the situation. It lacked the incentive of impediment.

Then in November, Julia Reynolds, who had been absent, I know not why, returned to school, and I realized the difference between cherishing a tender passion and being consumed by one, between fanning a flame and being burned. To make all this clear to Elizabeth, who was passion proof, lay far beyond my power. When she said,—

“Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here,”—or words to that effect,—I had not even Romeo's feeble excuses to offer, though I was as obstinate as Romeo in clinging to my new love. Tony supported me, having a roving fancy of her own, and being constant to Ella Holbrook only because that imperious graduate regarded her as an intolerable nuisance.

Julia's views on the subject of satellites

were even more pronounced. She enjoyed a painful popularity in the Second Cours, and there were always half a dozen children abjectly and irritatingly in love with her. She was held to be the cleverest girl in the school, a reputation skillfully maintained by an unbroken superciliousness of demeanor. Her handsome mouth was set in scornful lines; her words, except to chosen friends, were few and cold. She carried on an internecine warfare with Madame Bouron, fighting that redoubtable nun with her own weapons,—icy composure, a mock humility, and polite phrases that carried a hidden sting. It was for this, for her arrogance,—she was as contemptuous as a cat,—and for a certain elusiveness, suggestive even to my untrained mind of new and strange developments, that I surrendered to her for a season all of my heart,—all of it, at least, that was not the permanent possession of Madame Rayburn and Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was not playing the game. She was nobody's satellite just then, being occupied with a new cult for a new nun, whom it pleased her to have us all adore. The new nun, Madame Dane, was a formidable person, whom, left to myself, I should have timorously avoided; but for whom, following Elizabeth's example, I acquired in time a very creditable enthusiasm. She was tall and high-shouldered, and she had what Colly Cibber felicitously describes as a “poking head.” We, who had yet to hear of Colly Cibber, admired this peculiar carriage,—Elizabeth said it was aristocratic,—and we imitated it as far as we dared, which was not very far, our shoulders being as vigorously supervised as our souls. Any indication of a stoop on *my* part was checked by an hour's painful promenade up and down the corridor, with a walking-stick held between my elbows and my back, and a heavy book balanced on my head. The treatment was efficacious. Rather than be so wearisomely ridiculous, I held myself straight as a dart.

Madame Dane, for all her lack of de-

portment, was the stiffest and sternest of martinets. She had a passion for order, for precision, for symmetry. It was, I am sure, a lasting grievance to her that we were of different heights, and that we could never acquire the sameness and immobility of chessmen. She did her best by arranging and rearranging us in the line of procession when we marched down to the chapel; unable to decide whether Elizabeth was a hair's breadth taller than Tony, whether Mary Aylmer and Eloise Didier matched exactly, whether Viola had better walk before Maggie McCullah, or behind her. She never permitted us to open our desks during study hours, or when we were writing our exercises. This was a general rule, but Madame Dane alone enforced it rigorously. If I forgot to take my grammar or my natural philosophy out of my desk when I sat down to work (and I was an addle-pated child who forgot everything), I had to go to class with my grammar or my natural philosophy unstudied, and bear the consequences. To have borrowed my neighbor's book would have been as great a breach of discipline as to have hunted for my own. At night and morning prayers we were obliged to lay our folded hands in exactly the same position on the second rung of our chair backs. If we lifted them unconsciously to the top rung, Madame Dane swooped down upon us like a falcon upon errant doves, — which was dreadfully distracting to our devotions.

"I don't see how she stands our hair being of different lengths," said Tony. "It must worry her dreadfully. I caught her the other night eying Eloise Didier's long plats and my little pigtails in a most uneasy manner. Some day she'll insist on our all having it cut short, like Elizabeth and Agnes."

"That would be sensible," said Elizabeth stoutly; while Lilly put up her hands with a quick, instinctive gesture, as if to save her curly locks from destruction.

"*You need n't talk,*" went on Tony with impolite emphasis, "after what you made her go through last Sunday. You

and Agnes in your old black veils. I don't believe she was able to read her Mass prayers for looking at you."

Elizabeth grinned. She was not without a humorous enjoyment of the situation. Our black veils, which throughout the week were considered decorous and devotional, indicated on Sundays — when white veils were in order — a depth of unpardonable and unpardonable depravity. When Elizabeth and I were condemned to wear ours to Sunday Mass and Vespers, — two little black sheep in that vast snowy flock, — we were understood to be, for the time, moral lepers, to be cut off from spiritual communion with the elect. We were like those eminent sinners who, in the good old days when people had an eye to effect, did penance in sheets and with lighted tapers at cathedral doors; — thus adding immeasurably to the interest of church-going, and to the general picturesqueness of life. The ordeal was not for us the harrowing thing it seemed. Elizabeth's practical mind had but a feeble grasp of symbols. Burne-Jones and Maeterlinck would have conveyed no message to her, and a black veil amid the Sunday whiteness failed to disturb her equanimity. As for me, I was content to wear what Elizabeth wore. Where MacGregor sat was always the head of the table. The one real sufferer was the innocent Madame Dane, whose Sabbath was embittered by the sight of two sable spots staining the argent field, and by the knowledge that the culprits were her own Second Cours children, for whom she held herself responsible.

"She told me," said Elizabeth, "that if ever I let such a thing happen to me again, I should n't walk by her side all winter."

Lilly lifted her eyebrows, and Tony gave a grunt of deep significance. It meant that this would be an endurable misfortune. A cult was all very well, and Tony, like the rest of us, was prepared to play an honorable part. But Elizabeth's persistent fancy for walking by our idol's side at recreation had become a good deal

of a nuisance. We considered that Madame Dane was, for a grown-up person, singularly vivacious and agreeable. She told us some of Poe's stories — notably *The Pit and the Pendulum* — in a manner which nearly stopped the beating of our hearts. We were well disposed even to her rigors. There was a straightforwardness about her methods which commended itself to our sense of justice no less than to our sense of humor. She dealt with us after fashions of her own; and, if she were constitutionally incapable of distinguishing between willful murder and crossing one's legs in class, she would have scorned to carry any of our misdemeanors to Madame Bouron's tribunal. We felt that she had companionable qualities, rendered in some measure worthless by her advanced years; for, after all, adults have but a narrow field in which to exercise their gifts. There was a pleasant distinction in walking by Madame Dane's side up and down Mulberry Avenue, even in the unfamiliar society of Adelaide Harrison, and Mary Rawdon, who was a green ribbon, and Ellie Plunkett, who was head of the roll of honor; but it would have been much better fun to have held aloof, and have played that we were English gypsies, and that Madame Dane was Ulrica of the Banded Brow, — just then our favorite character in fiction.

Ulrica sounds, I am aware, as if she belonged in the Castle of Udolpho; but she was really a virtuous and nobly spoken outlaw in a story called *Wild Times*, which was the most exciting book — the only madly exciting book — the convent library contained. It dealt with the religious persecutions of Elizabeth's glorious but stringent reign, and was a good, thorough-going piece of partisan fiction, like Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, or Wodrow's *Sufferings of the Church of Scotland*. I cannot now remember why Ulrica's brow was banded, — I believe she had some dreadful mark upon it, — but she was always alluding to its screened condition in words of thrilling intensity. "Seek not to know the secret of my shame. Never

again shall the morning breeze nor the cool breath of evening fan Ulrica's brow." — "Tear from my heart all hope, all pity, all compunction; but venture not to lift the veil which hides forever from the eye of man the blighting token of Ulrica's shame." We loved to picture this mysterious lady — whose life, I hasten to say, was most exemplary — as tall, high-shouldered, and stern, like Madame Dane; and we merged the two characters together in a very agreeable and convincing way. It enraptured us to speak of the mistress of the Second Cours as "Ulrica," to tell one another that some day we should surely forget, and call her by that name (than which nothing was less likely), and to wonder what she would say and do if she found out the liberty we had taken.

A little private diversion of this kind was all the more necessary because the whole business of loving was essentially a public affair. Not that we were capable of voicing our affections, — Marie alone had the gift of expression, — but we ranged ourselves in solid ranks for and against the favorites of the hour. The system had its disadvantages. It deprived us of individual distinction. I was confirmed that winter, and, having found out that Madame Dane's Christian name was Theresa, I resolved to take it for my confirmation name, feeling that this was a conclusive proof of tenderness. Unfortunately, three other children came to the same conclusion, — Ellie Plunkett was one of them, — and the four Theresas made such an impression upon the Archbishop that he congratulated us in a really beautiful manner upon our devotion to the great saint whose name we had chosen, and whose example, he trusted, would be our beacon light.

As for my deeper and more absorbing passion for Julia Reynolds, I could not hope to separate it, or at least to make her separate it, from the passions of her other satellites. She regarded us all with a cold and impartial aversion, which was not without excuse, in view of our reprehensible behavior. Three times a day the Sec-

ond Cours filed through the First Cours classroom, on its way to the refectory. The hall was always empty, as the older girls preceded us to our meals; but at noon their hats and coats and shawls were laid neatly out upon their chairs, ready to be put on as soon as dinner was eaten. Julia Reynolds had a black and white plaid shawl, the sight of which goaded us to frenzy. If Madame Dane's eyes were turned for one instant from our ranks, some daring child shot madly across the room, wrenched a bit of fringe from this beloved shawl, and, returning in triumph with her spoil, wore it for days (I always lost mine) pinned as a love-knot to the bib of her alpaca apron. Viola Milton performed this feat so often that she became purveyor of fringe to less audacious girls, and gained honor and advantages thereby. Not content with such vandalism, she conceived the daring project of stealing a lock of hair. She hid herself in a music room, and, when Julia went by to her music lesson, stole silently behind her, and snipped off the end of one of her long, brown braids. This, with the generosity of a highwayman, she distributed, in single hairs, to all who clamored for them. To me she gave half a dozen, which I gummed up for safe-keeping in an envelope, and never saw again.

It was a little trying that Viola — certainly, as I have made plain, the least deserving of us all — should have been the only child who ever obtained a word of kindness from our divinity. But this was the irony of fate. Three days after the rape of the lock, she was sent to do penance for one of her many misdemeanors by sitting under the clock in the corridor, a post which, for some mysterious reason, was consecrated to the atonement of sin. In an hour she returned, radiant, beatified. Julia Reynolds had gone by on her way to the chapel; and seeing the little solitary figure — which looked pathetic, though it was not — had given her a fleeting smile, and had said "Poor Olie," as she passed.

This was hard to bear. It all came, as

I pointed out acrimoniously to Tony, of Viola's being at least a head shorter than she had any business to be at ten years old, and of her having such absurdly thin legs, and great, melancholy eyes. Of course people felt sorry for her, whereas they might have known — they ought to have known — that she was incapable of being abashed. She would just as soon have sat astride the clock as under it.

One advantage, however, I possessed over all competitors. I took drawing lessons, and so did Julia Reynolds. Twice a week I sat at a table near her, and spent an hour and a half very pleasantly and profitably in watching all she did. I could not draw. My mother seemed to think that because I had no musical talent, and never in my life was able to tell one note — nor, indeed, one tune — from another, I must, by way of adjustment, have artistic qualities. Mr. James Payn was wont to say that his gift for mathematics consisted mainly of distaste for the classics. On precisely the same principle, I was put to draw because I could not play or sing. An all-round incapacity was, in those primitive days, a thing not wholly understood.

The only branch of my art I acquired to perfection was the sharpening of pencils and crayons; and, having thoroughly mastered this accomplishment, I ventured in a moment of temerity to ask Julia if I might sharpen hers. At first she decisively refused; but a week or two later, seeing the deftness of my work, and having a regard for her own hands, she relented, and allowed me this privilege. Henceforward I felt that my drawing lessons were not given in vain. Even Dr. Eckhart's unsparing condemnation of my sketches — which were the feeblest of failures — could not destroy my content. Love was with me a stronger emotion than vanity. I used to look forward all week to those two happy afternoons when I was graciously permitted to waste my time and blacken my fingers in humble and unrequited service.

Julia drew beautifully. She excelled in

every accomplishment, as in every branch of study. She sang, she played, she painted, she danced with bewildering ease and proficiency. French and Latin presented no stumbling-blocks to her. The heights and abysses of composition were for her a level and conquered country. Logic and geometry were, so to speak, her playthings. We were bewildered by such universality of genius,—something like Michael Angelo's,—and when I remember that, in addition to these legitimate attainments, she was the most gifted actress on our convent stage, I am at a loss now to understand why the world is not ringing with her name.

Certain it is that she was the pride of Dr. Eckhart's heart, the one solace of his harassed and tormented life. He was an elderly German, irascible in disposition, and profane in speech. His oaths were Teutonic oaths, but were not, on that account, the less thunderous. He taught music and drawing,—those were not the days of specialists,—so all the time that his ears were not vexed with weak and tremulous discords, his eyes were maddened by crippled lines, and sheets of smutty incompetence. The result of such dual strain was that his spirit, which could hardly have been gentle at the outset, had grown savage as a Tartar's. When Christopher North ventured to say that the wasp is the only one of God's creatures perpetually out of temper, it was because he never knew Carlyle or Dr. Eckhart.

This irate old gentleman was an admirable teacher,—or at least he would have been an admirable teacher if we could have enjoyed eternal youth in which to profit by his lessons, to master step by step the deep-laid foundations of an art. As it was, few of us ever got beyond the first feeble paces, beyond those prolonged beginnings which had no significance in our eyes. Yet we knew that other children, children not more richly endowed by nature than we were, made real pictures that, with careful retouching, were deemed worthy of frames, and of places upon parental walls. Adelaide Harrison

had a friend who went to a fashionable city school, and who had sent her—in proof of wide attainments—a work of art which filled us with envy and admiration. It was a winter landscape; a thatched cottage with wobbly walls, a bit of fence, and two quite natural looking trees, all drawn on a prepared surface of blue and brown,—blue on top for the sky, brown underneath for the earth. Then—triumph of realism—this surface was scraped away in spots with a penknife, and the white cardboard thus brought to light presented a startling resemblance to snow,—snow on the cottage roof, snow on the branches of the trees, patches of snow on the ground. It seemed easy to do, and was beautiful when done,—a high order of art, and particularly adapted, by reason of its wintriness, for Christmas gifts. I urged Adelaide to show it to Dr. Eckhart, and to ask him if we might not do something like it, instead of wasting our young lives, and possibly some hidden genius, in futile attempts to draw an uninspiring group of cones and cylinders. Adelaide, who was not without courage, and whose family had a high opinion of her talents, undertook this dangerous commission, and, at our next lesson, actually proffered her request.

Dr. Eckhart glared like an angry bull. He held the landscape out at arm's length, turning it round and round, as if uncertain which was earth and which was heaven. "And that," he said, indicating with a derisive thumb a spot of white; "what may I ask, is that?"

"Snow," said Adelaide.

"Snow!" with a harsh cackle. "And do we then scratch in the ground like hens for snow? Eh! tell me that! Like hens?" And he laughed, softened in some measure by an appreciation of his own wit.

Adelaide stood her ground. But she thought it as well to have some one stand by her side. "Agnes wants to do a picture, too," she said.

Dr. Eckhart gasped. If I had intimated a desire to build a cathedral, or write an epic, or be Empress of India, he could not

have been more astounded. "L'audace, l'audace, et toujours l'audace." Words failed him, but, reaching over, he picked up my drawing-board, and held it aloft as one might hold a standard; held it rigidly, and contemplated for at least three minutes the wavering outlines of my work. Most of the class naturally looked at it too. The situation was embarrassing, and was made no easier when, after this prolonged exposure, my board was replaced with a thump upon the table, and Dr. Eckhart said, in a falsetto imitation of Adelaide's mincing tones: "Agnes wants to do a picture, too." Then without another word of criticism — no more was needed — he moved away, and sat down by Julia Reynolds's side. She alone had never lifted her eyes during this brief episode, had never deemed it worthy of attention. I felt grateful for her unconcern, and yet was humbled by it. It illustrated my sterling insignificance. Nothing that I did, or failed to do, could possibly interest her, even to the raising of an eyelid. At least, so I thought then. I was destined to find out my mistake.

It was through Elizabeth that the new discovery was made. All our inspirations, all the novel features of our life, owed their origin to her. The fertility of her mind was inexhaustible. A few days after this memorable drawing lesson she drew me into a corner at recreation, and, rolling up her sleeve, showed me her arm. There, scratched on the smooth white skin, bloody, unpleasant, and distinct, were the figures 150.

I gazed entranced. A hundred and fifty was Madame Dane's number (the nuns as well as the girls all had numbers), and for months past it had been the emblem of the cult. We never saw it without emotion. When it stood at the head of a page, we always encircled it in a heart. When we found it in our arithmetics, we encircled it in a heart. We marked all our books with these three figures set in a heart, and we cut them upon any wooden substance that came to hand; — not our polished and immaculate desks, but rulers, slate

borders, and the swings. And now, happiest of happy devices, Elizabeth had offered her own flesh as a background for these beloved numerals.

The spirit of instant emulation fired my soul. I thought of Julia's number, twenty-one, and burned with desire to carve it monumentally upon myself. "What did you do it with?" I asked.

"A pin, a penknife, and a sharpened match," answered Elizabeth proudly.

I shuddered. These surgical instruments did not invite confidence; but not for worlds would I have acknowledged my distaste. Besides, it is sweet to suffer for those we love. I resolved to out-herod Herod, and use my hand instead of my arm as a commemorative tablet. There was a flamboyant publicity about this device which appealed to my Latin blood.

It did not appeal to Elizabeth, and she offered the practical suggestion that publicity, when one is not a free agent, sometimes entails unpleasant consequences. My arm was, so to speak, my own, and I might do with it what I pleased; but my hand was open to scrutiny, and there was every reason to fear that Madame Dane would disapprove of the inscription. Her arguments were unanswerable, but their very soundness repelled me. I was in no humor for sobriety.

I did the work very neatly that night in my alcove, grateful, before it was over, that there were only two figures in twenty-one. The next day Viola followed my example. I knew she would. There was no escaping from Viola. Tony cut seventy-seven, Ella Holrook's number, upon her arm. Annie Churchill and Lilly heroically cut a hundred and fifty on theirs. The fashion had been set.

In three days half the Second Cours bore upon their suffering little bodies these gory evidences of their love. And for four days no one in authority knew. Yet we spent our time delightfully in examining one another's numerals, and freshening up our own. Like young savages, we incited one another to painful rites, and to bloody excesses. That Viola's

hand and mine should for so long have escaped detection seems miraculous; but Madame Dane, though keenly observant, was a trifle near-sighted. She may have thought the scratches accidental.

On the fifth morning, as I came out from Mass, Madame Rayburn's eye lighted by chance upon the marks. She was not near-sighted, and she never mistook one thing for another. A single glance told her the story. A single instant decided her course of action. "Agnes," she said, and I stepped from the ranks, and stood by her side. I knew what she had seen; but I did not know what she proposed doing, and my heart beat uneasily. We waited until the First Cours filed out of the chapel. Last, because tallest, came Ella Holbrook and Julia Reynolds. "Julia," said Madame Rayburn, and she, too, left the ranks and joined us. No word was spoken until the long line of girls—burning with futile curiosity, but too well trained even to turn their heads—had passed through the corridor. Then Madame Rayburn took my hand in her firm grasp, and held it up to view. "Look at this, Julia," she said.

I had supposed it impossible to move Julia Reynolds to wrath, to arouse in her any other sentiment than the cold contempt, *la fierté honorable et digne*, which she cultivated with so much care. But I had not calculated on this last straw of provocation following upon all she had previously endured. When she saw her number on my hand, she crimsoned, and her eyes grew dark. She was simply and unaffectedly angry,—what we in unguarded conversation called "mad."

"I won't have it," she said passionately. "I won't! It's too much to be borne. I won't put up with it another hour. Why should I be tormented all my life by these idiotic children? Look at my shawl,—how they have torn off half the fringe! It is n't fit to be worn. Look at my desk! I never open it without finding it littered with their trash. Do I want their old flannel penwipers? Do I want their stupid pincushions and needle-cases? Can I pos-

sibly want book-markers of perforated cardboard, with 'Julia' worked on them in blue sewing silk? I've had three this week. Do they think I don't know my own name, and that I have to be reminded of it by them? They have no business to go near my desk. They have no business to put anything in it. And I don't want their candy. And I don't want them to darn my stockings in hard lumps. I've never encouraged one of them in my life. (Alas! Julia, this was your undoing.) I've never spoken to one of them. I did let her (a scornful nod at me) sharpen my crayons in drawing class, and I suppose this impertinence is the result. I suppose she thinks she is a favorite. Well, she is n't. And this is going a good deal too far. My number belongs to me personally, just as much as my name does. I won't have it paraded around the Second Cours. It stands for me in the school, it's mine, and she has no right to cut it on her horrid little hand."

There was a moment's silence. Julia's breath was spent, and Madame Rayburn said nothing. She only looked at me.

Now I possessed one peculiarity which had always to be reckoned with. Timid, easily abashed, and reduced to nothingness by a word that hurt, I was sure, if pushed too far, to stand at bay. Nor had nature left me altogether defenseless in a hard world. Julia's first glance had opened my eyes to the extravagance of my behavior (Oh, that I had followed Elizabeth's counsel!), her first reproaches had overwhelmed me with shame. But the concentrated scorn with which she flung her taunts in my face, and that final word about my horrid hand, stiffened me into resistance. My anger matched her own. "All right," I said shortly; "I'll scratch it out."

Madame Rayburn laughed softly. She had brought upon me this dire humiliation because she thought my folly merited the punishment; but she was not ill-pleased to find me undismayed. As for Julia, she bent her keen eyes on my face (the first time she had ever really looked

at me), and something that was almost a smile softened the corners of her mouth. It was evident that the idea of scratching out what was already so deeply scratched in pleased her wayward fancy. When she spoke again, it was in a different voice, and though her words were unflattering, her manner was almost kind. "If you are not altogether a fool," she said, "and that sounds as if you were not, why do you behave like one?"

To this query I naturally made no reply. It was not easy to answer, and besides, at the first softening of her mood, my wrath had melted away, carrying my courage with it. I was perilously near tears. Madame Rayburn dropped my hand, and gave me a little nod. It meant that I was free, and I scuttled like a hare through the corridor, through the First Cours classroom, and down into the refectory. There the familiar aspect of breakfast, the familiar murmur of "Pain, s'il vous plaît," restored my equanimity. I met the curious glances cast at me with that studied unconcern, that blankness of expression, which we had learned from Elizabeth, and which was to us what the turtle shell is to the turtle, — a refuge from inquisitors. I had no mind that any one should know the exact nature of my experience.

That night I made good my word, and

erased the twenty-one after a thorough-going fashion I hardly like to recall. But when the operation was over, and I curled up in my bed, I said to myself that although I should never again wear this beloved number upon hand or arm, it would be engraved forever on my heart. As long as I lived, I should feel for Julia Reynolds the same passionate and unalterable devotion. Perhaps, sometime in the future, I should have the happiness of dying for her. I was arranging the details of this charming possibility, and balancing in my mind the respective delights of being bitten — while defending her — by a mad dog, or being drowned in mid-ocean, having given her my place in the lifeboat, and was waving her a last farewell from the decks of the sinking ship, when I finally fell asleep.

The next morning was Sunday, the never-to-be-forgotten Sunday, when Marianus for the first time served Mass. And as I watched him, breathless with delight, Julia's image grew pale, as pale as that of Isabel Summers, and faded quietly away. I looked at Elizabeth and Tony. They, too, were parting with illusions. Their sore little arms might now be permitted to heal, for their faithless hearts no longer bore a scar. The reign of our lost loves was over. The sovereignty of Marianus had begun.

A SIGNIFICANT BIOGRAPHY

BY THEODORE T. MUNGER

THE only justification of an autobiography is truthfulness. But the chances against this are so many that the discreet reader hesitates until he finds if he has fact or fiction before him. The *Confessions* of Rousseau comes near to an exception. It is disagreeable to the last degree, but so exact in its details that it has a certain interest as a theory of society; but the too plainly told story of his miserable life offsets both its truth and its charm. Nature no longer delights us when a lie is written upon her fair face.

I need not say that the autobiography of Mr. White bears no relation to this book. It escapes the usual fate of such a history by its self-evident truth, and the unimpeachable value of the story from title-page to colophon. Its interest is due not to any novelty of fact, for the entire book is an open page of history, but to an instinct or habit of truthfulness that pervades its pages like an atmosphere. There are two kinds of truth: accuracy and spirit. He might err in the former, but by no possibility in the latter. One closes these open-paged volumes feeling that one has stayed a while in a world where "no part is dark, the whole full of light."

The first seven years of Mr. White's life were spent in his birthplace,—Homer, one of those towns in central New York, the names of which seem drawn at hazard from Lemprière's Dictionary, unlike the rivers, whose Indian names were as musical as their waters. Mr. White tells us that Bismarck once said to him: "Since you were born in *Homer* and resided in *Syracuse* and presided over a University in *Ithaca*, I infer that you belong in a *classical* region." A clerk in the Land Office in Albany, a hundred and more years ago, is responsible for the Chancellor's humor.

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The generation of Mr. White was the second after that which broke into the forests a little before the beginning of the century, not as stragglers from the frontier, but as solid ranks of emigrants from the best sections in Massachusetts and Connecticut. Almost the first houses that followed log cabins were as ample and well finished as those left behind. They brought New England with them: its institutions, its church, schools, habits, civil instincts, respectability, industry, and resistless energy,—all so inwoven with conscience that they not only lost nothing, but grew stronger and keener as the years went on. Hence Dr. Bushnell's great sermon on *Barbarism the first Danger of Emigration* had no application here. They brought a salt from New England that did not lose its savor in transportation. After twenty years of vigorous growth, the fellow factor of Puritan society—the Academy—came along, and soon students were flocking thither from all over the "military tract," where they were prepared for Yale and Hamilton, coming back as ministers and lawyers and physicians, for they would have whatever had been in the old home.

Thus the unbroken tradition of New England was preserved,—Church and School side by side in a wide square of six acres, that they might have the honor and endowment at least of space. As heretofore, Church and Academy played into each other, and together they held the people to what was best in each. An undenominational board of trustees diffused a tolerant and generous spirit throughout the community. The teachers, carefully selected, gave the tone to society. In a very real sense and degree, learning was counted as essential to respectability. It even created a genuine and salutary

aristocracy, based on church-going and school attendance.

It was in such a soil as this that Mr. White found root, and lived until he was seven years of age; a short time, but long enough to receive strongest influences in the development of character. In nearly all superior minds early religious impressions are deep and persistent. "The master light of all our seeing" seldom fades away as a trailing cloud.

Our purpose in part, in this article, is to call attention to the ethical and religious conditions that surrounded him in his early years, — peculiar in their intensity, and from the personality of two men who largely created them. We refer to Henry Gregory, and to John Keep, pastor of the First Church in Homer, who in the latter half of his life was closely and even vitally connected with Oberlin.

Mr. White was too young to come under the direct influence of Dr. Keep, except as it literally saturated the entire community. But I refer to him because when Mr. White was planning to introduce coeducation into Cornell University he examined it at Oberlin, where Dr. Keep had introduced it, having first established it in Homer. Madam White received her education there, and prompted her son to adopt it at Cornell.

The other direct influence upon the growing boy was that of Dr. Gregory, rector of the Episcopal church that had suddenly sprung up under the shadow of the powerful ministry of Dr. Keep. It embraced the family of Mr. White, for reasons perhaps wider than those realized by themselves. The Catholic and the Protestant each has his natural *credo*; one because he *feels*, the other because he *thinks*. When one is summoned or tempted to think in cruel and abnormal ways, one turns away from the hard and rough of the common faith and finds the creed of feeling of easier acceptance. It is beyond question that Calvinism, as it clothed itself in the revivalism of the earlier part of the last century, opened a wide door to Episcopacy, that would have been

wider still if that church had possessed a clearer idea of what is meant by breadth. There are flourishing dioceses in New York where Finney and Burchard once possessed the ground. As they passed over it, casting lurid flames of eternal misery fed by a logic that defied reason, the region came to be called "the burnt-over tract," — referring to its cause and its condition. This period left behind quarrels over what were called "measures," — sober and wise men resisting and standing by, but always a minority, while weaker ones fell in with the whirling storm. The pastor was often the helpless victim. Mr. Burchard for six weeks was in full authority, — "presbyter writ large," — but the "measures" remained with fatal mischief. So far as we can find out, for there are few records and no living memory to tell us to-day, Dr. Keep strove to guide the storm in his parish, for he was not a strict Edwardsian, and he had already written a treatise of which tradition says it covered nearly the entire ground of Dr. Bushnell's *Christian Nurture*, a book that substantially quenched the revival system in the Congregational Churches of New England, and put the nurture of religion closer to that of the Episcopal Church. It is improbable that Dr. Keep turned his back on his pre-Bushnell views and yielded the heart of them to "measures" in utter conflict with anything akin to an approach to *Christian Nurture*. But whatever his action may have been, there was enough to lead the White family to choose whether to remain amid the storm of "measures," or to retreat to the quiet of Episcopacy, for which a chance reading of the Prayer Book had prepared the way.

Side by side with Dr. Keep was Dr. Gregory, rector of the Episcopal Church; they offered the strongest possible contrast in all respects. Dr. Gregory, far inferior to Dr. Keep intellectually, was yet a man strong in graces of character and points of belief. It was the period of Pusey and Newman at Oxford, and it was by a strange casting of lots that these

two New World ministers fell into the same place. They finely illustrated their two schools of thought and faith. Pusey and Newman represented so closely the Mother Church of Rome that one of them fell into her arms, curbing his splendid intellect into obedience to her hard rein, winning well-nigh half the church, and with them this far-away follower in Central New York. The Puritan Church of New England, at a point when it was at the very height of its intellectual greatness and religious fervor, sent to the same place one of its most representative leaders, an idealist, and forerunner of what it is still pursuing. Yet the two men were not unlike in some points. Each was intense, almost fanatical over his methods. Dr. Keep continually haunted the school-houses throughout the town "at early candle-light," while Dr. Gregory held early morning services whenever the rubric required them. Dr. Gregory, a gentle, mediæval saint, was given to continuous prayer and care of his flock, while Dr. Keep reminds one of Dr. Arnold in the intensity of his nature, and the strenuousness of his labors. The entire region was his parish, every schoolhouse became a chapel, and every dwelling was literally made a confessional down to the finest point of pastoral duty. Dr. Keep's parish and that of a faithful Roman Catholic priest were strikingly alike in leading points. Each made himself responsible for the religious condition of every soul in his care, and by watchful oversight, and even confession, brought all into obedience to the Church. If one is to be sneered at or praised, so is the other. For myself I would neither sneer nor withhold praise so long as the results were such as those that followed "Father Keep," for so the people by instinct called him. If there were some things that would seem behind the present in faith and practice, there were others in which we lag behind. Some of these things Mr. White, coming later to a knowledge of them, adopted as leading purposes in his life.

The White family changed its residence to Syracuse, thirty miles north, where rapidly a large fortune was amassed, that passed to Andrew, and of which he has been a wise and worthy steward, reminding us of Sir Henry Taylor,—wisest of men,—who said that "if we take account of all the virtues with which money is mixed up and of their correlative vices, it is a knowledge which goes near to cover the length and breadth of humanity." It was fortunate that the inevitable reaction from the orthodoxy of his early years was undergone in the Episcopal Church and in his youth; it was a gentler way out. Had he remained in the Calvinistic world, that vast body of doctrine beginning with the fall of Adam and all its sequent impossibilities would have overwhelmed his keen and truth-loving nature, and left him in a chaos of unbelief from which recovery would have been slow and hard. The very absence of emphasis on doctrine in the Episcopal Church saved him from the strain of rejecting his faith. Happily he was led into the fold, — for this church has long sheltered the storm-caught lambs of hard orthodoxy. The strength of Calvinism has been held to be in its thought,—unanswerable because logical,—but the evidences and the material of its thought were fast passing away, and belief was slipping into doubt and protest. The great world of nature was coming face to face with it, and smiting it with irresistible blows. Let it not be supposed that we deny thought to the Episcopal Church, for of all vain things is a religion that strives to be strong without it, but this church begins its training with a lullaby, and not with a thesis.

Mr. White tells us it was the dream of his mother that he might follow the footsteps of the revered Dr. Gregory. She little saw what weighty obstacles would spring up in the way. As the boy grew man-ward in Syracuse, where the rector had followed them, he began to take in the sense of the sermons he had heard as a child, and the slumbering nature in him rose in protest against the mediæval rec-

tor who contended that "the promises were made to the Church alone," and that those outside were probably lost, and worse still, that "unbaptized infants" shared the same fate. Then the fountain of doubt and denial began to flow deeper and stronger,—from entanglement in the two genealogies of Jesus to "Apostolic Succession," and "replies" to Hume and Gibbon that left the argument on the wrong side, until the natural end came in reading Butler's *Analogy*, which he found to be "equally valuable for any religion which had once got itself established" By the way, something might be said in behalf of the great Bishop's argument to-day, but nothing then. As the outcome, he describes himself as a "religious rebel." It is not an uncommon nor a bad *dénouement*, if there are about and within one the stout guards of nature and of circumstance. White might stay awhile in a tangle of doubts, but he could not long remain without a religion, though false logic and inhuman ethics are heavy burdens for a warm-hearted young man to carry. He describes the process and effect in his last chapter: "The old dogma of 'the fall of man' had soon fully disappeared, and in its place there rose more and more into view the idea of the rise of man. But while my view was thus broadened, no hostility to religion found lodgment in my mind; of all the books which I read at that time, Stanley's *Life of Arnold* exercised the greatest influence upon me. It showed that a man might cast aside much which churches regard as essential, and might strive for breadth and comprehension in Christianity, while remaining in healthful relations with the church." Already, the great bases of religion were outlined in his nature, where they finally became the warp and woof of his career. His inwrought humanity and sense of justice, his quick vision of truth, and honesty of nature, furnished the chief elements of religion. Undoubtedly, in his case, the church where he was reared was upon the whole best fitted to await the devel-

opment of these generic graces. There is in this worshiping church a world of sentiment and commanding beauty that softens the blows with which logic belabors one, and even wins one into something like faith, even as the stars suggest heaven.

Mr. White has frankly spoken of his "religious development;" he does not name it as experience,—for in his case, at least, the former word is the truer. A religious experience is a varied, uncertain thing, of which a wise man will not often speak with confidence. But a development of what is within one, wrought out by influences accepted, by a life lived, and by the sum total of one's knowledge,—of this, one may speak with confidence, and as the best thing in one's life. As he says in his final chapter: "The general effect of all these experiences, as I now think, was to aid in a healthful evolution of my religious ideas."

It may seem strange that the strongest influences felt by White all through the formative period of his life are to be ascribed to clergymen, or to professors wearing the cloth. Dr. Wayland, in a speech of ten minutes, determined White's purpose to take a position in a Western college; "The best field of work for graduates is now in the *West*." A few words followed, that required only the forecasting brain of White to measure their truth, and he was soon on his way to the University of Michigan, where he remained six years as professor of history. Among others who influenced him were President Porter, a keen and broad-minded critic, the most necessary teacher of all in a university, if the aim is to find and develop strong men instead of valedictorians; Professor Fisher, a scholar who gave charm to even the dullest pages of history by good companionship, and not only softened the rigors of orthodoxy, but gave it a reasonable cast; and President Woolsey, whom White might well remember with gratitude, for to the present day he recalls a sermon heard while in college, on "Religious Anger." Even in

reading these volumes one can see the practical value of such a sermon, well digested and set down in memory, for perhaps no man in public service is more tempted to anger than an ambassador, and more imperatively requires that it must be righteous. No one of Mr. White's calibre and responsiveness to high traits of character could have been insensible to such a man as President Woolsey. He felt the vast bulk of his character, and recognized a debt of lasting gratitude, to which we refer later on. If his scholastic robes were rather closely worn, when they were drawn aside there were revelations of thought and political forecast, for those who had ears to hear. White, yet in college, was thoroughly saturated with abolition sentiments, due in a measure to Gerrit Smith and Samuel J. May, but most of all to his own soul, for in those days and times political sentiments sprang from such a source; and in his address at the Junior Exhibition upon "John Quincy Adams on the Floor," there was, for the first time in the century at Yale, an anti-slavery speech of the true ring. President Woolsey did not shake his head nor look askance.

In tracing Mr. White's own recapitulation of the things he engaged in, we believe he needlessly deprecates the possible charge that he attempted too many; it depends upon what things are, and how they come about, whether self-chosen and through a vagrant will, or whether they are laid upon one in matters where choice is little and conscience everything. The dative case may have its fascination and requirements, but the world may have other claims. A straighter line of work seldom falls to one than fell to Mr. White, yet from nearly everything he had chosen he was called away to something different. Still it happened that, whatever the thing was, it accorded with his ruling passion; for such he had. All he did was subdued to that complexion. A broad man, — as a student of history is apt to become, — his dominant characteristic was *humanity*. The good rector had

failed to sow its seed in his young heart. That sacred growth found better nurture under Rev. Samuel J. May, — a name which Mr. White never fails to speak with profound and tender respect. No better thing can be said of him than that Mr. May was the most congenial mind in the list of his friends, for he was a saint of the highest order; no à Kempis, or Edwards, or Bunyan, but a simpler and profounder nature, who every day planted his feet in the very footsteps of the Master, and caught the breath of his charity. In reading an autobiography, it is well to follow the whim or wisdom of the writer. One can only be grateful to Mr. White for enshrining Samuel J. May in his pages.

If Providence moves by correlation, it was illustrated in certain things that greatly needed to be done in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and here at least was one man well fitted to do some of them. Mr. White was a foreordained humanist, by which we mean one in whom there is a special coördination of natural gifts, circumstances, and spiritual movements, fitted to work out certain decreed events, merciful in their nature. There was no lack of such men at that time to do such work, but they were chiefly looked for among the clergy. The service grew broader and more varied than could be filled by this class. The clergyman renders all important service at the fountain head of human needs where principles are to be laid down, and motives are to be stirred into action, but he is prone to blunder when he undertakes the practical thing. This is apt to happen so long as one is governed by formal rules and precedents, instead of a living spirit which is ever working freely in a growing world. Thus the best of clergymen, when they get immeshed in some doctrinal notion from which they cannot escape, lose their way into the new order ordained to come.

Such was the state of things in which Mr. White found himself when he entered upon the organization of Cornell

University. In this greatest work of his life, he fulfilled the saying of President Eliot: "the surest pledge of long remembrance among men is to build one's self into a university." Harvard and Yale were founded by clergymen,—following the example of the Old World. They are to be accorded success, and even crowned with glory, but their early histories are often grotesque in their leading features, and are almost blotted out with change. Yale rewrote her charter after a hundred years, in order to catch the breath of the New World, and has recently given over the necessity of making the president a cleric, and has broken into the ranks of the governing board of "ten Colonial ministers of Connecticut," by placing among them a layman from New York. Mr. White in founding Cornell had no trouble with clergymen from within, but no end of it from without. There is always a two-handed force that brings about so great a result as a real university. Emerson humorously describes the ease and speed with which Americans turn out a college: "a meeting of a few rich men after business hours, a board of trustees before the winter evening is over, a president elected and placed in his chair within a week, a charter secured, professors appointed, buildings erected, and before green pease are ready, the University is opened and in full action." We would not repeat Mr. Emerson's badinage if it were not a literal history, and — greatest wonder of all — the university is highly prosperous to this day. But Cornell did not so rise in air. Two things were needed,—the will of the people, and the brain of a man fit for the work. Land grants from the nation were to be secured, and great necessities were to be provided,—all possible only through arduous work and long waiting. Mr. White entered into the enterprise not as a novice, for, save a few sessions in the state senate of New York, he had never been out of sight of a university. But he had a better preparation than experience; he had seen a vision and heard

a call. His life in the senate had proved his skill in business, but he had not yet shown that he was gifted with the special power of steadily working under an ideal when confronted by great difficulties.

One of the most revealing passages in Dr. White's pages is that in chapter seventeen, where he describes the dream of a university first pictured in his fancy on the shores of Seneca Lake, and realized later as president of one on Cayuga. He writes: "As I read in this new-found book (Heber and Newman on the English universities) of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and pored over the engraved views of quadrangles, halls, libraries, chapels,—of all the noble and dignified belongings of a great seat of learning,—my heart sank within me. Every feature of the little American college seemed all the more sordid. But gradually I began consoling myself by building air-castles. These took the form of structures suited to a great university: with distinguished professors in every field, with libraries as rich as the Bodleian, halls as lordly as that of Christ Church or of Trinity, chapels as inspiring as that of King's, towers as dignified as those of Magdalen and Merton, quadrangles as beautiful as those of Jesus and St. John's. In the midst of all other occupations I was constantly rearing these structures on that queenly site above the finest of the New York lakes, and dreaming of a university worthy of the commonwealth and of the nation. This dream became a sort of obsession. It came upon me during my working hours, in the classrooms, in rambles along the lake shore, in the evenings, when I paced up and down the walks in front of the college buildings, and saw rising in their place and extending to the pretty knoll behind them, the worthy home of a great university. . . . I made provision for other studies beside classics and mathematics. There should be professors in the great modern literatures—above all, in our own; there should also be a professor of modern history and a lecturer on architecture. And next, my

university should be under control of no single religious organization; it should be free from all sectarian or party trammels; in electing its trustees and professors no questions should be asked as to their belief or their attachment to this or that sect or party. So far, at least, I went in those days along the road toward the founding of Cornell."

While a dream, it was not such as plays about the youth when he awakes to the beauty of the world, but such as attends that more stable thing that comes over him later, — a sense of the reality of life. White saw the charm of things, and he never failed to realize it. Whatever was beautiful he strove to make real, in music and art and architecture,—but the dream did not become more than a dream until it found shape in humanity. While Cornell is the most enduring and substantial achievement of his career, the most spiritual and ideal is the part played in the formation of the Hague Tribunal. He heard in it Milton's *Hymn of the Nativity*. "No war or battle's sound" would he listen to if he could quell it. Here he struck the keynote of highest human need, and he followed the law of his life as he had heard it framed by Dr. Wayland: "I go for humanity," not in mere protests against bloodshed, but using the special way open to him in the service of diplomacy. He had learned how to win the hearts of those in power, and to weave together the growing threads of good will to men into strands of mercy and reason until the law of peace seems at last about to become a reality.

Few men ever more closely hit the mark aimed at in youth, but one must note that it was not the outgrowth of ambition, but sprang from the logic of his nature and his circumstances. The time had come when the New World needed a new university. The faint reflections of the great schools of learning — largely made up of Aristotle and "gerund-grinding" — clearly had passed their day, at least here. Mr. White, grasping the situation later on, saw that the dons of Oxford no longer

furnished the models of education for a democracy. There is a great deal in his life that grew, by some necessity of his nature, out of this absolute sense of the American democracy, and the way he would deal with it. I name it as a sign and measure of not only his far-sighted outlook, but his humanity and the fitness of his nature. He saw that aristocracy and humanity, though long coexisting, are not compatible in their nature. Few Americans have been more deeply immersed in the higher ranks of European society, but though often a relentless critic of his countrymen, never was there a touch of pessimism or contempt, except for infidelity to the nation.

When Mr. White was trying to do what he believed to be the best possible thing, he encountered the severest trial a well-meaning man is ever called on to undergo, — namely, the criticism of good men as to his personal religion. To endure the contradiction of sinners is counted grievous, but it is bliss compared with enduring that of saints. Mr. White encountered it in full measure, but he was saved from the sting by having attained a clear view of evolution as the order of the moral as well as the material world, for it was on the former that the new university was held to have denied the faith, and its young president to be the arch-heretic. It would have been useless to laugh at or to curse those who in the name of religion had set their faces against him. He said to me at the time, that their criticism and its methods were enough to have made him a howling atheist, had he yielded to them. Jonathan Edwards was a gentleman, even while he scuttled the ship of humanity, but the common courtesies of good society were withheld by his critics from Mr. White. As I recall the gentleness of his comments upon those of every profession, church, and calling, and of newspapers, from the worst to the best, — if the best were not the worst, — all alike tearing his soul and body asunder, and undermining the foundations of his university, laid in the name of humanity, I am amazed

at the patience and quietness with which he endured, indignant only when his co-laborers were maligned along with himself. My suspicion is, that in all this bitter stress of undeserved fortune, the memory of Samuel J. May stayed by him as a spirit of consummate wisdom and goodness, for so had he endured, and opened not his mouth.

The larger part of his critics were not hypocrites, nor evil-doers. They kept the commandments, except that on bearing false witness against their neighbor, and offered their prayers in all sincerity, but were simply terror-stricken over something, they knew not what, called *evolution*. Mr. White, fed by a gift of inexhaustible good nature, that has carried him beyond threescore and ten without a known enemy, and also having a keen insight into human nature, waited for the universities throughout the country to come to him through the sure-moving wheels of evolution. For, in the early sixties, not a university in the country had recognized the great Law, except in some chance lecture room, nor taken a step to free itself from that vast burden of superstition and enthroned blunder found in every science, from theology to physics. Of course but few of these universities openly opposed Mr. White, but they did a thousand times worse. Is there any criticism so exquisite in its sting, so deadly in its effect, as silence? There was one exception. Mr. White says, "An eminent and justly respected president of one of the oldest Eastern universities published a treatise, which was widely circulated, to prove that the main ideas on which the new university was based were utterly impracticable; and especially that the presentation of various courses of instruction suited to young men of various aims and tastes, with liberty of choice between them, was preposterous. It is interesting to note that the same eminent gentleman was afterward led to adopt this same 'impracticable' policy at his own university." Another exception of a different kind came from one whose weight of opinion was

worth the entire mass of frightened criticism and crazed abuse. Mr. White was asked to lecture in New Haven, for Yale never ceased to love him, however much she bewailed his "wild and erratic views," — very like her own at present, — when he wrought into his address the entire substance of his future book, *The Warfare of Science with Theology*. President Woolsey presided over a large audience, and at the close of the address thoroughly supported his position and bade him "God-speed." What others thought is not told, but it is not necessary to know; Plato had spoken. In due time, the entire company, according to their vision and their prudence, followed, though in a manner somewhat like the attendance of the Oxford dons on the decennial meetings of the Royal Academy of Science: at the first, they stayed away; ten years after, they went but remained silent; at the third, they took the floor. By steps so graded does the wise and prudent world move on in the path of human progress.

One asks, when this storm of bigotry was raging so near, why Harvard and Yale did not offer a helping hand, or at least a word of sympathy? For it cannot be denied that Mr. White was fighting a single-handed battle, not for himself and his half-born university, but for all, and for the churches as well, as time will show. Only a partial answer can be given. None of us care to question the early stages of our own souls or our universities; it is pleasanter to forget, than to put on sackcloth. Perhaps the simplest answer would be the truest; few men in the country believed in evolution. Mr. White was regarded as simply a student of history, wandering in a foreign field and putting out vagaries in a radical magazine. It must also be said that while there was enough thought in Boston, it confined itself to its peculiar questions and fads. It was too well satisfied with its own prophets of reconstructed theology to ask if there were another. But evolution spares no old or new creeds unless reorganized on the central law of creation, when it be-

comes eternal law. Harvard was feeling still the castigations of Emerson, and Wendell Phillips, and Theodore Parker, and had too much at home to look after, to concern itself with a university grounded on an hypothesis; for so it regarded what was going on in central New York. The spokes of Dr. Holmes's wheel did not in that day radiate far beyond Boston. As for Yale, she was busy grinding away the roughness of her Calvinism, and squaring Scotch metaphysics with German mysticism. Evolution she might tolerate in part, but would have none of it as a whole. Besides, when was it ever true that a prophet had honor in his own country? Years earlier, Mr. White was not considered by Yale for a professorship of history because of his "views." The fact is, Mr. White, while building his university on the shores of Cayuga, was for ten years the most solitary thinker in the country. Others were thinking, but none with a university on his shoulders, and all the churches at his heels.

Some of his critics were fellow state senators, and worthy coadjutors on public education, but, strange to say, fell in with the cry of the churches. While evolution is a wide-sweeping tide, there are some people who are left behind—caught by projecting rocks or sand-bars, or by whirling eddies held in perpetual motion which is thought to be progress—until some high tide of melting snow or heaven-dropping rain sweeps them into deeper waters. Sometimes, indeed, one gets landlocked and never escapes, as when caught in the meshes of a binding creed. Such are the exceptions, and sometimes they puzzle one as to a *raison d'être*. But the power not ourselves that makes for righteousness treats humanity as it does the rest of nature, as an endless diversity. It is a fact that makes one tolerant and patient with others, and bids one to look out for his own motion, rather than jeer at those who lag behind. The profoundest words perhaps set down by the divine Shakespeare are,—

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil."

It is the first lesson in evolution, and time seems to lengthen in order to leave men space to consider the second line of the inspired couplet,—

"Would men observingly distil it out."

There is something more important than exactness of opinion over newly discovered truths, whether held under denial or acceptance. We are all in the vast human swim, moving along the current of constant change, nothing true but for the hour, some greater reality swinging into view for its moment. Nothing remains fixed but charity for our neighbor. When that goes, the shifting drama of humanity dissolves, leaving nothing with reason or purpose. If it remains, and "men observingly distil it out," there comes a certain repose that one feels, as when watching Dante's wheels,—so swiftly moving that they seem to sleep on their axles.

Our friend Mr. White, whom we left chafing a little under the roughness of his theological neighbors, did not forget the lesson he had learned in his studies of history, that the churchman has always been the laggard in human progress, while by a strange contradiction he is its best friend. The church carries a large amount of *impedimenta* in this war of human life; much of it is more than useless, but a little is absolutely necessary. The balance of general opinion is that the two factors are essential to each other. However it might be in the churches, Mr. White, after long consideration how to secure the best religious service for his students, decided to cast out the sectarian element, and make the pulpit as open and broad as the audience, presuming only on the simplest form of Christian worship. It was a flank movement against all the churches in the region. If their best preachers were captured there could no longer be complaints of infidelity in the pulpit.

Here again Mr. White proved himself a reformer, by first leading the way out of the perplexing problem of the university pulpit. Harvard held to its one preacher,

and while he was Andrew Peabody none could be diviner, but it was still within a sectarian wall. When Mr. White was at Yale, Dr. Fitch, a genius of the pulpit, was preaching a creation of six days' duration, five thousand years ago, while Professor Silliman, on Monday morning, declared it to be a development of infinite duration; but as one who took notes in those days, I can bear witness that no notice was taken of the flat contradiction between pulpit and lecture room, beyond naming it as due to idiosyncrasy on the part of the professor. Mr. White could only regard such contradiction as fostering infidelity on one side or the other. He saw no way to overcome this dilemma but to open the field,—the refuge of all thought in all ages, though with many half-won battles to gain the ground that belongs to neither, but to both as one.

It will occur to careful readers of this *apologia pro vita sua*, that while Mr. White does not pose as a philosopher, but is a teacher of history, he has led the only way in which a university can show the harmony of science and theology. To leave them in contradiction is as intolerable as it would be to assert a flat and a round globe. This absurdity lingered in every university in the country, until Mr. White, like Columbus, stood the egg on end. The doctors of theology begged the question, when they claimed that science was atheistic, because it denied the "faith held *semper, ubique et ab omnibus*," and clinched their argument by saying that it was opposed to Scripture. Mr. White said: "Come into the open field, and let us see." And indeed we have seen. All mankind believe in the rotundity of the earth, and most intelligent people are slowly yielding to the suspicion that theology and science are not antagonists.

One does not perceive the full import of Mr. White's creation of Cornell, until one has in mind the history of education as it sprang from the Renaissance in Italy, and spread throughout Europe,—passing through phases of loss and gain as it fared under the Roman Church and the Refor-

mation, now at the hands of the people and then of the aristocracy. Thus one learns that Mr. White was not a mere critic and crude innovator, but instead, was carrying out a normal process correlated to the progress of human development. Education, as brought hither, was under the lead of the aristocracy and the church, and in them had elements of great value and power, which, however, were sure also to weaken and pass away. It is true that Sturm taught better Latin in the sixteenth century than Harvard and Yale taught a half century ago, but little else did he teach. These universities were indeed humanistic, but with heavy limitations, especially under the method of rigid drill in a narrow range of studies. The real life of the Renaissance lost in part its meaning and life as it moved northward.

Mr. White's mind instinctively shaped itself to the bettering of whatever he encountered or undertook. He was first sent to a small and ineffective college, but left it without parental permission, and forced his way to Yale as a better one. Finding it such, he at once began to conceive one still better, though Yale at the time was the foremost of American colleges. He was the most brilliant graduate of his day, and no one has won brighter honors since. The fault of method that White encountered was lack of inspiration, growing in part out of the predominance of classical studies, and a consequent lack of general knowledge, as found in history and science. It was the system on which Carlyle poured out his wrath as "endless gerund-grinding," which had for a theory a discipline of the mind by a certain balance of studies on a narrow range of subjects. To awaken the mind by interesting it was incidental, and, if we remember, it was carefully avoided, and the more pain involved in the process the completer the education was regarded. It was an ancient method, the secret of which is still to be read in Latin on the walls of old Winchester as wise advice to her students: "Aut Disce: Aut Dis-

cede: Manet Sors Tertia Caedi." (The translation may be found in the notebook of an American tourist, with absolute correctness, but national freedom in its vocabulary: "Learn your lesson or take a licking.")

We have directed our readers chiefly to the part played by Mr. White in what may be called the drama of education so far as it has gone on in the University of Cornell. Valuable as were his public services at home and abroad, the year that ushered Cornell into existence was worth all the other years of his life, for all else might have been done by others. Yet not simply to create a university, which is often done, but to create that special type of a university needed in the nation, with its soul of democracy, its religious freedom, its assertion of science as coequal with letters, as coördinated to universal utility, as a full place for woman in all intellectual labor and culture, its endowments in all the fields of human service, the three professions broadened and made honorable unto as many as deserve honor;—this university, so won into existence with dreams that led him through labors heavy and sad, and built up into unquestioned greatness, is an achieve-

ment that will not be measured until its fuller proportions are carried out as they have been conceived in the mind of its builder.

Mr. White did not come to his place at Cornell with a few criticisms of defects, sure to be corrected in time, but to plant his university upon the fundamental principles and uses of education, having come to a full realization of what Hegel had said, that "the history of humanity is a progress in the consciousness of freedom;" and of what Professor Seth indicates in his profound analysis: "It is not in knowledge as such, but in feeling and action that reality is given." Mr. White had felt his way into the heart of these truths, and made himself a "Bahnbrecher," — a breaker out of paths, into the humanity that had become to him the sole reality of existence, as it must to every man who has gained a clear vision of it.

Mr. White is a great educator, under the conception that education is the final stage in the evolutionary process, — the purpose of evolution being the realization of free, moral personalities. Educators are completing consciously the world's unconscious processes.

PORTEANTS

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON

Do modern children, those of to-day, children of the period, have their own omens, portents, spells, little superstitions, as did the children of fifty years ago?

I knew intimately two children of those old days,—there is but one now,—and have been recalling some of the many signs and tokens, the scarcely formulated beliefs, dreads, fears which were half hopes, filling their young lives with mystery. Where did they find these things from which they snatched so many a fearful joy? Were they intuitive, inherited, or learned from their nurses or from other children?

The father of this boy and girl was a very practical man, of strong common sense and little imagination. One of his favorite topics of conversation was the absurdity of popular superstitions; he himself, he said, held none of these baseless beliefs. Yet these children remembered to mature age how, each month, their father lifted them, one at a time, that each might see the little new moon, a slender crescent in the sky, and always the children, the dark-haired boy, the fair-haired girl, felt at such times a strong, gentle hand lightly pressing the left side of each little head, and so turning it almost imperceptibly toward the right. Somehow they knew—I cannot remember just how they knew—that this was to help them see the thin little moon over the right shoulder, and that this was best.

That they often heard their father in wise talk inveigh against such idle customs, even instancing this very superstition concerning the first glimpses of the new moon as particularly silly and not to be believed or regarded with any seriousness by sensible Christian children,—this made little difference to the boy and girl. Such talk was the sound parental counsel

one expected from a father at his best, or at least his wisest, but it was vague, unimpressive, meaningless, compared with that significant though perhaps involuntary pressure of the strong, gentle hand on the left side of the curly head. I know that one of these children, the girl, feels still that touch of a vanished hand when the new young moon is in the sky, and turns in response to see the crescent as of old over the left shoulder. Does the boy, too, remember?

There were many of these half-beliefs which the children held but loosely, not allowing them to interfere seriously with their simple pleasures, but which were never quite dropped or forgotten. The late Laurence Hutton in his delightful story of a New York city boyhood speaks of one of these, the sort of fear or dread of stepping on the cracks or divisions between the flags of a pavement or sidewalk. With this dread the boy and girl were quite familiar. There were few paved walks in the little seashore village, at that time, but in passing over those few the children carefully observed the unwritten rule, and lifted their small feet over each dividing line, never by any chance stepping upon these cracks or boundaries. There were some board walks, too, and here the same practice was followed. But best of all was carrying out the rule in stepping only upon the natural stones which cropped up everywhere in Rockby. With great care, close attention, and some very long strides and agile leaps, they could go all over the village without touching their feet to the level ground. They could go to and from school in this way, or vary their course by turning one corner where in front of a few scattered houses lay a board walk. Here they stepped cautiously in the middle of each board,

avoiding the cracks or seams, till they came to the little street on which was the post office and the few village stores. They then took to the flagged sidewalk, still following strictly their rule till they were again in the rocky road and near home. If by any chance a passer-by crowded the little pilgrims till one foot touched the forbidden line, the day seemed spoiled, and nothing went quite right. I do not know why this was, and no one can tell me. But I know that it was a very serious and grave business. I can see so plainly in memory the quaint little pair, going solemnly upon their interrupted way; the girl's gray eyes and the boy's black ones bent earnestly upon the ground, as for a time they took short, mincing steps over the small, uneven flags of the rude pavement, then sprang far out, one after the other, to reach and rest upon a large stone whose top just showed above the soil. The girl's two pigtail braids of flaxen hair swung wildly in that leap, and the boy's black curls were tossed about, as they clung, panting and triumphant, to each other upon the rock they had safely reached. The children carried this custom into the house, also. The kitchen floor was uncarpeted, and its boards narrow, so that the avoidance of the cracks in walking over it became a difficult matter. Therefore one of their unwritten but well understood creeds was that, though it was safer to observe the time-honored custom of stepping only upon the centre of each board and skipping the dividing lines, still one could change this procedure when in a hurry,—when "mother called," for instance,—without dire consequences.

To show what a grave matter all this was, I must tell you that when the girl first heard the expression "crack of doom," — I think it was in a sermon, — she at once jumped at its meaning. It was the crack between two boards or flag stones upon which you must not step, and was a most fitting and appropriate term. She did not speak of this to her brother. Perhaps this was because she thought him

too young to appreciate and understand; perhaps because she feared the mysterious and awesome words might frighten him; he was so small, full two years her junior. But often, after this, the old-fashioned girl, as she trod cautiously the uneven pavement, or the narrow board walk, said to her own grave little self, but under her breath so that nobody heard, "I must not touch that line; it is the crack of doom."

Peggy McMahon, a rosy young Irish lass employed in the family, was responsible for many of the children's superstitions. She told them many strange things, and they thought they believed them all. Peggy said that if any one approached a sleeping cat and spoke these strange words, "Salamander is dead," something wonderful would follow. Pussy would "leap up," dash frantically away, and never, never return to her old haunts. The children knew that their belief in this was well founded, for Peggy had explained the whole matter to them. Salamander, she said, was king of all cats, and every pussy in the world had hopes of some day succeeding him as sovereign. Therefore when they heard of his death — *le roi est mort* — they were excited and full of eager hope, each one thinking it might be chosen reigning monarch. Thus the children understood the tale. After they heard it, no cat in the neighborhood ever enjoyed an unbroken nap. The whole village was scoured in search of drowsy feline listeners to the tragic cry, "Salamander is dead." And as they invariably accompanied their loudly yelled announcement of the mournful event with jumps and bounds at or over the sleeping animal, with waving arms and other lively demonstrations, the experiment was always successful, the poor, frightened, abruptly awakened creatures "leaping up" and fleeing from their vision. That these identical cats were soon after seen in the old places, calmly pursuing the duties and pleasures of cat-life, in no wise shook the children's cherished faith in the story. Clinging to the belief they loved to hold, or to think

they held, they always ignored the reappearance of the animals, never speaking to one another of the return, which according to Peggy should never have taken place. When they grew up they learned that the Irish girl's story was founded upon one of the well-known folk-tales of the world, existing in different forms in many lands.

Then there was the story of the banshee, the wailing, lamenting spirit that came at night to warn people of approaching death. Peggy herself had once heard it, before her grandmother was killed by falling downstairs. Though the children questioned her closely as to the nature of the sound, she could never make them understand it, nor why it was so dreadful. They asked her if it was like crying, and she said it was "a thrifle," but she added that it was "jist the laste bit like laughin', too." Once, after she had heard of this sorrowful voice, the little girl woke at night in her bedroom with its east window looking out upon the sea, and heard a mournful sound. Like Peggy's banshee, it was a "thrifle like cryin', but the laste bit like laughin'," — a wild cry, a dreadful laugh. The little girl drew the bedclothes over her head and tried not to hear. As she lay thus, panting, perspiring, her heart throbbing wildly with a terror that was half a joy, a soft hand drew away the coverings. Mother was awake — do mothers ever sleep? — and had come to see how her child fared. Before the girl could tell what had frightened her, the melancholy, hysterical cry rang out again.

"The loon is awake, too," said the mother; "the pretty black and white bird is swimming about out there, and singing his song."

Well, she might think so, the child said to herself, half relieved at the practical explanation, half disappointed; but she herself should not accept the theory; birds did not laugh or cry, and as for singing, this was never a song. And always afterward the little girl believed — or rather made believe — that she had heard a real banshee. To be sure, nobody she knew

died soon afterwards, but some one somewhere had died, and the banshee knew it was to happen, and she had heard the telling of it.

There were only pleasant thrills, half-fears that were almost comfortable ones, associated with these semi-beliefs of which I have spoken. But there was one real terror which haunted the little girl in those days, and which even now is fearful in memory. It was a strange one, and I have no idea as to its beginning or origin. Perhaps it arose from some story told by Peggy or black Ephraim; perhaps from some picture only half understood. The child herself does not know when it began, but it seems to her as if it was with her even from babyhood. This was the consciousness of a hand, a real human hand, following her. It was a slender, white hand, with a ring on one finger, and a wide ruffle of lace about the wrist. And it walked, or progressed, not by gliding like a snake or lizard, but by a curious motion like stepping or treading, the fingers first lightly touching the ground, then the wrist doing the same. As soon as dusk came on she began to fear it, to dread seeing it behind her. That she never did see it with her bodily eyes mattered not. She was afraid of it, deadly afraid. If she went upstairs she felt that it was climbing after her. When she came down again it was slipping from step to step behind her, and she dared not look around to see if it was really there. She never told any one of this terror. A sort of shame, a fear of being ridiculed, kept her from speaking of it to her mother, Peggy, or any grown person; and she felt that she ought not to burden her small brother with the dreadful thing. So she suffered alone, and it was real, acute suffering, as I well know. Whether the boy, too, had a private and personal terror of his own, unshared by any, I cannot say. But he once told his sister in confidence that he had "made up a sign," and explained it at great length. The details are forgotten after all these long years, but it had something to do with hopping a certain

distance on one foot and then "turnin' round as fast as you can" before entering the schoolhouse in the morning. This was "to keep things from happenin'," the boy said. He was a restless, mischievous, fearless little lad, and things often did happen, if the teacher attended to her duties and maintained order. So such a spell as this professed to be would have

been a blessing. But the girl would have none of it.

"You can't make up signs yourself," she said, "they'd never come true."

"Somebody made 'em first, did n't they?" asked the boy scornfully.

"No," replied the little maid, with decision, "they were n't made up, ever, they just came so."

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE MELODRAMA OF REFORM

IN the recent thrilling discussions of various phases of civic transgression, our popular magazines have discovered a new method of entertainment that puts old ways to shame. Character sketches of menagerie animals and of variety actresses pall in the presence of these accounts of boodling, graft, corruption, trust-management, and dissemination of microbes. Who can fail to be delighted at finding pictures of gifted criminals, accompanied by crisp, sensational phrases setting forth their misdeeds; or, better still, at finding the portrait of the Bad Man on one page, of the Good Man on the next, with the privilege of guessing before reading which is which. It is a very melodrama of reform, in which every moment is a climax; an all-pervasive Madame Tussaud's chamber of horrors in pen and ink. These cheerful histories of crime, set in the midst of gay pictures, dashing bits of verse, and smart stories, recall irresistibly to my mind an announcement which I saw a few years ago at the door of a prominent religious edifice in Boston: "Meeting at 3 p. m. Subject: The Unpardonable Sin. Bright and Enjoyable Service. All are invited."

While a certain danger might be apprehended from these very explicit accounts of the methods and the successes of noted, if unconvicted, criminals; while

many a buyer of ten-cent magazines might be thus turned to a career which promises, *en route*, rich rewards in the way of boodling and the glory of magazine portraiture at the end, with the reiterated assurance that such criminals invariably go uncaught, it is better to suppose that all these shots strike home, that the effect upon the erring is tremendous, and that the Bad Man, at the first glimpse of his sinister face upon the left-hand page, will turn from his evil ways, endeavoring to appear next among the godly on the right.

Doubtless the effect upon the heroes of these tales is all that could be desired. It is not for sinners that I fear, but for the virtuous. With the wide public as father confessor, a public that has not learned the inviolability of the confessional, reformer after reformer unflinchingly recounts the wrong-doing of his fellow men; yet from time immemorial but questionable benefit has been derived from confessing other people's sins. If the wicked are growing better under these methods of exposure, the fairly good are becoming unendurable. Listening greedily to accounts of many transgressions that I do not commit, I have detected in myself a share of the writer's smug enjoyment, have found my inner man congratulating himself as one who must be better than the average person, and have come to feel that my private and particular sins, being

unworthy of the attention of the great public, are unworthy of my own. The failing that I observe in myself I see, as is always the way with critics, in those about me. In whatever company I have been of late, the conversation has turned upon the many heinous things that other people do. Virtuous woman is growing more aggressively virtuous in theory, quiescent man more contentedly quiescent. How many people steal! runs the burden of our talk. How many lie! How lonely is this world for the good! Truly, under editorial effort the gently congratulatory mood in which we listen to accounts of people worse than ourselves is being unduly prolonged. That mediocre virtue should become more complacent than it is would surely be a national misfortune as blighting in its effects as civic corruption, and we need less to hear of the crimes that we have not yet committed than of certain high qualities of mind and of conduct that we have not yet attained. The wolves can take care of themselves, — this they are proving abundantly; but who shall protect the silly sheep? One recalls, with fear lest this state of mind should spread over the entire nation, the explanation given by one business man to another of the nature of a social settlement: "Why, you see it's this way: you go down to live in a tough neighborhood and you seem a — sight better than you really are."

GOING BACK OF THE FACTS

WHEN I was about ten years old I overheard a remark of my grandmother's, which seemed to me to knock the bottom out of things. I remember running out of the house, and, when I was sure that I was alone, lifting my eyes to the heavens to see if they were still there, and treading hard upon the earth to make sure that it was still firm under my feet. Finding everything apparently as it should be, I sat down in the shade of a retired lilac bush to ponder; and if a yellow dog had not chanced to come along just then and make irresistible overtures toward con-

versation, I don't know what important conclusions as to the nature of human life I might not have reached. What my grandmother said was simply this: "But I really think I ought to have married the other man." She spoke in her usual placid tone, not even lifting her eyes from her knitting-needles. She was an altogether satisfactory grandmother; the sort of grandmother who knows more than her daughter about housekeeping, more than her son about what is going on in the world, more than any new-fangled parson about religion, and almost more than her grandchildren about the duty of keeping the doughnut-jar in commission. And yet she was capable of an utterance so abysmally irreverent as to shock the sensibilities of the smallest of her devoted doughnut-eaters. As he has grown older, he has come to understand the feeling, but it has not grown less. It is an amusing exercise of the fancy to speculate upon what may happen, but is it either amusing or decent to go back of the facts? Is n't it silly, is n't it impious, even? Is there, when one comes to think of it, any stranger trick of the human mind than that which wantonly challenges a finality?

Why should your reminiscent private citizen and your grave official historian find it equally delightful to speculate upon what would have happened if what did happen had not happened? Anybody, to be sure, can play this kind of solitaire; the rules are extremely flexible, and it always "comes out." Here is the card that was played at a certain moment in the original game; suppose that Providence had slipped it under the next, and then look you what the subsequent play would have been. If Keats had not died of consumption and Shelley by drowning, the later course of English literature would have been greatly changed. Works of such and such a nature would doubtless have been produced, and it is hardly possible to deny that So-and-so would have been moved to an utterance less — and more —. If Neighbor Jones had n't

bought that brindle calf seven years ago, he would n't have got into a quarrel with that tramp down at the Corners, his barn and live stock would n't have been burned, the mortgage would n't have been foreclosed, and (here is the fatal leap for our ex-post-facto prophet) he would now be married again and be worth, say, sixty-four thousand dollars and thirteen cents. It remains to be said, further, that if Charlotte Brontë's father had been Swedish instead of Irish, Rochester would have had yellow hair; and if Charlotte herself had not been a governess, Jane Eyre would have taken in sewing.

But, as we have suggested, the futility and the absurdity of this method of criticism are not its only vulnerable points. It would have been bad enough to hear my grandmother say something merely silly; what mainly appalled me was that I seemed to have heard her deliberately blaspheme. It appeared that everything was a matter of luck, and might just as well be wrong as right. My grandmother ought to have married the other man, and by that same token I ought not to exist. So easily might the universe have been deprived of its central point of interest! Incidentally, my mother ought not to have existed, nor my aunts and uncles and cousins and all their to-be-misbegotten progeny to the third and fourth generation, and so beyond to the end of the world. Nothing that was, should be, and nothing that was to be, should be about to be. It was all very confusing. Only one thing was clear: that marriage was a failure, and that I should never have allowed myself to become engaged to the yellow-haired daughter of the grocer. Also I had a feeling (though I could not then analyze it) that my grandmother had not spoken according to her faith. What were her prayer meetings, what her good works? If she had said that in her opinion Providence would do better to mind its own damned business, I should hardly have been more confounded. Yet she ranked among mortals, and, it may be, in the eyes of the Ironic Powers, as a most

pious old lady; at all events she was suffered to continue to live for many years; and to make, it must be said, the best of doughnuts.

THE ETHICS OF THE STATIONERS

"M. LE COMTE," remarked Saint-Simon's valet to him every morning, according to orders, "remember thou hast great things to do in this world." History fails to record whether Saint-Simon received this daily remark with unvarying complacency, and we wonder if occasionally the valet did not dodge a boot.

Absurd as this reminder may seem, it has had many parallels. "Sire, remember the Athenians," observed Darius's servant daily at dinner; and in those times, whose traditions gave rise to that of Alice's Queen, we doubt not that Darius's favorite retort was "Off with his head!"

These sturdy reminiscents have their modern as well as ancient counterparts. To-day Darius would hang a photograph of Athens beside his desk, and write "Get busy" underneath it. Saint-Simon would purchase a Van Dykelet and set it on his chiffonier. The up-to-date stationer is on his way to become a great reformer. He does more preaching and gives more advice than the average clergyman or the Salvation Army. He gets better pay, too, for his trouble. The clergyman makes his parish calls and strives to leave a word of encouragement and inspiration at each place; his remarks are received with mingled suspicion and reserve. The stationer, on the other hand, is busy all day handing out quotations from Emerson, Newman, or Stevenson, and gets ten cents each time in return. He puts them in his window; the passers-by stop, gaze, and go on their way toiling and rejoicing, like the worthy blacksmith they have just been reading about. Moreover, the stationer need not be consistent. The cynic's calendar may be hung above the "Pathway to Peace," and Emerson con-

tradict Newman from the opposite side of the window, and no one thinks of calling the stationer to account. If his sense of responsibility is keen, if he realizes that his incandescent light is not to shine upon a bushel of flippancy, and that the illuminated maxims, by the barter of which he gets his bread and jam, are put down by his recording angel as his good deeds in a naughty world, then he will be careful to display most conspicuously the purely ethical. Of course, flippancy and cynicism have their use. They serve to keep level the balance of sanity and common sense. They cater to the sense of humor, which, after all, is a requisite to righteous living.

But to go back to the stationer's window. Here you get a consensus of opinions. You are told how to conduct your life by teachers, preachers, poets, essayists, philosophers, from Thomas à Kempis down to Fanny Crosby. Here are many men of many minds. You go inside, pay ten cents or a quarter, and whatever system of ethics you want, in Tiffany text, with illuminated initial, on a piece of cardboard in neat passepartout, and provided with a ring to hang it up by, is yours. You take it home and refresh your good intentions with it every morning over the shaving mug.

So far, so good. The wife of your bosom comes in and reads it. You survey her furtively, not wishing to appear aggressively sanctified. She makes no comment, acting, she believes, with consummate tact, but she thinks to herself, "I never knew George cared for this sort of thing." She goes shopping; then appear mysteriously a few other placards, panels, plates, with various devices upon them. Evidently, if you have shown a desire to live a better life, as the Christian Endeavorers have it, she is going to aid and abet you. Stevenson comes down. Up goes Phillips Brooks. You were, she tacitly inferred, trying "to be honest, to be kind, to make a family, on the whole, happier for your presence." You also professed to believe that this is a task

that takes "all a man has of fortitude and delicacy." Evidently Ethel does not think this is suited to your needs. Your new spiritual adviser exhorts you "not to pray for an easier life, but rather to be a stronger man." You accept the change with that meekness which has characterized you since your marriage, and trust that the matter will stop there.

But no; the passion for mottoes is upon Ethel. In the front hall she hangs the "House Blessing." The parlor fireplace soon bears the legend; "Friend, speak evil of no man around this hearth." "Sleep sweet within this quiet room" dangles from the bedpost. Ethel's work-basket, her waste basket, her hairpin tray, all bear mottoes that might have been clever once, but now are weakly flat. She broaches the subject of a sun-dial in the back yard, and it is easy to elicit the fact that she has already chosen a motto for it. The climax, however, is reached one day when you come home to dinner and find Ethel has introduced the skeleton at the feast. Above the sideboard hangs a china plaque which reads: "We never repent having eaten too little."

"I got that for you, George," she remarks. "I know you like that sort of thing."

This goes to show, you conclude, that even ethics can be overdone. They tell us that the moral code is fairly adequate, that most men mean well, but that the impulses to make the best of life are intermittent. Hence it is the duty of stationers to provide us with spurs for our lagging consciences. The daily motto, no one can deny, is a good thing, if you do not run motto-mad.

The most joyous use of all for our dodgers is to give them to our friends. Personally, I have always longed to distribute tracts. I could play the part of parish missionary with unction, I believe. But since my minister thinks otherwise, I have had to content myself with sending dodgers to my friends. I have selected and distributed according to special needs and temperamental deficiencies. I have

tried to reform the scold, the hypochondriac, and the shirk. I have thus freed my mind in a way with which not my most fiery outburst of temper could compare,—and not given offense. To be sure, Aunt Eliza sent one back, saying that since the coat did not fit, she could not put it on; and other acceptances have reminded me of the Christmas when I gave all my mission boys a cake of soap apiece. Nevertheless, I know that I am engaged in a good work, and if I am ever called upon to earn my living, I shall open a stationer's shop.

CAVE-DWELLERS, OR THE HALL-BEDROOM

AND yet it is not precisely about either of the historical extremes of civilization designated above that I am going to write. The abode which I celebrate has no name of generic import. Ignored by the masses, it plays its part humbly enough in the process of evolution, and few are they who discover its charms, though several are they who scorn it.

Three flights up it lies, always at the top of the house. On the second and third floors its use is perverted into closets,—curious mistake. It is patient and bides its time, climbing higher, determined on consummation. A closet quietly setting itself to become a room,—what else is the scheme of life? Arrived at the fourth floor, it looks about. The fourth floor front and the fourth floor back and the two hall-bedrooms have appropriated all the windows. Now a window, of course, is the *sine qua non* of a room, its distinction from a closet. Have a window or fail. The dauntless closet! It settles itself in the midst of the house, lifts its firm intention one degree higher still, and breaks through the roof to the sky. There! Is not that a fine attainment? Let the other rooms look forth if they will on narrow sections of city streets, dreary and confused; this little room will look up to the stars and have the heavens for boundary. It has not only won for itself the room-

ship which it desired; it has become a unique abode, full of peculiar charm.

When I took possession and closed the door, dropping my things upon the bed because there seemed at first sight to be no other receptacle, the room was non-committal. I cannot say it stood back and waited; it was too small to stand back. But its effect was one of reserve. What was I? Possible lover? Or impecunious vagabond, taking up with a last resort? If the latter, antagonistic and dull, no single charm should I see; but rather I should be smothered at once and so gotten out of the way. Fine-spirited little room; excellent mettle there! I raised my eyes to the dangling ropes which controlled the skylight. One strong pull, and half the ceiling (which is not saying so much, after all) was lifted from above my head. Instantly I turned out the gas, and there was the moon looking in on me, and the quiet stars and the deep night sky, exactly as clear and untroubled as if I were viewing them from a meadow in the heart of the country. We were friends from that very moment, the little room and I.

As I lay in bed, looking up at the stars, I smiled with satisfaction. Even in the country one cannot do this, unless one is painfully camping out. How still it was, moreover! City rooms with windows deafen one. Here there was only a faint, far sound of the murmur of the streets; the blowing of whistles, the ringing of bells, aerial noises of the city which must rise high to reach me. When I woke in the morning and again looked up, a fleecy cloud was sailing across the blue.

It was like a ship's cabin, I decided, as I settled down to live,—so small, so compact; and that murmuring tide beyond and below was the sea. Fine! I set sail on voyages endless as those of Ulysses. There is, of course, no farthest port which one may not reach in a room like this. One may even touch the Happy Isles. One may see the great Achilles.

Sometimes the wind rose and blew a gale, hurtling over the reefed skylight. Then we plunged and flew; the stars went

by us like sparks of fire, the moon reeled giddily. Foghorns and bell-buoys warned us, but we sailed steadily and safely. Through the stormy seas we held our way to the new port which we never failed to make, the new port of To-morrow.

All our sailing was done by night, contrary to nautical rules in general, save those perhaps of smugglers. By day we anchored, moored fast to, say, December 6, and went soberly to work. The sea was still there; we heard it washing beyond our little harbor; but it did not lure us forth. Shut in by our narrow boundaries of present time and space, we assorted the treasures of our voyages and made what use of them we could. Some of them we dropped overboard. Oh, yes. But never mind.

The first snow surprised me greatly. The rain made a noise and woke me up, so that I rose and reefed the skylight; but the snow fell unobtrusively on the foot of the bed. It was not until it began to melt and drip from the edge of the blanket that I stirred into damp consciousness. Again I had a feeling that the room was watching to see what I would do. It had been a catastrophe like this which had brought the despair of the last incumbent to a climax. But mariners must have courage and faith, loyalty unshaken. I repaired the damages as I could, with the help of all my towels; then I moved into the driest corner of the bed and went to sleep again.

In the morning it was apparent to me that I was not a mariner any more at all, not for to-day, at least. I had gone back several thousand years, and was a cave-dweller. A cold, greenish light filled my room, struggling through the snow above me. How was I going to get out, I wondered, to hunt and kill my breakfast? It had been clever of me, take it all in all, to contrive this snug abode in the heart of the earth, working at it from above, shaping and polishing it. How symmetrical it was, to be sure, how cosy and safe and warm! I snuggled down in my pile of skins and took another nap.

Adventurer bound on vast voyages into unknown seas, primitive man snowed under in the early wilderness,—can one make me believe that a little room which fosters such rôles as this in a modern New York boarding-house is not possessed of genius? Country abodes have poetry enough as a matter of course. It is nothing to have the imagination stirred by a château, a rose-covered cottage, a picturesque farmhouse. But to find a hall-bedroom—no, not even that, a closet just evolved—bestowing magnificent dreams upon you is a thing not lacking in greatness. Finer triumph than that of this room, mounting from its closet estate, I have not seen this year.

They took me to see the Hotel St. Regis. Sadder and sadder and more depressed I grew as the grandeur unrolled before me, the outrageous magnificence. Finally I stopped and fastened my eyes on a corner of red carpet. There were yards and acres of it besides, but that corner was all I wanted. "What is the matter?" they asked me. "Go away; let me alone," I answered; "this is like the carpet in my room; I'll stay and look at it."

Ah, how glad I was to get back! I ran up the stairs, I burst in at the door, I dropped into the one chair, I looked up through the open skylight. The little room smiled inscrutably, closing its small space round me and shutting me in. We had a famous voyage that night. But that is our own affair.

WRITING FOR THE SYNDICATES

HAVING failed to sell to the magazines certain short stories of my own manufacture, I appealed to what is known as The Press. There I was advised to try the syndicates, as the Press purchased most of its fiction from these concerns because it came cheaper. The syndicate in turn failing to respond to my overtures, I complained of this fact to a newspaper friend, who told me that unless I could write perfect thrillers in the way of detective stories, bulging out with murder and mystery,

then my tales must have a heart interest, and should end happily. There are so many different ideas of happiness that I was bothered to know whether I should end the story with a marriage or not. Hence I was forced to make a study of the short story of the syndicate, and think it only right and proper to make known the result of such study for the benefit of beginners in the short story line.

The most acceptable story that can be written for a syndicate, the one above all others for which the syndicate yearns, and for which the appetite grows with feeding, is the one in which the eccentric uncle leaves his money with a proviso attachment. Either she must marry him or he gets the wealth, or he must marry her or she gets it; or they must marry each other to prevent being cut off without a shilling. I have been told by a well-known statistician that this story is capable of four million variations. This sounds big, but when we recall the astonishing results of arithmetical and geometrical progressions we have no reason to doubt the assertion. This astonishing mobility accounts for its prominence among syndicate stories. It is impossible to make a failure of it. There is but one thing important to remember, and that is, the couple foreordained to wed must be strangers up to the time of the reading of the will. It is a fatal, an unheard-of mistake to have it otherwise.

A close second in the favor of the syndicate is the story of the woman who places ambition above love. She longs to be an actress, a writer, a singer, or a wife of a millionaire; but concludes finally that love is best. Since first *Aurora Leigh* set the fashion, this yarn has been a steady perennial bloomer. From time to time there have been rumors that this story has suffered an eclipse, but just then it invariably looms up again livelier than ever. It is an immortal story, and will never die.

Then there is the story of the grave man whose hair is streaked with gray,—the guardian of the fair young woman who sat on his lap in childhood, but now is surrounded by youthful adorers and holds her court like a queen, dazzling like the fair Inez when she went into the West. The guardian who — but why repeat a household story?

There is the story of the man who meets the wrong girl at the railway station or some other place, and finds out afterward that she is the right one for him after all, — though really this story may be considered an adaptation of the story of the uncle of the freaky will.

There is a new story that goes with the syndicate. That is, it is only some thousand times old. It is that of the man who takes the fair female out in the boat, the carriage, the automobile, or in something else, and refuses to restore her to civilization and chaperonage till she has promised to become his bride. He seems, at first, a refreshing daredevil of the Mr. Rochester type; but alas! how he wilts at the end of the yarn and tells her, after the manner of the model parent of other days, how it hurt him more than it did her, but that he was obliged to do it for her own good.

One other story there is that the syndicate purchaseth, — the one modeled after the *Dolly Dialogues*, in which a married woman, sometimes a widow, and a bachelor man converse in cabalistic terms. Originally this conversation was supposed to contain a pinch of the spice of wickedness, but all this has been carefully eliminated till now it is as harmless as a dish of dried apples, and of somewhat the same flavor.

Occasionally we see these stories somewhere else than in the syndicate columns, but they look out of place; and likewise any other manner of story looks queer in the syndicate provinces.